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APPENDIX

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THE THREE OWLS



Illustration by William Nicholson for Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man.

THE
THREE OWLS
THIRD BOOK

*Contemporary
Criticism of Children's
Books
1927-1930*

*Written and Edited
By
ANNE CARROLL MOORE*

COWARD-McCANN
NEW YORK 1931

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TO
THEIR READERS
KNOWN AND UNKNOWN—WHOSE TIMELY INQUIRIES
AND CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM HAVE KEPT
THE THREE OWLS FLYING OVER THE
TRAIL OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

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FOREWORD

THE third book of contemporary criticism of children's books, like the second, has been given a seasonal arrangement. The reviews and editorial comment have been put together in the approximate order in which they appeared in *Books*, with such textual and pictorial omissions as the organization of a three years' weekly output in a single volume required.

Within this period, 1927-30, there have been significant changes in the field of children's books. Not only are these changes reflected by the Three Owls in this third volume but the progress of a decade is indicated by an annotated list of representative children's books published between 1920 and 1930. Brief notes concerning the artists whose work appears in this volume are also included.

All unsigned contributions are the work of Anne Carroll Moore, who gratefully acknowledges the prompt and valuable cooperation of the contributors and critics, the editorial encouragement given by Clara Whitehill Hunt of Brooklyn, Elva S. Smith of Pittsburgh, Louise P. Latimer of Washington, Della McGregor of St. Paul, Lillian H. Smith of Toronto and Anne Thaxter Eaton of New York, and the courtesy and interest of the publishers who have granted permission for the use of the illustrations reproduced.

THE THREE OWLS



REVIEWING CHILDREN'S BOOKS

“**N**OTHING is so difficult as writing for children,” says Blaise Cendrars and lives up to the art in “Little Black Stories.” Next to writing for children nothing is more difficult than writing about children’s books. One must view the books as books in their changing relation to the general stream. One must also keep in living touch with childhood by natural ways of communication. There is no short cut to first-hand knowledge of books of any kind and children’s books are not an exception. One learns to know them only by reading them in the light of all the other books one has read. To the extent that one shares the reading interests of children one revises and enlarges his own impressions of the relative value of books at different stages of experience.

Children have fresher and more varied interests than their elders. They have greater independence of taste and more ready acceptance of what is new and strange and delightful from their own point of view. It is the search for originality, for beauty and truth to life that gives to the reviewing of children’s books its compensating thrill of adventure and romance. One never knows whom one may meet on this search or where it may lead.

For next to the pure joy of creating a thing one's self is the discovery of something created by another. The instant recognition and detachment of a piece of original work from a mass of ready-made writing and the presentation of one's findings and conviction constitute the reviewer's main chance. His function is to declare the book's quality and give it a place in association with other books. To the degree that the review stimulates the desire of the reader to read the book to confirm or to differ with the critic will it be contributory to thought, discussion, criticism, fresh creative work. And this, as I see it, is the true objective for the reviewer of children's books no less than for the reviewer in the general field.

For many more years than any of us like to recall children's books, if read at all when written about, were read for ulterior ends. They were considered en masse rather than individually, both in the educational field and in the publishing field. They were tagged for moralistic trends, for a physical age limit, for collateral reading, for anything and everything save appraisal of them as books in relation to books in general.

Standards of appraisal consistently applied to the consideration of children's books as holding a place in contemporary criticism were unknown in 1918 when I was invited to contribute a general article on the children's books of that year to the *Bookman*. I had long felt the need for such recognition of children's books but I had looked for a seasoned critic to appear and carry forward such leads as Horace E. Scudder and Mary Mapes Dodge had given while editing the *Riverside Magazine* and *St. Nicholas*.

I had never written a review. I had, it is true, made the selection of children's books in use in the New York Public Library and in various smaller libraries of the country. I had published papers on children's books and reading. I had lectured on the subject. I had made annotated lists for use in libraries. I had done a little critical reading of manu-

scripts. I had discussed individual books with children, parents, teachers, publishers and booksellers. But I had never before attempted to single out and write about the new children's books for a book-reading audience. This was a new experience and destined to become a memorable one.

I recall the eagerness with which I tackled pile on pile of books in bright covers, dull covers, and no covers. The more I read the more certain I became that none of them were worth writing about. I had promised to write an article of 2,000 words and I could find nothing to put into it! And then one day, on the ragged edge of despair, I picked up a set of galley proofs without authorship and began to read the book whose discovery turned me into a reviewer of children's books. I had read perhaps three chapters of "A Little Boy Lost" when I realized that I held in my hand a children's story by W. H. Hudson and that at last I had found something worth writing about. Had I been more familiar with the ways of reviewers, I should have dealt with this book singly rather than in a group review, but being both inexperienced and uncertain of the worth of my criticism, I wrote a group review with a single star which appeared to the editor unduly magnified. The article was returned with the comment that it "looked two ways" and the further suggestion that I write another article.

Meanwhile I had read "A Little Boy Lost" again, and after many inquiries had become convinced that no one on this side of the Atlantic was aware that Hudson had written a child story which had been published in England three or four years before. Would my review help in making the book known in an American edition? Was it worth publishing as a review detached from the article in which it seemed out of its element? These were questions I felt incapable of answering. My enthusiasm for the quality of the book and the thrill of its discovery were still too strong. I took my problem to a critic in whose knowledge and judgment I felt implicit confidence. Mr. Edward Burlingame of

Scribner's not only did not know of the existence of a child story by W. H. Hudson, I soon discovered, but was most reassuring about the value of my review of it and the timeliness of pressing the claim of children's books to more critical consideration.

From a magazine standpoint disproportionate space in a general article had been given to a single book, he said. He told me, however, that I would be entirely justified in asking for a release of the article as a whole or in part and that I should lose no time if the review was to be effective.

My request for the release of the part of the article relating to "A Little Boy Lost" was not granted. The article was at once recalled instead and published without alteration in the *Bookman*, from which source the American publishers of the Hudson story promptly reprinted the review of it.

The knowledge that my review had given this book a place in literature for children rather than as a mere juvenile—that it also had direct sales value, gradually dawned upon me. I had, then, discovered something more than an unusual children's book, I had found a practical way of helping in a more discriminating selection of children's books for publication.

Mr. Burlingame's gracious and discerning treatment of an inquiry which might so easily have been dismissed as trivial became a vital factor in my decision a few months later to outline and conduct a new department in the *Bookman*. This department was sustained first on a bi-monthly basis and later on a seasonal basis from 1919 to 1927. My review articles, representing the first sustained contemporary criticism of children's books in this country or in England, were collected and published with additional essays under the titles "Roads to Childhood" (1920), "New Roads to Childhood" (1923), "Cross-Roads to Childhood" (1926) by the George H. Doran Company, publishers of the *Bookman* during that period.

And an extraordinarily interesting period it was with the

dramatic rise of several new publishing houses, the inauguration of an annual Children's Book Week, and the organization of the first of the Children's Book departments in publishing houses by the Macmillan Company, under the editorship of Louise Seaman. Group reviews were the need of the time and for five years I wrote group reviews exclusively.

To the writer who wants to write a readable article, the group review is a very hard road to take. The secret of effective reviewing in this form lies in a selection of books which can be treated associatively without becoming boring. The substance of doctrine with respect to reviewing of children's books is contained in one word—*selection*. Selection of what to leave out as well as of what to put in.

It should go without saying that the reviewer should not retell the story. If the review is to be illustrated the illustrations must be so well selected as to belong to the article rather than appear scattered through it without plan. The artist's share in the interpretation or the decoration of a book has always been a matter of special interest to me.

The limitations of reproduction in the *Bookman* gave very little range for expression of the growing importance and variety of the work of artists who were unknown in this field. When, therefore, in the summer of 1924 I was asked to edit and give a name to a weekly page of criticism of children's books and their illustration for a new literary review, I recognized the opportunity it presented for more effective dealing with this problem as well as in giving children's books a definite place in criticism from week to week.

The naming of the page was the first step. I pulled the name out of the sky while watching the five owls who sit on the weathervane of the Children's Library at Westbury, Long Island. I saw three of them fly away to become the artist, the author and the critic symbolized in a headpiece for the new page designed by Jay Van Everen. The story of the naming of the page was told in the first issue of *Books* of the *New York Herald Tribune* and is included in

the first volume selected from the Three Owls published in 1925.

Thanks to the generous editorial policy of Stuart Sherman and Irita Van Doren, the Three Owls came into existence when such a department was most needed and was sustained for a period of more than six years—1924 to 1930—on lines of the utmost freedom and confidence. *Books* continues to give a full page to children's books each week under its general editorial plan. During this period the *Horn Book*, a quarterly edited by Bertha Mahony and devoted entirely to children's books, has been published by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston, the *Saturday Review of Literature* has established a department called the *Children's Bookshop*, and the *New York Times* has for the past two years published individual reviews of children's books every other week by Anne Thaxter Eaton.

Articles on children's books are no longer uncommon or uninformed. Publishers' catalogues contain many evidences of more discriminating selection of children's books. The *Publishers' Weekly*, under the editorship of Frederic Melcher, has actively fostered intelligent interest in every phase of bookmaking, and children's books have been accorded a full measure of this consideration.

The Three Owls have been primarily concerned with individual books rather than with group reviews, with the outstanding work of new authors and artists, or the rediscovery of older ones. They have not hesitated to give a full page to a single book when a full page was needed to present a book or a subject. They have heeded the wise words of Robert Cortes Holliday, a former editor of the *Bookman*, concerning what to do with books not worth writing about. Their aim has been to give form and meaning to a body of constructive criticism of children's books published between 1924 and 1930 by their initial selection and by continuity in the manner of presentation.

It would have been impossible to accomplish a step in

this direction without clear understanding of the nature and quality of creative work in the successive periods of development of literature for children as distinguished from the production of juveniles from season to season. This kind of reviewing cannot be bought or taught. Book reporting may be, apparently, to the frustration of all impulse to read for the book's sake. One must have a natural taste for good writing and good drawing if he is to develop any degree of skill in the recognition and appraisal of either when it appears in new forms for a new age. And one must keep on feeding that taste from fresh sources as long as one lives if one expects to be read.

Children's books have suffered from childish inhibitions of writers who allow no margin for surprise, and from ill-timed comparison with "Andersen's Fairy Tales" or "Alice," with "Little Women," "Tom Sawyer" or "Huckleberry Finn." The reception of a children's book that is "different" is even yet a dubious prospect for its author and artist however distinctive their achievement. It is at this point that the reviewer may help to give the book its true place in time to justify not only the publication of one book but of more books which are "different," worth while, and it may be, "hard to sell."

Children's books published in the decade between 1920 and 1930 reveal more new forms, both outward and inward, than at any other period in their history. With a view to more graphic illustration of what has taken place during these years there appears at the back of this volume an annotated list entitled *Distinctive Children's Books of a Decade*.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON

By HELEN FORBES

SHOULD a painter wish to make sure that his work will be alive three or four generations hence, part and parcel of everyday interest and not to be met with in museums only, let him do a picture book for children, something really worth looking at. To be successful with any degree of permanency the work must be original and of his best, not derived from some one else's ideas of what a child's picture book should be, for there are plenty of illustrated books, scores of new ones every year, and the result of his attempt could easily go down into obscurity with so many of the other pretty colored plates and frontispieces.

One glance at the picture books done by William Nicholson ought to tell any one that he never cared a snap of his fingers for the dictates of a mythical public, whether it was supposed to be composed of educators, parents or children. And the same glance shows that he is incapable of work that is fortuitous or commonplace. He draws his pictures because he feels like doing so, knowing that what he likes will be found good because it is good. And because he is in no hurry to stop and since there is time for everything, because nothing takes too much time when it all is fun to do, he goes on to make endpapers, a flourish of abandoned rabbits, or a capering of lambs, or a horse and cart delivering copies of "Clever Bill" neatly tied up with red cord, the whole inclosed with a fence of O's such as a child loves to scrawl; a train goes hurtling around the four sides of a jacket, the locomotive puffing a smoke of those same O's that in the end become a cloud of dust behind the rear wheels of the last car.

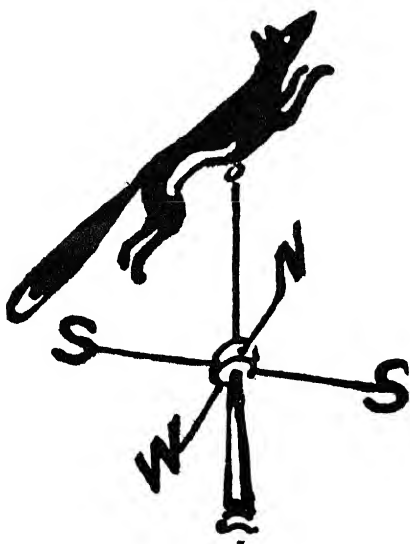
On the striped walls of a children's picture-book room he hangs a print of the wood engraving that made him famous, his portrait of Queen Victoria out for an airing with her little dog. The monograph on William Nicholson published in London by Ernest Benn, Ltd., says that "when Whistler first saw this portrait of Queen Victoria he complimented the young Nicholson, speaking high praise of it. Flattered and embarrassed, Nicholson found sanctuary in the remark that 'Her Majesty was a wonderful subject.' 'Ah,' said Whistler, 'Her Majesty might say the same of you.'"

He is a picturesque subject, too. One of William Orpen's most interesting portraits is the Nicholson family at their dining-table. In the room and in the people there are to be found the fundamentals of Nicholson's work, the decorative quality that softens its uncompromising strength of outline, its imaginative humor, its color, its studied pattern. And the man has brought all these characteristics to his books for children.

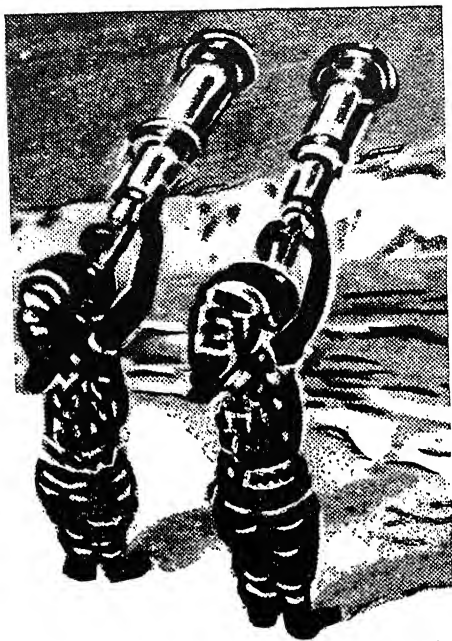
The wide appeal of his work may be estimated by examining the New York Library's copy of an out-of-print novel published long years ago with ten illustrations by William Nicholson. There are five left. The others seem to have been irresistible. They are early work, but the essentials are there, even in the five pictures that have been left, presumably because they were less interesting.

Nicholson's most universally-known work is a series of books of woodcuts, "An Almanac of Twelve Sports," "London Types," "The Square Book of Animals," two series of "Twelve Portraits" and "Characters of Romance." Although these were addressed to adults some of them helped to give distinction to the children's room of the Pratt Institute Library, where the children enjoyed them along with Caldecott and Walter Crane and Boutet de Monvel. These woodcuts are more often to be found framed and the books themselves are hard to come by nowadays and greatly treasured.

Of late years Nicholson has done small and delightful woodcuts for books of verse, notably for W. H. Davies. He seems to have revelled in lambs and toys, and his drawings for "The Velveteen Rabbit" give the book a place among picture books of permanent value.

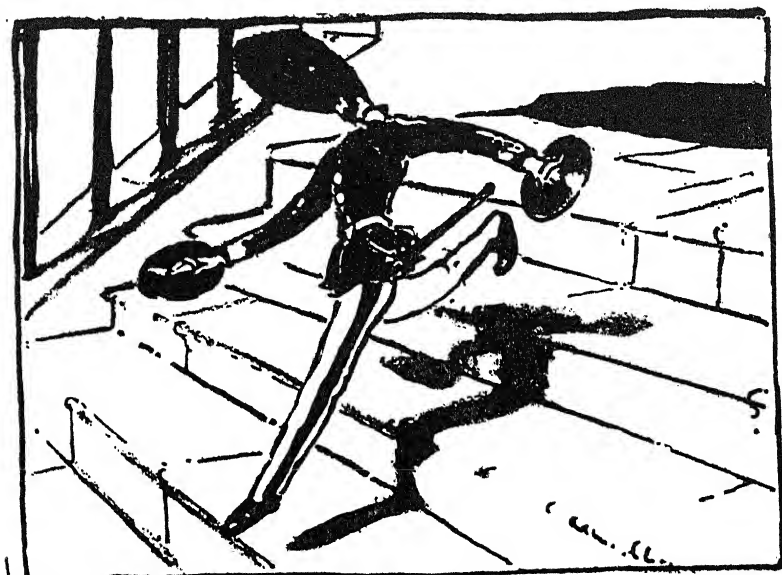


*Decoration by William Nicholson for the illustrated edition of Memoirs of
a Fox-Hunting Man*



Illustrations by William Nicholson for his The Pirate Twins and Clever Bill







CLEVER BILL

By WILLIAM NICHOLSON

Reviewed by MARCIA DALPHIN

MANY persons have made picture books for children. Some have been successes, some decidedly have not. It takes, after all's said and done, a real artist, like Nicholson to bring it off. A prankish imagination, a keen sense of fun, a first-hand acquaintance with the inhabitants of the toy-cupboard and an evident pleasure in them; all these W. N. is known to have. How could you expect anything but a delight from this hand when it turns itself to the creation of a children's book? Of course, Mr. Nicholson has had experience along this line before, as witness "The Velveteen Rabbit," but the writing of that was Margery Bianco's, while "Clever Bill" is entirely the artist's work, drawing, plot and all.

Opening this thin, yellow book, without benefit of title page, you find: "One day the Postman brought Mary a letter." It was from her aunt, begging her to make a long visit. Mary answered immediately and with enthusiasm, accepting the invitation with that alacrity which marks our acts when the right person asks. And now Mr. Nicholson has her enumerate by name, the while he draws their pictures, what she feels she must take with her: Dapple Grey, the sturdy charger on wheels; her gloves with the thumbs; Dear Susan, a charming young rag person with a jimp waist and a face not at all marred by a seam from chin to brow; her trumpet and blue teapot, red shoes and the brush with her name on it; "and, of course, I can't leave Clever Bill Davis." When you see Bill you realize that he indeed

cannot be left behind, this fine, upstanding soldierly figure in the gorgeous blue and scarlet of the British army and the towering busby.

Mary, a competent child and a self-sufficing one, evidently, brings out her box and begins to pack. It would be a callous heart that did not sympathize with her as she tries to fit in together her knubbly and ill-assorted necessaries. First she packs them one way, then another. Always there is something left out that no amount of force or cajoling can get in. At last, with the cab waiting at the door—although it is not actually visible in the picture, W. N. makes you *feel* it—Mary has to crowd them in just any way. Alas! she has left out Bill Davis! Ah, Mr. Nicholson! You will never do anything more poignant than the picture of poor Bill in wooden sorrow weeping his heart away in a pool of tears. However, in the very next page Bill remembers what England expects and goes running down the steps after Mary's train, up the road beside the railroad track, the dogs yelping at his heels. Such is the magic of this artist's pen that with a scratch here and a curve there he can convert a blank page into unmistakable England, and so you see Bill leaping over miles and miles of the Downs until at last there he stands, immaculate, unperturbed, possibly the least trifle out of breath, at the salute as Mary's train draws in at Dover. Clever Bill!

I wonder. Is it really for Mary's sake that he has made that desperate dash or is it for Dear Susan, whom Mr. Nicholson so craftily shows us looking out from under Mary's elbow in a third-class compartment?

"Clever Bill" will perhaps be criticized as being too slight. Well, the quality is there if the quantity is lacking, with all the traits that so endear Nicholson's work to his admirers—the humor, the surprise, the dramatic quality, the feeling for pattern, the calligraphic style!

LOVE OF HORSES

IS there a stronger international tie than that formed of love and admiration for the horses of a country? One wonders that so little has been made of it in books for children until one comes to realize how difficult it is to write naturally about horses—to give them their true characters and characteristics without sentimentality, yet without taking them away from those human relationships which belong to them.

"When I dream about horses, as I often do," says Siegfried Sassoon in his "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," "they usually talk like human beings, although the things they say, as in most dreams, are only confused fantasias on ordinary speech."

It is the distinction of Mr. Sassoon's book for the horse lovers among boys and girls that he does not record the "confused fantasias," but the very look and feel and ways of jumping and racing of a delightful succession of horses, beginning with the black pony, Rob Roy, whose owner and proud rider, George Sherston became at the age of nine, to Cockbird, the winner of the Colonel's Cup in the exciting Ringwell races—Cockbird, the faithful friend who is the first of the bitter losses the war brought to George Sherston in his twenties.

It is beside Tom Dixon, the groom who taught him to ride Rob Roy, that George Sherston rides out upon Sheila—the mouse-colored Welsh cob, for his first day's fox hunting: "As we jogged out of the village, Dixon gazed sagaciously at the sky and said with a grim smile, 'I'll bet they run like blazes today; there's just the right nip in the air,' and he

made the horses cock their eyes by imitating the sound of the hunting horn—a favorite little trick of his.”

“Hoick-holler, hoick-holler, hoick-holler!” yelled the huntsman and blew his horn loudly. . . . Sheila showed no symptoms of agitation; she merely cocked her ears well forward and listened.

“And then, for the first time, I heard a sound which has thrilled generations of fox hunters to their marrow. From the far side of the wood came the long shrill screech which signifies that one of the whips has viewed the fox quitting the covert. ‘Gone Away,’ it meant. . . . Lord Dumborough was galloping up the ride and the rest of them were pelting after him as though nothing could stop them. As I happened to be standing well inside the wood and Sheila took the affair into her own control, I was swept along with them and we emerged on the other side among the leaders. . . . I knew nothing at all except that I was out of breath and that the air was rushing to meet me, but as I hung on to the reins I was aware that Mr. MacDoggart was immediately in front of me . . . and when he disappeared over the hedge I took it for granted I must do the same. For a moment Sheila hesitated in her stride (Dixon told me afterward that I actually hit her as I approached the fence, but I could not remember having done so). Then she collected herself and jumped the fence with a peculiar arching of her neck. There was a considerable drop on the other side. Sheila made no mistake, but as she landed I left the saddle and flew over her head. I had let go of the reins, but she stood stockstill while I sat on the wet ground. A few moments later Dixon popped over a gap lower down in the fence and came to my assistance.

“‘Whatever made you go for it like that?’ asked Dixon, who was quite disconcerted. ‘I saw Mr. MacDoggart going over it and I didn’t like to stop,’ I stammered. He laughed as he gave me a leg-up. ‘Fancy you following Mr. Mac-

Doggart over the biggest place in the fence. Good thing Miss Sherston (Aunt Evelyn) couldn't see you.'"

One is reminded of nothing so much by George Sherston's reactions to his first day's hunt as of Randolph Caldecott's "Three Jovial Huntsmen" and "The Fox Jumps Over the Parson's Gate." Indeed, my own keen enjoyment of this very unusual book was derived in no small degree from familiarity with Caldecott's farmers and parsons, the huntsmen and horses of those inimitable picture books of English country life.

I found myself wondering if George Sherston knew Caldecott, and if he knew the Gypsy's red-haired pony, Lollo, on which Mrs. Ewing sets her Jackanapes riding, and the black mare of the Captain who was Jackanapes's father. Mrs. Molesworth's "The Palace in the Garden" and "Four Winds Farm" were "almost my favorite books," he says, and he came to know the characters of Surtee's novels by heart. "My Aunt had a complete set. She dipped into them herself, now and again, and we often used to talk about Mr. Jorrocks. . . . I accepted every word he wrote as a literal and serious transcription from life."

From this life story of an unusual boy growing into manhood there is more to be learned concerning boy nature than one can readily put into words of one's own. It is perhaps best suggested by George Sherston when he says: "I may as well explain Dixon's method of collaborating with me in my progress toward efficiency. When I made my fresh start and began to ride the gallant old chestnut (Harkaway) about the wintry lanes, I was inwardly awake to the fact that I knew next to nothing about horses and hunters and was an indifferent rider, and Dixon knew it as well as I did. But his policy was to watch me learn to find my way about the fox-hunting world, supplementing my ignorance from his own experience in an unobtrusive manner. He invariably allowed me to pretend to know much more than I really did.

It was a delicately adjusted mutual understanding. I seldom asked him a straight question or admitted any ignorance, and he taught me by referring to things as though I already knew them. I can remember no instance when he failed in this tactful behavior and his silences were beyond praise."

And there was Denis Milden, who became master of the Ringwell Country, the boy George Sherston had met at Dumborough fourteen years before and whose welcome guest he was at the Kennels. Denis, who never seemed to have half his mind on the horse he was riding. His eyes were on the hounds—Brightness, Brevity, Rambler, Roguery, Wavelet, Watercress, Peerless—"he went over the country, as we used to say, 'as if it wasn't there.'" Hard-working, likable Denis, with "the blunt, kindly face," who, when elected master of the Packlestone, said: "I'll have to get you up to Packlestone somehow. It's too sad for words to think of leaving you behind."

A book of friendships with men as with horses is "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man". I shall read it many times, for its own measure of truth and beauty and humor, and for the memories and associations it evokes. All through the two last chapters dealing with the war I seemed to be seeing "Journey's End" again, just as in the earlier ones I saw Caldecott's jovial huntsmen: "An' they hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' they blew their horns also. Look ye there!"

One's pleasure in reading is enhanced by the accompaniment of portrait drawings with which William Nicholson has enriched the special edition of the book. The artist's rare powers of evoking the spirit of English life and scene finds fresh expression in pictures of great beauty.

“KING OF THE PONIES”

MOORLAND MOUSIE

By GOLDEN GORSE

Plates drawn by LIONEL EDWARDS

EVERY child who loves a pony and every grown-up who cherishes the memory of a pony he has owned or longed to own will feel drawn to this attractive English story of Exmoor Mousie, of Withypool Common.

Lionel Edwards has assured this by a series of remarkably fine drawings of moor ponies and sheep dogs, of baying hounds and men and women mounted on long-tailed thoroughbreds riding to the hunt. The sixteen drawings alone make this a book well worth owning, but the text is not without charm and flavor of its own. The story is told by Moorland Mousie in the first person, and what it lacks in dramatic quality is offset by knowledge of horse nature and the genuine love of a certain stretch of country which greets one on opening the book and sets one longing to be in England in summertime.

“Every day the world seemed to grow more beautiful; the sun was warmer, the whortleberries taller and greener, the heather began to show a brighter brown, the cottongrass was more fluffy, warning us of the boggy places . . . the little moorland flowers, bog, asphodel, sundew and the ivy-leaved campanula came out one after the other, and Tinker Bell and I admired them all and tasted everything to see what was best. That summer was perfection, and we enjoyed every minute of it. Soon it was August and the whole moor was turning purple; the scent of the heather was like honey,

and the bees were crazy and tumbling about with excitement over the harvest they were gathering.

“We shall be seeing the hunters again soon,” said my mother, ‘when they come this way, children; stick close to us and don’t go losing your silly little heads.’ ”

“Moorland Mousie” is not an imitation of “Black Beauty.” It has a distinct place in its own right in this era of motor cars, and it is eagerly read by children somewhat older than the perennial readers of “Black Beauty,” who are ever on the lookout for “a horse story” and are not to be put off with substitutes for the real thing.



Illustration by Lionel Edwards for Moorland Mousie

THE SNOW HORSE

RED HORSE HILL

By STEPHEN W. MEADER

Illustrated by LEE TOWNSEND

HERE is a book in the true tradition of American boy life, with an uncommon flavor and substance of its own. The author writes of what he knows, and he knows the life of a New Hampshire farming community in the day of oxen and horses. He knows how much horses have meant in that life—workhorses, roadhorses and race horses, and he has put it into such a story as will warm the cockles of the heart of any country-bred New Englander who likes horse-racing. It is at the same time lively enough to interest boys and girls of a motor-driven age.

There is nothing novel about the general outline of the story. It derives from J. T. Trowbridge in the heyday of *Our Young Folks* and *The Youth's Companion*. Bud Martin, the boy hero, is an orphan, the penniless son of a Boston truck driver who picks up a scanty living for himself and Tug, his bull terrier, in the trucking stables where his father had been employed. There Bud gained an experience in handling horses which stood him in good stead on the New Hampshire farm to which he makes his escape in the second chapter. Rescued from the hands of the Riverdale town constable after Tug has proved his valor in a lively dog fight, Bud is taken home by kindly John Mason and set to work on his farm at Red Horse Hill.

It is a genial household to which he is welcomed; Aunt Sarah Mason, indeed, turns out to be a blood relation. Bud

learns how to milk cows and drive steers, goes to school and eventually discovers a long-lost will which gives him a farm of his own, provides the means for a college education and later for setting up a fine dairy herd in partnership with John Mason.

Bud is a likable boy and the Masons are hospitable rather than tight-fisted New England folk. But it is Cedar, the snow horse, born and bred in the snow, who gives distinction to the story. Cedar is foaled near Christmas time, far out in the woods in a clump of cedar trees, where his mother had taken refuge on the night of the great snowstorm which destroyed her stall. The shivering little colt is carried in the arms of Uncle John to the barn, and it is while he is at work on the new stall that the owner reveals to Bud his love of horses and racing and his long-cherished desire to own and drive a pacer. Cedar, the son of Caribou, a famous Vermont stallion, more than fulfills his desire after many exciting experiences, including being stolen and carried off to Boston, when he enters the snow races with Saco Boy and Chocorua.

It is Bud, and not Uncle John, however, who drives him to his first victory on the winter racetrack, but it is John Mason who holds the reins on the thirty-mile ride over drifted hilltops and pine barrens against Sam Felton's great yellow racing car (one of the earliest models) and arrives just in time to prove Bud's title to the Hartley Farm before the Sheriff's sale.

The adventure with gypsy horse thieves is not as skillfully handled as one could desire, and if so disposed one might point out other weaknesses in the story, but I find it too admirable in characterization and atmosphere to find fault with its incidents.

It is to be regretted that the book is not more effectively illustrated. The text is sufficiently graphic, however, to survive static illustrations, but a very real pictorial opportunity was missed for the roadhorse and the racer, not to mention

New Hampshire, the Boston stables and the freight yard. Mr. Meader possesses one of the gifts boys greatly appreciate in a writer. His choice of names is excellent and significant in relation to locality. Names are as important in books as out of them. Calling a horse Cedar was certainly a risk for a racer, but this horse will be remembered as the snow horse that won the race against Saco Boy. Mr. Meader is not a novice; his "The Black Buccaneer" has been a prime favorite for several years. It was recently re-issued in an illustrated holiday edition.



A CHILD'S NOVEL

PAX, THE ADVENTUROUS HORSE

By MURIEL HODDER

With illustrations by RAY GARNETT *and a*
preface by EDWARD GARNETT

PAX is no mere symbol of a horse, but a genuine, altogether irresistible "jet-black, just turned three years old, a very beautiful, strong and good-looking creature, also a very hard-hearted fellow."

"He had a character quite by himself as some people have," says the author and adds, "By saying a character by himself, I mean independent of anything; daring and not minding if he was alone; and also not caring if it were always with the same people. . . . This Pax was full of adventure and did not mind going out into the world to earn his oats; sometimes mixing with rich and sometimes with poor people, sometimes to be treated cruelly and sometimes with kindness." He had a will of his own, as well as a mind, and a sure memory for Valeri, his real mistress, from whose field in England he was stolen with "a neigh of delight" and carried off to Germany by Gerald and Dixon, the burglarious brothers of Amellia Steben, who is not told how they came by the beautiful horse. The brothers bring Pax to her as a

present from England and take turns riding him in Unter den Linden."

Pax is put to the races at "Lipsig" and wins many prizes, but finds German livery stables and their keepers not at all to his liking. After many Continental adventures he is finally restored to his English mistress in a trial scene in which justice is tempered by love and mercy in true Shakespearean manner.

It is a lovely book, made still lovelier by Ray Garnett's interpretative drawings and cover design, which are as child-like in their imaginative quality as the story itself, creating for it just the right atmosphere. For "Pax" is a child novel. Muriel Hodder was eleven years old when she wrote it out of a passionate love of horses which survives at thirty. There can be no question of its authenticity—a child's sense of justice, a child's discernment of character, a child's code of morality, Edgeworthian in clarity of outline, yet holding something deeper in its revelation of how Amellia's conscience gets to work—these and other signs of a child's fresh use of language, fresh struggles with spelling and punctuation are on every page of the delightful book.

I, for one, am heartily glad this manuscript lay safe in a drawer in England for nineteen years while the author's childhood took its own free course undisturbed by educational experiments or publicity requirements.

It is as natural for some children to express themselves in writing as for others to do so in drawing, or music, or dancing, but the way of the child writer who publishes in childhood is made as unchildlike as it is unthinking of the fostering of art in a new generation.

"One must claim for 'Pax,' " says Edward Garnett, "that it is the fruit of an English child's unspoiled imagination . . . to have written so original and dramatic a story at eleven was lucky indeed but for Fate to have intervened and to have broken the mold so that it stands alone, is luckier still. For the genius of childhood departs when adolescence

arrives and self-consciousness forbids the daring strokes with which 'Pax' teems. The aloe, it is said, flowers once in a hundred years. Hundreds of thousands of children flower each decade, but only one 'Pax' has arrived."

As documentary evidence "Pax" is worth tons of propaganda on kindness to animals. As a moral tale it is inimitable.

A CHILD'S TALE FOR CHILDREN

MR. HERMIT CRAB

By MIMPSY RHYS

Introduced by MARY ELIZABETH BARNICLE

Illustrated by HELEN SEWELL

Reviewed by WILL CUPPY

IN the first place, any book written by a fourteen-year-old author named Mimpsey Rhys should be looked into, and that pretty thoroughly. Secondly and moreover, any book called "Mr. Hermit Crab," with a gorgeous colored jacket and frontispiece by Helen Sewell—and a lot of her other pictures, too—is a step in the right direction. As for Mary Elizabeth Barnicle, I may come to her later, and I warn you that whatever I say will be extremely favorable.

"Mr. Hermit Crab" is the sort of book you know is grand the minute you look at it, if you're any kind of a critic at all. The main facts are right there on the cover: A young giant with hip-boots, oilskins and long black whiskers (obviously the hero) conversing in his cave with two beautiful little girls, a golden-haired one in pink and a chestnut one in blue. The title of this picture is, "'Please don't eat me!' sobbed Louisa." Naturally, Louisa is the one in pink, who is sobbing—and there's no harm in divulging that the other little girl is Lucia, her bosom friend. Louisa should have known that no one named Mr. Hermit Crab ever ate anybody, excepting maybe after a shipwreck or some such thing. Mimpsey Rhys must have known it, too, though she



is within her rights in trying to make us shudder at the possibility.

Who is this Mimpsey, anyway? Well, we may as well face the fact that a great many people are going to say that she is none other than Mary Elizabeth Barnicle herself—you know how they talked about Sir James Barrie and Daisy Ashford (she that penned "The Young Visitors"). Or they may say that Mimpsey is a cousin of Alice in Wonderland. Let them say! On the back of the jacket there is a charming picture of Mimpsey, seated on a rock in one of the Islands of Scilly, and a biographical sketch telling all about her career in Cornwall, Scotland, Canada and the United States, not to mention her taste for large rivers, cemeteries, Sir Walter Scott, George Meredith, Latin and Greek. For that matter, the bishop once caught her reading "Thelma" under the table.

The truth seems to be that Miss Barnicle discovered ten

copy-book volumes of "The Works of Mimpsey Rhys," while rummaging through a carved Jacobean chest in the drawing room of the Rectory, Tarrant Gunville, near Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire, the third volume containing "Mr. Hermit Crab." Personally, I believe every word of that. I would believe anything in such a nice book. And I am rather glad that, for a change, Mimpsey doesn't write in the



least like Daisy Ashford. The psychology of "Mr. Hermit Crab," if one may say so without offense, is juvenile, and the style is strangely—almost miraculously—mature, in the way of grammar and spelling and narrative skill and all that.

Now if Miss Barnicle had written "Mr. Hermit Crab"—and, after all, it may turn out that her real name is Mary Elizabeth Mimpsey Barnicle—one could say that she had been eminently successful in conjuring up the very heart and

soul of juvenile writing without resorting to fourteen-year-old spelling and such. Mimpsy writes quite in the classic vein, and yet—I mean—you'll see what I mean when you read "Mr. Hermit Crab."

Mimpsy is a born tale-spinner. She's generous, too, for she starts out with two ten-year-old heroines, the aforesaid Lucia and Louisa. Lucia is the taller one and the ringleader. Lucia is an orphan in charge of Great-uncle Stephenson, a respectable bookworm, though he has shunted her on to Miss Gray, a rather mean governess, and Louisa moves in next door. The two of them have the highest kind of jinks at the seashore village of Porthnock, in Cornwall, such as quarreling with each other, knocking hapless limpets from the rocks, disobeying Miss Gray and making up their mythology as they go along. The only trouble with Louisa is that she is awfully timid, and it may grow on her. Thinking the hermit was going to eat her, indeed! Lucia is practically perfect. She hates arithmetic.

Sooner or later they were sure to find the door in the rock at the Place of the Tormented Souls and discover the giant in his barely furnished room with his hermitical table and chair, knife, fork and spoon, fishing net, butterfly net, and bed of ferns. (But why the butterfly net, Mimpsy? After all the trouble some people have gone to to show that hermits are perfectly sane people and never by any chance butterfly collectors?) There follows one of the most exciting scenes in recent fiction.

"Louisa gave a piercing shriek, and turned to fly, as did Lucia. A dreadful voice stayed them in their flight. 'Whatever—the dickens! Stop! Come here this instant, or it will be the worse for you!'"

Fortunately, Mr. Hermit Crab (so Lucia named him) turned out to be a jolly soul, and they all had seaweed soup for lunch, and Lucia discovered that he had been placed under enchantment when an infant by the Malicious Fairy, who appears to be masquerading as Miss Couronnoway, the

heiress who lives at the Pine Grove. So they presented him with a comb and brush and some blankets and tried to get the Malicious Fairy to unscramble her magic. Now in real life most hermits would prefer to have little girls, however beautiful, mind their own business and not come ruining their lives, but this one didn't mind, perhaps because he was in love with an heiress. Anyway, he did not wring the necks of Lucia and Louisa.

Little remains to be told. Along toward the grand climax the mean Miss Gray is setting her cap at Great-uncle Stephenson, but she may have to be content with Mr. Butes. Everybody else is pairing off, too, excepting Lucia and Louisa and old Mrs. Jenkins, who has rheumatism, and a swell time has been had by all, including the reader, however dour as a general rule. And if parents are what they used to be, they'll supply themselves and their children with a copy of "Mr. Hermit Crab" without further ado.



THE INDEPENDENT CAT

MERCY AND THE MOUSE

Written and illustrated by PEGGY BACON

FIRST-HAND knowledge of animals and birds and their ways and intimacy with children are delightfully combined in these amusing stories of the resourceful Mercy, the cat born in a dark cellar, who rose through the aid of a friendly mouse first to the comforts of the sunny kitchen and finally to the luxury of the elegant parlor.

Each of the stories records an adventure in which Mercy's resourcefulness is taxed, but never once outwitted, by the "mother minnow" she meets while fishing. The birds, the turtle, the pampered white Angora, Miranda,

with whom she plays a disastrous game of tag and fishes for goldfish in the aquarium; Boggins, the dog, whose dinner she eats to establish her own supremacy, and finally Midget, the stray kitten, companion of her old age, who curls up on the cushions by her side and listens to the stories read out of the little pink book by "the lady of the house" to the children at bedtime. All these Mercy subdues to her own will and pleasure.

The stories are delightfully conceived both textually and pictorially for children with strong stomachs and love of dramatic situations. Mercy is by no means a pious cat; indeed, much of the charm of the record lies in the treatment of her "mean deeds" in a form easily recognizable as mean by the children.

The last story, "Mercy and the Midget," contains three stories in which Mercy "gives her opinion of the plot and explains the moral if there were any." The first of these stories, "The Blue Hill," is in the classic form of an old fable. It might have come out of Æsop. The second, "The Pony with a Past," is one of the most perfect stories for little children I have ever read. The picture taken from it is a foretaste of its child-like quality. The third, "The Flying Kitten," is an amusing tale with a moral finely pointed by Mercy to Midget.

Even more clearly than in "The Lion-Hearted Kitten" does Peggy Bacon here reveal talent of a high order in writing and illustrating for little children. This work will have permanence to the degree that it is clearly differentiated from her more sophisticated etchings and cartoons for grown-ups. In each of the books she has done for children there are drawings which seemed designed for another and more sophisticated setting. It is this tendency to include pictures which suggest the more transient appeal of the magazine, rather than the children's book *per se*, which I would like to see corrected in future books by an artist who has so rare a gift of humor and characterization as Peggy

Bacon. Her appeal might then be universal where it is now special. What she has to say both in picture and story is important in quickening the intellectual appreciation of children who are beginning to think for themselves, since it is by contrast and comparison, rather than by imitation and passive acceptance, that she states the big problem of teaching children how to think and to judge for themselves. The stories were first told to her own children to whom the book is dedicated.



THE ROOTABAGA COUNTRY

SEVEN years ago I sailed for France with an unbound and unpublished copy of "Rootabaga Stories" under my arm. An authentic piece of Americana, except for the pictures, I called it on the voyage, in Paris, in London.

The intense joy that came to me with the first reading of the first story, "How They Broke Away to Go to the Rootabaga Country," could not be communicated to the Owls, for *Books* was unborn. Across Murray Hill to the *Bookman* I flew with a spontaneous piece of copy before taking ship, and when I reached London came a cable from Alfred Harcourt asking permission to reprint the Rootabaga paragraphs of an otherwise sober review in a special circular. I came back just in time to greet Carl Sandburg in person for the first time and heard him read from the stories as he alone can do it, at the opening of the holiday exhibit in the children's room of the New York Public Library.

"Rootabaga Pigeons" was published the next year and Irita Van Doren, then the literary editor, asked me to review both books for *The Nation*. If any one wants to know how I feel about the Rootabaga stories and which of the two volumes is the better, that review expresses the way I still feel. It is perhaps more easily consulted in "Cross-Roads to Childhood" than in the files of *The Nation*.

"The Rootabaga Country" contains a selection from both books and Peggy Bacon's drawings make it distinctively American—there is no doubt whatever about that. I think some of the pictures divert one's imagination from the story itself to its effect upon Peggy Bacon, which is interesting for the artist, but not quite so much fun for the reader as keeping on with Sandburg, who is always pictorial in his own right. But it is good to know that these stories out of the Rootabaga Country, with their joyous nonsense, their philosophy, their beauty and their human kindliness, have taken root in American soil—that they are here to stay, just as we once felt they would be; and that proof of this is apparent in a new and excellent format. I personally can spare none of the stories. I want a well printed, complete edition in one volume without pictures.

PAINTED NOTES OF SINGING BIRDS

NEW SONGS FOR NEW VOICES

Edited by LOUIS UNTERMAYER *and* CLARA *and*
DAVID MANNES

With pen drawings by PEGGY BACON

Reviewed by MARCIA DALPHIN

WHEN, drawing upon the whole world of the imagination, some one induces the musician, the poet, and the artist to unite in making a book for us, there may quite properly be dancing in the streets. We are prejudiced in favor of this book at once, for each of the names on the title page stands for a person who is known for some important contribution to the cultural life of young people: Louis Untermeyer for his anthology, "This Singing World"; David and Clara Mannes for the fine influence of their music school and for their Young People's Symphony Concerts; Peggy Bacon for her delightful book, "The Lion-Hearted Kitten." These names mean that we shall expect to find within the covers of this substantial-looking new song-book words worth learning (an essential not always regarded), set to singable music, decorated with pictures that interpret both the spirit and the letter of the songs.

To the imaginative there is entertainment in simply running down the list of authors. Any good anthology affords its odd, often amusing, always provocative accidents of juxtaposition. De la Mare and Blake, Belloc, Carroll and Carryl, Lear, Milne, Jane Taylor, Mother Goose—here are enough aristocrats of nursery literature to dignify the adventure. But as though that were not enough, Mr. Untermeyer boldly

invades other realms and, striding over the peaks, seizing here a giant and there a giant, comes back with Carl Sandburg's gorgeous "Up Stream"; the soft-falling "Velvet Shoes" of Elinor Wylie; Edith Sitwell's

The King of China's daughter,
With her face like yellow water. . . .

Edna Millay's "Afternoon on a Hill," and the incomparable "O, Black Bird, What a Boy You Are!" of T. E. Brown. In another class, but good to find in such a collection with their reminder of the old days of *St. Nicholas*, are songs by Mary Mapes Dodge and Laura Richards.

When we come to the music itself the critic hesitates a little. That David and Clara Mannes have approved these songs for inclusion means that there will be nothing meretricious, musically, among them. But only time and use can determine the worth of new songs. Let us admit that there are only a few good singing tunes in the world, just as there are only a few plots for stories, and that the slow erosion of the years decides in time what has caught the ear and will endure. The editors have been daring in inserting the group of old folksongs. Does it lie entirely at the door of familiarity, this feeling that one has when the page is turned at last to "Can She Bake a Cherry Pie, Charming Billy?" or "Toad Went A-courting"—this impulse to sing lustily, when on the preceding pages we have been picking our way a little—warily, shall one say? Imagine a group of friends around the piano investigating this new book. "Here is the real thing," one fancies them saying as they let themselves go on it.

Three-fourths of the music, we are told, was specially composed for the book, some by well known people, some by "the more significant of the younger musicians; and still others were discovered by a competition through the music schools of America." This probably accounts for the fact

that there are two versions of many of the songs. It also makes more difficult the finding of a basis for criticism. Yet that in a book of as much importance as this the editors have given young composers a chance speaks of their readiness to recognize talent and will add in the minds of many to the interest of the book.

There can be no question of the value of the artist's con-



tribution to the book. These pen drawings of Peggy Bacon's are inimitable. They are as American as the flag of Uncle Sam, and we heartily recommend that some of the writers who are trying to interpret the contemporary scene should get Mrs. Bacon to illustrate their books. She could save them many words. They are reminiscent, among other things, of the comic strip, of the good cartoonists, of the "movies," of the life of the city streets. Her down-at-the-heel tenements are triumphs of suggestion. The people

who lean and loll at their open windows or lurk in the hallways we have all seen from our seats in the train, just as we have seen, too, if we are lucky, her children dancing to the hand organ. Nor are her drawings always caricature, not even all fun and delicate side thrusts. In the illustration for "My Lord, What a Mornin'," with *all* its implications, she creates a tender and beautiful thing in a drawing whose massing of light and shade is one of the high spots of the book.

"AN ALMOST TRUE STORY"

NOISY NORA

Pictured, told and printed by HUGH LOFTING

CHILDREN will chuckle with delight over this amusing tale and parents will bless Mr. Lofting for investing a widespread bad habit with so much fun while achieving its correction.

"Noisy Nora," who lived on a farm, had shocking table manners. She never said "please" or "thank you" and she always "ate with both hands at once," but the worst thing she did was to chew with her mouth open. "This made a terrible noise. Some people said it sounded like a seal coming up for air; others that it reminded them of the sea breaking against the rocks on a stormy night; others said that if they shut their eyes they would think of a herd of cattle tramping home through the mud." This was how she came by the nickname, "Noisy Nora," Mr. Lofting tells us.

And to this very bad habit was added another, that of stubbornness. The tale of how Noisy Nora is cured unfolds to the surprise and delight of any child. First she is sent to eat in the kitchen, but the dairy maids refuse to eat with her; then she is sent to the stable to eat with the horses, to the cowshed to eat with the cows, the pigpen to eat with the pigs, to the old barn from which even the rats drive her out, and last of all she is sent to Top Meadow where it is so still that she can hear herself eat and at last she hears what a dreadful noise she has been making. "Then and there Nora made up her mind never again to chew with her mouth

open and always to think of others when she was at table."

The little pink book, a trifle bigger than a Beatrix Potter book, is charmingly designed and decorated. Children learning to read and write will be delighted with the clear printing of the hand lettering, which furnishes them incidentally with good copy for their own efforts in book making.

There is a genuine atmosphere of country life in this little book which a child will feel—the little animals, the ants, the grasshoppers, the butterflies and birds in the Top Meadow have the thrill of their own life and suggest the possibility of more tales from Mr. Lotting for little children

A LIVING CHILDHOOD

READING Lizette Woodworth Reese's "A Victorian Village" makes one glad to be alive and growing older, albeit in times somewhat out of joint. One enjoys the book first of all for its inimitable pictures of life on the Old York Road and along the lanes of Maryland—her Maryland. The same instinct for the right words in the right order which distinguishes Miss Reese's poetry has guided the selection and the rendition of her reminiscences. There is nothing tiresome to be skipped or explained away. The wide-eyed, flaxen-haired, laughter-loving, adventurous little girl who was Lizette Reese was apparently never bored in childhood, and the much-loved poet has never lost touch with her:

"None of us ever escape the first few years of our lives. They make a mold into which we are cast, and though it may be broken and we be turned loose, some remnant of it, some intangible evil or lovely thing, or both, will remain with us, like the odor to a flower or the smoothness to a piece of ivory. It is part of the immortality of youth. To that old house and to the old man who was master of it (her German grandfather, a political refugee of the 1840's), I owe the best of any fortune which has ever befallen me. There was never much money; many of this world's goods I went without, but there were always daffodils in the grass in spring, and there were traditions, and books, and plain thinking, and direct speech, and dignity of life and work, and liberty to move about and grow up in."

It is the gift of Miss Reese's book that it turns the mind of the reader to a fresh quest of beauty on the old road connecting the village of his childhood with the present-day problems of everyday life and education. Her heart is more like a singing bird than ever Christina Rossetti's could have been, one feels, and one envies those fortunate children of St. John's Parish School, in the village of Waverly (a village which might easily have been in the County of Kent, in England), who had this born lover of children for a teacher when she was seventeen, and those other children of the

Baltimore city schools, who for nearly half a century enjoyed the lion's share of the time and thoughts of so rare a poet, so radiant and lovable a personality.

Poetry had its natural beginning for her in Mother Goose, she says. "Here were quackery and philosophy, laughing and crying, the crooked and straight business of life. Here were herd boys, fiddlers, vagabonds, a hundred sceptered others. On one page was a king, on another a fool."

"I wonder," she says in "The Orchard" (a chapter worth any number of books on the psychology of children at play), "whether any psychologist will ever touch upon even the edge of a child's imagination? I think not; I hope not. Did we really believe in these grassy uprisings under the orchard trees, or did we not? How much of it was a game, and how much of it a very vivid reality? There is a crystal transparency about a child's cerebral processes up to a certain point, but beyond that an inexorable congenital sensitiveness; he is dumb to all response."

To the question "What do you think of the craze for publishing the work of youthful poets?" the poet replies: "Childhood, it appears to me, should be allowed to keep its April inheritance, otherwise it is defrauded. For a child its dreams, expectancies, the throbbings and aches of its short experience should be sufficient. To force it to express these in concrete form, and in the flare of publicity is both an evil and a stupid thing; it results in overmaturity, and therefore in self-consciousness, an obtrusive smartness, and eventually a blankness of ideas. . . . If a child is born to be a poet, the good God will see to it that he becomes one. It is not right to rob him of his April."

Librarians and teachers who have kept faith with literature itself through all the changes and chances of changing systems of education and changing methods of child exploitation must feel forever grateful to the author and to the publishers, who, with the aid of J. J. Lankes, have given to the book an outward form in harmony with its content.

A MAGICAL TALISMAN

THE PIGTAIL OF AH LEE BEN LOO

*With seventeen other laughable tales and comical
silhouettes*

By JOHN BENNETT

Reviewed by DUDLEY CAMMETT LUNT

ONE day upward of a couple of decades ago this small boy was immersed in the magic created by a book called "Master Skylark." On that day Will Shakespeare and his companions became so invested with life that subsequent teaching was a failure in that they refused to function as historic personages parenthesized within the confines of two dates. And to this day the reading of Elizabethan literature takes on the pleasance of a journey in the company of a merrie band of strolling players.

Who wrote "Master Skylark"? That small boy, after the manner of his kind, never could have told. And doubtless he would be as ignorant to this day had he not grasped the end of the Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo. Thus does he discover and acknowledge a deep debt to John Bennett.

It must be great fun to write as John Bennett does. It is a rare quality that he has, that of recreating the atmosphere of ancient tales and times. If you will follow the pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo which Mr. Bennett depicts in silhouette as his romantic laundryman's clothesline, you will journey in these distant realms and times and feast on sumptuous fare.

There are tales that savor of Arabian Nights and the far-off tinkle of the camel's bell. This quality is touched upon with candor by the author. There is the story of "How Cats Came to Purr." This, he tells us, is a very, very old tale. "It may be Persian; it may be not; that is of very little moment." True, for Mr. Bennett's art might well be termed creative manipulation. Reminiscences as varied as from Poe to the picaresque are charming to encounter. The story of "The Merry Pieman and the Don's Daughter" gives echo to the charm of Gil Blas and certain rollicking assaults upon windmills. Now and again the journey touches at ports close at home. Scullion Jack and his cousin-german Yukon Jake have more in common than their perpetuation in the ballad form. John Bennett has captured an element that is rare in creative writing. Who has not read Gulliver at diverse decades and sensed in the first instance complete immolation and then years later become enthralled by its uncanny double appeal? To have missed such an experience



is to have lost one of the priceless things that takes the curse off growing up. Ah Lee Ben Loo's pigtail is a very magical talisman. If boys and girls are not charmed with its twists and kinks, then truly time is out of joint. For in truth the old phrase "celebrated in song and story" in this instance has ceased to be hackneyed.

A word about nonsense. It is here in this book in good measure. Happily it is not thrust upon the reader en masse as is the current prescription. One counters it of a sudden and in unexpected places. Perhaps an instance will initiate a fascinating search. Here follows a high spot in an old romance in Scandalusia in the ancient house of Don Sancho Pedro Pablo de Angostura:

"Francella clasped her hands in rapture, speechless with delight. The young pastry vendor thought he had never looked upon a lovelier picture.

"'Beautiful, beautiful, *senorita*!' he exclaimed, pressing his hand to his heart.

'You are the cake of my endeavor and my jelly roll forever;
My tapioca tartlet, my lemon custard pie;
You're my candied fruit and spices, my juicy citron slices;
You're the darling, sugar-sprinkled apple dumpling of my eye.'

Simple songs like this in Spanish are made beautiful by the language."

Besides the writing of this book John Bennett has achieved another piece of excellent accomplishment. He has illustrated it. And he has done it in a way that is both original and unique. I have said that his art is one of creative manipulation. His illustrations are irrefutable proof of the accuracy of this statement, for they are silhouettes.

They exist by the hundreds, and when you read the book you will find yourself searching to see whether or not this or that situation has been depicted. There is one that is bound to be a favorite. It depicts a small boy brazenly

facing out a king. In the background trembles an attendant. Beneath runs the legend:

“‘Taunt us not!’ he boldly cried. ‘Here are the berries.’”

It is good to realize that a tradition upheld by Howard Pyle, that the artist should provide his own text, has taken this truly fascinating bypath under the guidance of so clever and able a craftsman as Mr. Bennett.

Here, indeed, is a book that would have spared Alice her boredom on a pleasant summer day. It is literally filled with “pictures and conversations.”



ADVENTURE, BEAUTY AND MAGIC

TAL

HIS MARVELOUS ADVENTURES WITH
NOOM-ZOR-NOOM

By PAUL FENIMORE COOPER

Illustrated by RUTH REEVES

ONE grows increasingly suspicious of the book which appears to belong to the order of the marvelous and turns out to be mere propaganda for this and that.

"Tal" is not that kind of a book. True, the properties employed are fairly familiar, a golden-haired orphan boy, a wise old man with a talking donkey, happily named Millitinkle, and a block of black crystal from which some sixteen stories are read to Tal on the way to Troom by the wise old Noom-zor-Noom who, having gathered the stories from all over the world has been chosen to try his luck at opening the Golden Door with one of them. There is nothing original about the properties, and nothing very promising about the title of the book. The originality lies in the treatment and the investiture of these familiar signs with so much life and spontaneous fun. Obviously Mr. Cooper has had a good time doing it. Tal is a genuine small boy whose love of adventure knows no boundaries and whose appetite for marvels never becomes jaded. He is ready to go anywhere and see anything at any time.

Nothing is too far to lie beyond the range of a child's imagination if the author will only keep on believing in his tale and trust to its measure of beauty, mystery and humor

to make its own appeal. Paul Cooper does that. Moreover, Mr. Cooper seems to me to have relived in these stories some of his own dreams and desires as a small boy. They recall very definitely certain dreams of a little Scotch boy I once knew between the ages of seven and nine—a boy who ranged over the whole world, visible and invisible, and who meant some day to become a traveler. But however the stories may have originated and whatever has gone into their making, they are uncommonly well written and indicate a rich background of folk-ways and the ways of animals, birds and fishes.

I like the book's atmosphere and its invitation to the small boy or girl living anywhere to sleep at the inn kept by a white horse, to coast down the silver mountain all day and all night, to cross over the rainbow with Teteena, to look for Wimzies behind the waterfalls, to be borne through the sky by a streak of lightning and safely dropped in the cave where the hundred lightning sisters have their home, to follow the silver road across the plain to the amber cliff that no one could scale without first becoming part animal, to become, even as Tal did, a whole giraffe for the moment, to enter the rainbow-colored city of Troom and sit listening to stories before the Golden Door of the palace until it swings open and the Golden Head speaks again: "Here is your son, he has come back to you."

The sixteen stories within the story—the stories to which Tal listens—are sufficiently varied and exciting to stir the imagination of children with the genuine spirit of travel in strange lands, even if they never leave their own door-step, and because of the competence of the story-teller, entirely in his own right (Paul Fenimore Cooper is the great grandson of the novelist), they will make excellent preparation for more appreciative reading of imaginative literature later on. No contribution to American literature is more needed at the present time.

The text is so strongly pictorial as to leave one reader

at least preferring to pay very little attention to the black and white designs which Ruth Reeves has made for the book. They are to be regarded as designs rather than as interpretative drawings, and the artist has shown commendable restraint in the number, but they seem too sophisticated and too confused to appeal to the younger children who will derive a vast amount of honest pleasure from the book itself. The drawings give an impression of something less childlike and natural than the book really is. The drawing of the Snow Queen, for example, is a singularly unfortunate representation. The Snow Queen has suffered a good deal at the hands of unqualified artists, first and last.

"Tal" might have had a more immediate appeal to his own particular audience of younger children if his story could have been given convincing interpretation in color. But even without it the author is so graphic as to give evidence that a talented young American has written a children's book of exceptional quality.

ON CATCHING A CHILD'S FANCY

By PAUL FENIMORE COOPER

FOR three years I have used the same pencil—a green one. At the writing end there is a nickel tip through which the lead comes out. Three-quarters of the way up the side there is a nickel clip to hold the pencil in my pocket. At the top there is a nickel cap, by turning which the length of the lead can be adjusted. And under the cap. . . . But why need I go on? My pencil is the same as thousands of other pencils used by thousands of other people every day.

I know my pencil very well, both inside and out. Constant use of it has convinced me that as a writing instrument it is beyond reproach. It is always sharp and always ready to use. Its shape lets it fit my fingers and rest comfortably against my hand. Its weight is just right—heavy enough to give a firmness of hold. And its balance is nice. It has an eraser, which can be renewed when worn down. And it carries a fresh supply of lead within itself. If there are any other practical reasons why I like my pencil, they have escaped my mind for the moment.

I had not had my pencil long before I took it apart. I unscrewed the nickel tip and drew the inside of the pencil out from its holder. My eyes fell on a queer, undressed-looking contraption with a point of lead at one end and a nickel cap at the other. My first thought was of a person who, with his hat still on, had suddenly and forcibly been pulled out of his clothes. My next thought was to try writing with the contraption. So I tried. And, though I have tried many times since, I must admit that for the purpose of writing it compares in no way with the pencil as a whole.

It is a poor thing to hold; its balance is bad; and it feels ridiculously out of place in the hand. Yet there is something fascinating, something tempting, about it. Never do I take my pencil apart but I scribble a line or two with the inside. And always I laugh to myself and think what a child's trick it is.

One day I was teaching arithmetic to a class of nine-year-old boys. They were bent over their desks hard at work on an example. I looked down and saw that one of them was using the inside of a pencil. I went over to him and asked, "What's that?"

"This?" he asked, holding it up.

"Yes . . . that," I said.

"The inside of a pencil," he said.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"I traded a suitcase for it," he said.

"A good suitcase?" I asked.

He said nothing. He opened his eyes wide and nodded his head. Then he turned away and went on with his work.

That exchange and the boy's frank admission to it are forever running through my mind. From my own experience I know what it is like to write with the inside of a pencil. Common sense tells me that the boy could have traded his suitcase for a brand new pencil—probably for a whole box of them. Yet he did not choose to do it. He deliberately made the exchange because the inside of the pencil caught his fancy and the suitcase did not.

A month later the same class came to the wet and the dry measures in their arithmetic. They quickly learned them by heart; but all were slow to apply their knowledge to practical examples. Any one of them could tell in a moment how many pints there are in a gallon. But they could not tell how many pints there are in nine gallons and five quarts. They did all the examples in the book: they did them over again. Yet even then it was a matter of chance which ones were right and which ones wrong. I decided

that the trouble was not with the boys but with the examples, which were dull and prosaic beyond words. So I wrote on the blackboard, "There were three whales swimming in a tank. The tank held nine hundred gallons of water. One whale drank forty gallons. Another drank twenty gallons and eight quarts. The third drank ninety-six pints. When they finished drinking how many pints of water were there inside the whales? How many gallons of water were left undrunk in the tank?" The whales in the tank caught the boys' fancy. Whether or not three whales could swim in nine hundred gallons of water did not bother them at all. They set to work on the problem and had real fun doing it. I gave them other problems of the same kind. In a short time they were applying the tables correctly. And soon they were doing more difficult work than any in the book—doing it only because one type of example caught their fancy and the other did not.

Every child has a fancy, and every child likes to have his fancy caught. No matter where the catching of it may lead, the child will follow. He will run and stumble, get up and run again, with the same eagerness with which he will give chase to a soap bubble over a rough and furrowed field. Once his fancy is caught, everything is fun. Catch it in his work, catch it in his play; and it will bring about more wonderful changes than any magician's wand. In many ways it is a child's most valuable possession, for through it he gets his greatest pleasures. However, valuable as it is, he never hoards it up nor keeps it to himself. He carries it openly, begging to have it caught. And to those who can catch it and hold it the child gives freely of his heart.

Varied as its uses are, the real value of fancy lies in its imaginative qualities. Fancy is to the imagination what the seed is to the tree. Let it lie in barren ground and it will not grow. But nourish it and care for it through the years and it will grow into imagination, as dear a possession for the man as fancy is for the child. He who lacks imagination lives but

half a life. He has his experiences, he has his facts, he has his learning. But do any of these really live unless touched by the magic of imagination? So long as the road is straight he can see down it and follow it. But imagination looks round the turns and gazes far off into the distance on either side. And it is imagination that walks hand in hand with vision.

It is to a child's reading that we must turn for the proper cultivation of his fancy, for here fancy most easily grows into imagination. A green elephant with a red light on its tail, wearing blue trousers held up by jewel studded suspenders, suddenly appears from out of a thicket. For some reason he catches the child's fancy. In a minute the child is on the elephant's back, and they are off together to a strange country where all the animals talk, and the men and women live in huge ball-shaped houses of gold balanced on the top of black crystal peaks. Before the child knows it, he is communing with fairies, talking with the king and queen, killing dragons and living with animals as he would live with his own people. He is doing a thousand other things he could do in no other way. But above all he is learning to let his imagination run free and grow. That in itself is enough; such reading need have no other purpose. They are for the imagination—not for teaching and moralizing.

It can be objected that there never was a green elephant—certainly never one with a red light on its tail. That is true, but what of it? There never was an airplane, there never was a motor car, there never was a bicycle, until some one saw them first with his imagination. For this very reason, if for no other, it is important that a child should learn to create with his imagination. It makes no difference whether his creations exist in fact or not. Too soon will he learn to sort the possible from the impossible. But at the same time he may retain enough imaginative curiosity to hold on to what is probable and may some day be made actual. If he does this, his imagination will have served him well.

Instead of fewer fantastic books for children, I should like to see a great many more. I should like to see every child's fancy cultivated into imagination. But it must be done in a free, unhampered way, so that the pure, sparkling crystal of imagination may not be defiled by the hands of teachers and moralists. It is a thing in itself and must be so treated. Facts are facts, and fancy is fancy; and there is room in the world for both of them. Each is as important as the other; and there is no reason why they should not exist side by side at peace. But they must not poach on each other's preserves. For us it is enough that

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so, betwixt them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean

without changing it to

Jack Sprat ate only fat,
His wife ate only lean,
Because they did not know the truth
About the vitamine.

Ask any child which one of these catches his fancy. And if he does not agree with us, I will give up forever writing with the inside of my pencil.

GHOSTS AND GOBLINS

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

By WASHINGTON IRVING

Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM

IT was a happy thought to ask Mr. Rackham to make pictures for the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow and a delightful holiday book he has made of it. A book destined to call forth shivers and laughter from children too young to read or even to listen to the story itself, but not too young to recognize goblins and ghosts when they see them as clearly depicted as these are.

A large group of very unsophisticated children with whom I shared the pictures at a Hallowe'en story hour were fascinated with the goblin-haunted trees, the spectre of the Woman in White and that of the Headless Horseman riding his ghost of a horse, and they expressed their appreciation by crowding up close in the fire and candle light with audible shudders of satisfaction. The cover design showing the Headless Horseman enchanted them, as well it might.

Mr. Rackham has not localized his drawings, but has interpreted the story in broad terms of his own familiar acquaintance with the supernatural in whatever country he may find its manifestation. There are eight full-page illustrations in color and many more drawings in black and white, among them several irresistible little goblins in happy contrast to more commonplace figures in a number of books of the year. Arthur Rackham is not derivative. His ideas and technique are his own. One is quite certain that he has



clearly seen everything he draws. As he himself expressed it, "When the curtain goes up the scene must be there." Rackham's scenes, whether peopled by fairies or humans, are always *there*. There is nothing vague or prettified about his fairies. He seems to know just how it feels to be a fairy or a goblin and what one would naturally do in that state of being. When he has set it down, he passes on to another scene. His fairies do not get on his nerves or ours, because he neither shows them nor speaks of them outside their own environment.

When Mr. Rackham visited New York he was intensely interested in what he saw in the streets from day to day. He saw and quickly found for himself the mood of New York—"Build me a house or a skyscraper for a few years, not for a century," he called it. He revelled in the color and the rocks of Central Park. Whether he visited Sleepy Hollow I do not know, but this I do know, that Mr. Rackham saw New York as *New York* and without invidious comparison with Paris or London, because it was not, accord-

ing to his way of looking, to be compared with either of those two cities. I have been uncommonly interested since his visit in poring over his drawings in the light of certain strong personal characteristics.

I wish the realists who object to any pictorial representation of the supernatural and are so certain of its bad effect on children might spend just such an evening with Mr. Rackham as I did, seeing New York as an incandescent city of towers and never once alluding to his own fairies or goblins. That is why he keeps so firm a grip on the fairy world. He stands with both feet firmly planted in this one and does not confuse the two. He respects the mysteries he has been permitted to unveil and he respects his audience. He will never be guilty of misappropriating the confidence of the fairies or the children.



MYSTERY STORIES
THE BOLD DRAGOON AND OTHER
GHOSTLY TALES

By WASHINGTON IRVING

Selected and edited by ANNE CARROLL MOORE

With decorative diversions by JAMES DAUGHERTY

Reviewed by WILL CUPPY

WASHINGTON IRVING? He was the old fellow we had to read in school. We even had to look at his picture on the wall. I think he was the one with the cowlick, the funny collar and a lot of ruffles where, on the whole, I should have preferred a necktie. But maybe not.

If memory serves, we had Washington Irving that ghastly week when we also had Burke's "On the Sublime and Beautiful," Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" and Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" (these latter to be learned by heart). I recall that after sampling Burke, Carlyle and Milton I missed examinations rather than peruse "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"—thereby missing as grand a tale as pen ever penned, or darned near it.

I skipped Washington Irving on the theory that a teacher who regarded Burke, Carlyle and Milton as good authors would hardly be likely to pick a winner. I adopted him later as a friend and comrade, after hearing my grandfather say that he was too rowdy a writer for a well brought up child who had already shown signs of budding genius by delivering an extraordinary commencement address—copied

almost verbatim from one of the more flamboyant tomes in our solid walnut bookcase.

From that time forth I looked upon Washington Irving as a pal and an equal. It was the Old Nick in him that I liked especially, and still do. Yet I fear that for thousands of boys and girls he remains just one more piece of home work, just another of those dithering ancients and wet blankets, the classics.

Well, Anne Carroll Moore and James Daugherty are changing all that. Irving fans both, and with certain rare talents to back it up, a season or two ago their version of "Knickerbocker's History of New York" captured the town. Here was a new Washington Irving, shorn of not a few redundancies and digressions (sacred to the antiquarian, but rank poison to the beginner) by the eminently judicious scissors of Miss Moore—herself a born spinner of tales and connoisseur of the same—and illustrated by Mr. Daugherty with seventeen kinds of perfection, such as no Irving revival ever saw before; no, not even in the bad old days of expensive de luxe editions which it was treason, mutiny on the high seas and a good licking for the youngsters to so much as strew with fingerprints.

Here is just such another riotous outburst as "Knickerbocker"; quite as well suited to delight the oldsters who want the fun of rereading, and very probably, since it comes in shorter and more varied tales, better attuned to the desires of our emergent youth. Here is Irving at his gay and rowdy best; here is Miss Moore in the rôle of triumphantly understanding editor; here is James Daugherty with a whole gallery of pictures which, at the moment, I can only describe as better than most of the Old Masters I have met. A learned friend tells me that these drawings for "The Bold Dragoon" constitute "a spontaneous piece of pictorial interpretation" of the most exalted kind; and the fun of it is, they are also the gayest, the tenderest and heart-warmingest pictures you'll find in a month of Sundays.

Others must sing of James Daugherty's technique. All I know is that he employs that intensely black and white, that generously inky method with which nine hands out of ten, especially if there be many figures to manage, turn out rather decorative (at a distance) but blobby and somewhat uninspiring portraits of a fried egg. To learn the difference, turn to this startling one-man exhibition of pirates, devils, imps, crowded inns, haunted houses and whatever else may appertain to the ghostly and mysterious.

Of one very timely aspect of "The Bold Dragoon" let Miss Moore speak, out of her introduction. "In an age so eager for good mystery stories, why leave Washington Irving's in cold storage?" Why, indeed!

"Where could one look for a more hair-raising story than Tom Walker's encounter with the devil, where for one that haunts the memory like the Storm Ship in Dolph Heyliger, or one more gruesome than the Guests from Gibbet Island who visited the Blue Chamber of the inn at Communipaw? Where is to be found more prophetic insight into the real estate development of our city than among the 'golden dreams' of Wolfert Webber? Mystery stories, every one of them, with an authentic background of our own beloved coast in the time of Kidd the Pirate.

"Boys like the stories individually, why should they not like them collectively? Girls, too, I can think of any number who would. Why shouldn't the impoverished adults who have never read Irving for fun but merely as required reading in school have the time of their lives with such tales as these? Ghostly tales they truly are, and a jolly one to add from overseas is the Bold Dragoon who spent a riotous night in the Haunted Chamber of an old inn at Bruges. James Daugherty will know just how the Bold Dragoon ought to look and Dolph Heyliger, a boy after his own heart, and the Storm Ship, and the Money Diggers, one and all, from Corlear's Hook on the East River, up Long Island Sound to Boston-on-the-Charles. James Daugherty must certainly lend a hand to the making of the book."



*The Storm Ship, drawn by James Daugherty for The Bold Dragoon and
Other Ghostly Tales*

So that's the way it began. Hence these five luscious yarns in their fine new dress, three from "Tales of a Traveller," and one each from "Wolfert's Roost" and "Bracebridge Hall"; "The Bold Dragoon," to furnish the proper mood of mischief and a most delectable title; "The Devil and Tom Walker," that infinitely satirical and highly moral tale of ill-gotten gold, with its sinister stranger ("his face was neither black nor copper-color, but swarthy and dingy, and begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges"), and its fearsome final summons, "Tom, you're come for!" "Wolfert Webber or Golden Dreams," explained how a notable treasure hunter came to have for his crest "a full-blown cabbage . . . with the pithy motto *Alles Kopf*, that is to say, *All Head*" and containing the immortal, if subsidiary figure of old Cobus Quackenbos, who "had devoted many years of his life to money-digging, and it was thought would have ultimately succeeded, had he not died recently of a brain fever in the almshouse"; "Guests from Gibbet Island," crammed with sons of perdition, halts and blue brimstone; and "Dolph Heyliger," with its wealth of Hudson River myths.

I think you will not need my word for it that Anne Carroll Moore has murdered none of Washington Irving's darlings. She comes to him, as aforetime, as a collaborator and a ministering angel rather than as one of those fiends in human form who monkey unduly and from malice aforethought with other people's copy.

GHOST STORIES

By MARCIA DALPHIN

GHOST stories, mystery stories and detective stories are the fairy tales of adolescents and grow-ups. Our young people, despite their reputed hard-headedness, may be seen at Hallowe'en parties in the dark, greedily supping their fill of horrors so childlike in character as to be, ordinarily, an insult to their intelligences. Thus to discover that there is still a strain of the credulous left in a materialistic age is rather heartening than otherwise.

Is it not amusing—this craving to be frightened nearly out of our wits that most of us have as children? There was once a little girl of tender years who used to beg her sister for stories before bedtime every night. "Hansel and Gretel" and "The Twelve Months" were favorites, and there were others approved by long habit. But sometimes a baleful light that the little sister knew well would begin to gleam in the story-teller's eye, and then this usually kindest and gentlest of elder sisters would launch out on that horrible tale that began: "Once upon a time there was a wedding." And the little girl would begin to cringe and shiver and plead in heart-rending tones, "Oh, don't tell it! Please don't!" increasing in fervor until the nerve shattering climax was reached—" . . . and she was all skin and bones!" Yet with all the apprehension and terror which she felt each time, never lessening, no matter how often she heard it, was mingled a deliciously creepy enjoyment.

It is still the old-fashioned ghost story that finds most favor: about the haunted house that you dare not pass at night; of the room where at midnight a hand parts the cur-

tains of the bed, and a horrid specter is seen beckoning you forth on some unhallowed quest; of ladies in white wringing their hands; dogs with the hair slowly rising on their backs as they shrink back against the wall from sights that you cannot see; bony hands clutching you unexpectedly on dark stairways. The subtleties of the psychological ghost story are at a discount for telling, however much they may thrill us as we read them, and boys and girls want real ghosts on whom you can put your finger—tangible ghosts, if we may call them that. The thicker the horrors are laid on, the more gruesome the incidents, the better they like them.

Among the finds in a delectable second-hand bookshop in Oxford was a book by Charles G. Harper called "Haunted Houses: Tales of the Supernatural." Both illustrations and chapter headings proclaimed it a gold mine for the seeker after horrors, and so it proved, for in its 300 pages were packed more tales of old English and Scottish manor houses haunted by every kind of family ghost; more vampires and screaming skulls, inherited curses, bloody footprints, "radiant boys," "warnings" and "lucks," than I have ever seen before in the same compass. This book affords excellent source material for the ambitious amateur who wants to drape a skeleton of fact or legend with his own particular, private horrors. And there is one tale of a vampire that curdles the blood and takes away forever one's desire for picturesque lattice windows with leaded panes.

"She felt a sort of mental comfort in the knowledge that the window was securely fastened on the inside. Suddenly the scratching sound ceased and a kind of pecking sound took its place. Then in her agony, she became aware that the creature was unpicking the lead! The noise continued and a diamond pane of glass fell into the room. Then a long, bony finger of the creature came in and turned the handle of the window, and the window opened!" . . .

Montague James's stories of horrible things that haunt old houses and cathedral closets, where antiquarians work,

deserve to be better known. Undoubtedly his fondness for black clumps of spiders that fall on one from high places is almost too much to bear. Yet the first reading of stories like "The Mezzotint" with its sinister figure crawling on all fours in that picture where no figure had been before, and "Whistle, and I'll Come to You" are experiences not to be forgotten. One is never, perhaps, quite his own man again. Walking in a dark place on a windy night one would not like to remember suddenly how the wind surged against Parkins's casement when he blew on that strange whistle on which was inscribed, "Quis Est Iste Qui Venit?" nor to bethink himself of the pale fluttering thing that ran along the water's edge and leaped over the wall.

For unadulterated horror nothing, of course, touches "The Monkey's Paw." In commonplace, pedestrian language, devoid of any graces of style whatsoever, W. W. Jacobs builds up a tale of unvarnished terror. The moment when that quiet, stealthy, almost inaudible knock is heard at the front door is one of the most breathless in literature—just as the longest one, no doubt, is that in which on hands and knees the poor father gropes for the paw to make the third—and last—wish. It is wiser not to read this just before turning out the light! One might dream.

A NEW POE
THE GOLD-BUG AND OTHER TALES AND
POEMS

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

Selected by ELVA S. SMITH

Illustrated by CARLOS SANCHEZ

Reviewed by HELEN HAMMETT OWEN

POE is one of the few great American authors whose appeal for young people has not been dulled by use in schools. Hawthorne and Washington Irving have certainly been made forbidding by textbook format; teachers who insist on the letter rather than on the spirit of reading have destroyed a natural approach to them. Poe's "Tales" have survived the test of compulsory reading and his poems the even severer test of being learned by heart.

Poe attracts readers of high school age through a variety of interests. The first and largest group in this age of the detective story are those who demand a mystery. Sheer horror has an appeal for the strong nerves of youth—they are not yet adult and timorous enough to want an edited Jack and the Beanstalk. Can anyone ever forget the delight in the macabre caused by the first reading of "The Pit and the Pendulum" and "The Masque of the Red Death"?

Boys with scientific leanings enjoy the puzzles of "The Gold-Bug" and "Seven Sundays in a Week" and like the stories of pseudo-scientific marvels such as "The Balloon Hoax" and "The Descent Into the Malestrom." Girls, I

think, are chiefly attracted by the romantic atmosphere of the tales and their literary style.

Whatever the attraction may be, there are certainly enough readers to welcome this new edition of Poe, which is a selection from his poems as well as his tales. It contains among others "The Gold-Bug," "The Purloined Letter," "Ms. Found in a Bottle," "The Pit and the Pendulum," "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains." The task of selection is always an ungrateful one, but I wish that more of the tales had been included even if it meant making a larger and more expensive book. I miss "The Black Cat," that utterly horrible story of the man who walled up the live cat in the tomb of his murdered wife, "The Tell-Tale Heart," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," that best and earliest of detective stories, "The Fall of the House of Usher," which is surely one of the best known. All of these seem more impressive than "The Tale of the Ragged Mountains." However, it is good to find the poems in such a collection. Usually they are found only in complete works or scattered in anthologies.

But it is the pictures which make this collection notable. Done by a young Mexican artist, they express Poe and his age better than any illustrations I have seen. The frontispiece in color shows a sufficiently haggard and romantic youth clutching his heart while the raven croaks on the bust of Pallas. A nice touch is a quilted chair of the period done in a pretty shade of lavender. Or glance at the scene in "The Purloined Letter," where Dupin is abstracting the letter from its hiding place—such a typically French room, such elegant slim-legged gentlemen, above all such a charming portrait on the wall of a large-eyed lady with early Victorian side curls. The artist must have gone to early 19th century French prints for his inspiration and it seems especially fitting that Poe, whose first appreciation came from France, should have illustrations done in the French manner. The illustration in color for "Annabel Lee" is

charming with Annabel posed in hoop skirts in front of a wolf hound and an emaciated but beautiful gentleman kneeling at her feet. There is humor as well as sympathy in these drawings.

One might wish for a better setting for this book than this small edition with its rather poor paper and its utilitarian cover, contrasting oddly with the sophistication of the drawings. Perhaps later on the publishers might give us a complete Poe's tales in a more expensive edition with even more pictures by Carlos Sanchez.

WHEN A BOOK GROWS

WHEN a book gives back the look and the feel of a certain bit of country and the lively talk and ways of the people who live there, one looks instinctively to find the seed from which it grew, for such a book is not merely written, it has been lived and re-lived.

The germ of "Long Island's Story" is to be found, not in the Children's Library at Westbury where the need for such a book became increasingly manifest, but in its dedication "To the memory of the little boy who drove Tom Pony down Bellport Lane." That little boy, Jacqueline Overton's father, was a native Long Islander, who invested the everyday life of his family on Manhattan and Long Island with all the romance and variety and kindness, indigenous to these islands.

I had the good fortune several years ago to spend a festive evening with the Overton family and to hear Mr. Overton tell in an inimitable way what it was like to drive over to New York from Long Island when he was a boy. He had the happy instinct for selection in his reminiscence. There was never too much about any one thing and it had the true flavor. The good times the Overtons themselves had on Long Island as children, the keen interest they took in all sports and in life that went on about them, their strong inheritance of living tradition from a no less unusual mother, who had spent her girlhood on Brooklyn Heights—all have gone as definitely as has the research in libraries and historical museums and the rides down the folk-ways into the conception and the making of "Long Island's Story."

The book seems to me no mere contribution to local history but a very real addition to our resources of readable

books about American life, good in any part of the country. It will be of interest also to Europeans in such an international exhibit of books for children and young people as the one recently held in Geneva. It would interest them on two counts: first, for its factual information concerning a section of country which is related to the Old World rendered in crisp and well spiced form, and, second, for its excellence as a piece of Long Island bookmaking. The treatment of the reproductions from old prints and engravings, no less than the delightful decorations of Edward A. Wilson, merits the highest praise. In several instances the impression conveyed to the fortunate possessor of a first edition of "Long Island's Story" is clearer than the original print.

Very early in my own personal library experience, I discovered the interest certain types of old prints have for children and their value in supplying background and perspective for historical reading and study. Miss Overton's book brings vividly to mind my researches in old print shops in Brooklyn and New York in the year 1902, when working out with students a series of historical bulletins illustrating the development of New York.

Somewhere in "Long Island's Story," she remarks, "Significant things are apt to grow quietly." I like to think of this book as beginning to "grow quietly" back there at the turn of the century when I longed for something more lasting than the lovely wild flowers I brought back from the fields and woods of Long Island to place in the children's room of the Pratt Institute Free Library. I like to think that if it did not germinate in the Children's Library at Westbury, the book derived strength and nourishment to flower there, for the library itself is the very flower and fruit of a hospitable Long Island home and garden.

The Three Owls drew their own name from its weather vane and many ideas from watching this library grow.

LONG ISLAND'S STORY

By JACQUELINE OVERTON

*Illustrated with reproductions from old prints and
decorations by EDWARD A. WILSON*

Reviewed by HARRY MILLER LYDENBERG

IT'S only a pedant or a most uncomfortably learned geographer who would ask "Which long island is thus honored?" No doubt gazetteer and atlas may record dozens of other islands described with no more imagination. But for any one who lives within sight or sound of the island where the South Street marches with the East River and where the West Street greets the North River there never can be the slightest doubt as to the island here meant.

It is the island of Boss McKane and of "Battle Axe" Gleason; the island where "Home, Sweet Home" was written and where much of "Leaves of Grass" was thought and dreamed; the island of Brooklyn Heights and all the memories suggested by such a collection of homes; the island where today you see mile after mile of suburban houses each as like the other as peas in a pod; the island where such swarms of houses have but recently displaced truck gardens where native Americans have for generations grown cabbages and flowers, where Chinese vegetables for Doyer and Pell Streets have been cultivated in the same fashion as their ancestors in the Middle Kingdom were cared for century after century; the island of Hempstead and Camp Upton dwarf pines; Hempstead Plains whence Squadron "A" trotted off in '98 to help General Miles take Porto Rico; the island where Montauk Point saw "T. R." come back from Cuba

that same '98 with the memories of San Juan Hill to mark the summer and the November campaign for Governor to start him on a sweep of public life to last for the next two decades; the island where squalid and forbidding houses stand cheek and jowel with upstart factories of unbelievable extent, where country houses of lasting charm call for complete forgetting of city brick and stone but an hour or two away; where houses that once were homes of Dutch and British colonists, of Yankee and American farmers, of fishermen and horse trainers and whalers rub elbows. It certainly is an island deserving to have its story told, and certainly is to be congratulated on having such an interpreter as Miss Overton.

As librarian of the children's library built at Westbury by Mrs. Robert Bacon in memory of her husband, Miss Overton learned soon that no satisfactory tale of the island was easily at hand for readers old or young. She set to work to change all that, and though her first idea was to provide a book for children she showed uncommon common sense, by giving us a story good for children of any age, not written down to childish eyes and not made speciously forbidding and authoritative by show of footnotes and documentation. The bibliography of sources consulted and the use made of it throughout the book are convincing evidence of the real merit of this undertaking. It is an admirable list which appears at the back of "Long Island's Story."

As introduction comes a description of the stretch of windblown coast as the glaciers left it and Henry (why call him Hendrick, a Britisher of the British, born probably within sight of Thames water?) Hudson and the Indians found it; followed by the story of the island as it fared under Dutch and English, part of the colony and part of the State of New York, its life under the new government, its people, Quakers, fishermen, farmers, ship builders and ship owners and ship sailors, its sports and pastimes, its natural history, its sloops and ox-carts and sulkies and buggies and steam cars and gasoline cars and airplanes.

As a piece of bookmaking the work stands well to the credit of the Garden City press, with decorations by Edward Wilson charmingly in tune with the general tone of the story. Is it, however, unfair or carping to wish that the source of the half-tones had been given in all cases? Now and then the legend shows location of the original, but several of the "reproductions from old prints" leave one wondering where the original is to be found, and how much help the source from which it came may perhaps be able to offer for other problems or queries the book suggests.

These are but trifles, however, and do not detract from the public service afforded by such a sympathetic rendering of the story of some 300 years of human life and achievement on a spot of rare charm and attractiveness.

ONE BOOK A YEAR

IN an idle hour we have often speculated on what a wonderful list we could make if every publisher would concentrate in a given year to achieve a single children's book of outstanding excellence.

Messrs. Brewer and Warren have given us a golden opportunity to contrast an individualized children's book with competitive mass production. "Little Black Stories for Little White Children" has been so ably translated from the French of Blaise Cendrars by Margery Williams Bianco as to be in itself a creative work of high order. For a moderate price the book has been given a typography, binding and general format so startlingly good as to make one read the stories at once whether one likes them or not. No small achievement in a season crowded with books.

"Little Black Stories" (its title may well be abbreviated) will contribute color, life, and abundant food for discussion concerning the mentality of children and the creative mind of the primitive races to an exhibition of children's books, or to a class of students in training for teaching, for librarianship, or for parenthood.

The French edition, indeed, contains an introduction by the poet novelist which is full of such provocative statements as: "The mind of the black race, since it is one of the oldest races in the world, must in theory, at least, correspond with the mind of the child of today." "The spring from which the arts have welled up is hidden in the blood of the blacks." "Yes, it is the mind of the child which is working. It works while playing just as the minds of the primitive races created while working. A game is a creation."

"Nothing is so difficult as writing for children," is the

conclusion Blaise Cendrars comes to after playing his own game of creative word-making with the ancient lore of the African jungle, and it should never be lost sight of that his jungle is in Africa and not in India.

Suggestive and stimulating as this introduction may be



Illustration by Pierre Pinsard for Little Black Stories

to an adult audience it does not belong in a book designed for children and we are very glad that it was omitted from the American edition.

The eleven stories, with woodcuts by Pierre Pinsard which are imaginatively in keeping with them, need no other introduction than the dedicatory page to the two children for whom they were told in exchange for the penguin of one and the little chicken of the other. They should be read aloud with appreciation of their directness, their rhythm, their rich humor and the strength of their creative ideas.

"If you cut wood in the forest, the echo will claim it.

"In the country called Echo-Echo there is a piece of ground covered with brush and trees. It can be seen quite easily from the bearers' path, just before you reach the village of Up!-Up! in a hollow, near the river Glug-Glug. The river is very deep just here, and there are a great many many hippopotami and crocodiles. The jungle is dense, with tall trees growing in it, but no one ever ventures there to gather wood, not even dead wood for kindling the fire."

If you do not like to read of bogies you will not care to go further with a story that contains thousands of them. If you do like them you will find it "Fine, Fine!" a title, by the way, which I can hear many children endorsing with hearty laughter along with "Why No One Ever Carries the Alligator Down to the Water." "The Wind" is one that I like very much: "The Wind lives on the top of a very high mountain. It lives in a cave, but it is very seldom at home, for it is restless. It is always going out. When it is at home it gives voice, and the cavern echoes afar with a noise like thunder. . . . Nothing will grow any more round its home. There are only stones there, stones and sand and loose pebbles. It is a fearful desert of heat and thirst, great heat. There the wind plays 'as if it had a nest full of little ones. But it has no little ones. It lives all alone.'" There are no waste words in these stories. There is no sentimentality, no propaganda. There is the life and death of the jungle and

fundamental regard for primal forces. There is beauty in strange far places.

All signs point to an invigorating, if contested, revival of the supernatural and the magical as elements to be reckoned with rather than suppressed in children's stories of the 1930's. Whether derived from African folklore or such child memories and child play as Evelyn Scott has drawn upon in "Witch Perkins" and her earlier children's story of the African desert, "In the Endless Sands," must depend on the creative wish of a competent writer. That competent writers are entering the field of children's books presents an inspiring challenge to the editorial as well as to the sales departments of publishing houses.

"Little Black Stories" appears without medal or prize as a genuine contribution to literature derived from other countries and to the art of book-making.

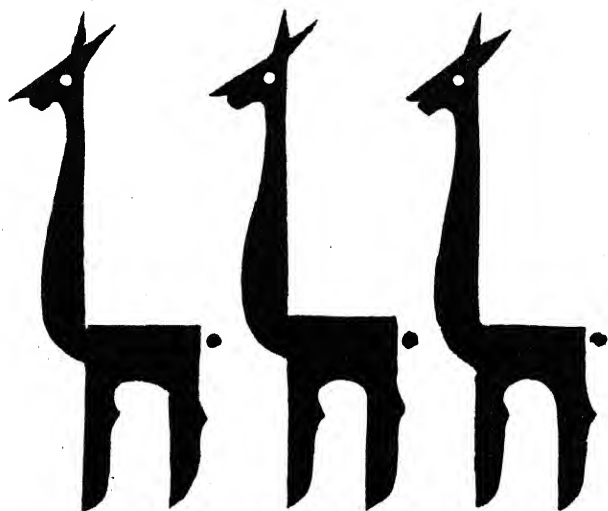


Illustration by Pierre Pinsard for Little Black Stories

DU CHAILLU'S AFRICA

STORIES OF THE GORILLA COUNTRY WILD LIFE UNDER THE EQUATOR LOST IN THE JUNGLE MY APINGI KINGDOM THE COUNTRY OF THE DWARFS

By PAUL DU CHAILLU

Edited and illustrated by ERICK BERRY

VERY timely is the new edition of Paul Du Chaillu's tales of the African jungle, which Erick Berry has illustrated with drawings made during her own recent travels in Central Africa. The artist also has slightly edited the text by cutting non-essential portions. These cuts have been judiciously made by one long familiar with its digressions and might have been carried further without loss.

For sixty years any number of American boys and a few adventurous girls have read these five books with undiminished appetite, and the reason is clear to any reader who is not too jaded to imbibe from first hand youthful sources of information. Paul Du Chaillu tells boys what any boy naturally wants to know about Africa—its wild men, its gorillas with their uncanny likeness to men, its strange birds and animals and insects. He tells what he ate and how things tasted—crocodile steaks and hippopotamus soup, roasted monkey, "looking like a plump baby and tasting delicious." He tells of beating up an ostrich egg (the equivalent of thirty hens' eggs) for an omelet and of melting

a pound of butter to cook it in. He tells of eating everything short of man, including gorillas, and of not finding leopard steaks to his liking. He tells of strange trees and flowers, of tornadoes and constellations.

Twentieth century boys may have their doubts as to whether "Friend Paul" actually did taste every variety of African flesh he mentions, or whether, like Sindbad, his talent for story-telling may not have claimed right of way across his memory. However it may be, we know that Paul Du Chaillu spent five years in the great forest and jungle, that he went without a white companion and brought back an enormous collection of birds and quadrupeds, eighty or more of which were then unknown to science. When his gorilla statements were questioned by London scientists, Du Chaillu, in his indignation, is said to have pulled the nose of Sir Roderick Murchison, then president of the Royal Geographical Society, and to have sent over to New York for some of his gorilla specimens, which he at once sold to the British Museum. His account of the pygmies was also discredited by scientist London, but was verified in toto a few years later by the statements of a German traveler and still more recently by the experience of Mrs. Carl Akeley, who visited them.

New York boys and girls of the 1880's and '90's heard Du Chaillu tell many of his stories in the public schools of the city, while years before that J. Henry Harper wrote of his mother's reading aloud to her children from "Equatorial Africa" at his grandfather's house in Twenty-second Street. Du Chaillu was a frequent visitor at the Harpers' and his imitations of gorillas were a memorable feature of his jungle stories.

The *Mentor*, the schooner in which Du Chaillu sailed from London in July, 1863, to find the nation of dwarfs described by Herodotus as living on the head waters of the Nile, was equipped for five years, and the list of that equipment includes 2,000 red caps and some stovepipe hats for

the kings near the seashore, as well as many guns, Geneva music boxes, and photographic apparatus for 10,000 photographs. All the experience of Du Chaillu's hunting, trading and collecting expeditions to the African coast, which began about 1850, when he was a youth of eighteen, and continued in the series of explorations recorded in "Stories of the Gorilla Country," "Wild Life Under the Equator," "Lost in the Jungle" and "My Apingi Kingdom," is reflected in the selection of this equipment for the voyage to "The Country of the Dwarfs," and it makes a fascinating chapter.

Reading the five books in their proper sequence gives one added insight in relation to this naturalist-explorer-dramatist, who was called by wild men "The Spirit" and invested with the kendo (this kendo he later gave, possibly as a peace offering, to Sir Robert Murchison), an emaciated king with bare and bleeding feet, possessing a single shirt and trousers lacking half a leg. Very moving is the picture of the leaving of his kingdom and his beloved Remandji, to whom he gave his knife and fork and at his request covered the walls of his house with New York papers which he had received while in the Ashira country. Among them were copies of *Harper's Weekly* and all the dailies at that time published in New York. "He was very proud of these decorations," says Du Chaillu, "and said that when another Spirit came to see him he would show them to him, and if the people should say, 'It is a lie; the Spirit has never come to your country,' he would point to these papers as proof of his assertion."

Paul Belloni Du Chaillu is described as a man of small stature, whimsically sensitive on the subjects of his age and nationality and immensely proud of his American citizenship. He died in Russia in 1903, and it is high time his biography was written by someone with the skill to collect the factual evidence and the imagination to relieve the graphic experiences recorded in his books in relation to the times in which they occurred. Such a biography would be immensely appreciated by boys of to-day.

AT AN AFRICAN CAMPFIRE

FOLK TALES OF A SAVAGE

By LOBAGOLA

Illustrated by ERICK BERRY

Reviewed by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

LOBAGOLA says he is a native of West Africa, and in his preface he describes how he first heard these stories, as a child, round the campfire in the Ongo bush. They are transcribed by him from memory as nearly as possible in their original form.

To many readers these folk tales of West Africa, as told by a native West African, will be at the same time a pleasure and a disappointment. A pleasure because of the enjoyment in the tales themselves, a disappointment because they somehow seem to lack that particular quality which we have come to associate with such native folk tales as have hitherto come our way. The fault may lie in our own conception of the African folk tale, which is based on such collections and adaptations as are available and which all, including Cendrars' anthology and Erick Berry's admirable little Hausa tales, seem to have in common: that they suggest a great deal more than they tell. Out of often illogical incident and with stark economy of words they produce an atmosphere peculiarly their own. In this atmosphere everything seems to stand for something else. Their animals are never merely animals; they are mysterious entities. The most commonplace objects become invested with an uneasy significance. Even, indeed especially, their humor is never quite

free from this power of suggestion. The same character pervades the folk tales of Hayti and Jamaica, but it is particularly true of West African tales.

This quality—you may call it what you like, and that I may have analyzed it badly is quite beside the point; any one familiar with the African folklore will recognize what I mean—is curiously missing in the Lobagola tales. They might have been told round a Boy Scout campfire just as easily as in the African jungle. Their talking animals have little to differentiate them from the talking animals of other countries. They amuse but never startle us.

It would be interesting to trace through what psychological transformation these tales, remembered from the author's own childhood, have passed, but they have certainly emerged smooth, rounded and in a way tamed and Americanized. This may be largely due to their language, but not entirely. Language has a great power of suggestion, and a certain breezy friendliness of tone can work amazing changes in the character of a tale. But what we also feel is a possible change in the author's own mental attitude toward them. It is the difference between a story heard in the dark and the same story exposed to the reassuring glare of sunshine. These, despite their introduction, are essentially daylight stories. It may be that he sees them in reminiscence just as pleasant fables of a past childhood, and has so developed them along pleasant and familiar lines.

All this need not detract from the pleasure that young readers especially will find in the book. The tales are full of humor and wisdom, and have each a definite application. The fat hippopotamus, the elephant, the zebra, are all enjoyable figures. And Mrs. Berry, who knows Africa and its animals so well, has characterized them delightfully in her drawings. Her touch has the freedom and sureness of the true artist. The end-papers particularly are a joy.

WEST AFRICAN TALES

GIRLS IN AFRICA

By ERICK BERRY

Illustrations by the author

BLACK FOLK TALES

*Retold from the Hausa of Northern Nigeria, West
Africa*

By ERICK BERRY

With illustrations by the Author

Reviewed by HOPE MARGARET GREENE

THESE two books by Erick Berry bring contemporary life on the West Coast of Africa to boys and girls of this continent.

"Girls in Africa" begins with a story about an English schoolgirl, Isobel. She travels in Nigeria with her parents who have some official post under the government of British West Africa. The other five stories are about Isobel's friends, a group of charming native girls. Their adventures and romances take place against a background entirely remote from our civilization and Erick Berry has sketched

it as effectively with her words as with her drawings. We see African villages, with the chief men in flowing rigas, heavily embroidered, and scented turbans, the dogari, or native police, and the caravans of the traders. We pay a visit to Hawa's own neat hut in her father's compound, while the drums summon us to her marriage banquet. Hunting in the forests or trading excursions on the Niger are equally delightful. From the wild, primitive interior of Africa, we gaze with the natives in wonder at the sophistication which Mahometan civilization has given to the towns and market places. Girl readers will find plenty of new thrills in the stories. "Ashu and the Whirlwind" has a particularly good plot, for this African child in her pretty orange turban and skirt is the heroine of a spectacular tale. Girls who have a flair for costume are sure to like the native dress—turbans, skirts, jewelry, beads and even the kohl make-up, which is used to enhance the beauty of the lustrous black eyes. Enthusiasts of the dance will enjoy the performances of these girls. All of them, from the bush-maiden to the town-bred daughter of the wealthy trader, dance beautifully. One incidental touch in the book pictures the efforts of a severe old drummer to teach a troupe of giggling girls their steps in a native dance figure.

Animal heroes share honors with human characters in "Black Folk Tales," for in the old days "the animals were as men." The typically African animals, the lion, the gazelle, the elephant, the hippopotamus and the monkey lend grandeur to these legends and throw an aroma of greatness over such commonplace creatures as the spider, the frog, the squirrel and the goat. The spider figures prominently in West African folklore. The language of the stories is dignified. Children who like to play pomp and circumstance will enjoy such respectful phrases as "the youths of the elephants" and "the Emir of the pumpkins." Then there is a creepy quality



Illustration by Erick Berry for Girls in Africa

in some of the stories and in their illustration which is suggestive of Hallowe'en—"Why the Owl Flies Only at Night," "The Town Where No One Slept" and "The Maiden and the Sarakin pumpkin" bring fresh color and life to his traditional festival.





AFRICAN LIFE

GARRAM THE HUNTER

By HERBERT BEST

Illustrated by ERICK BERRY

Reviewed by HELEN HAMMETT OWEN

THIS story of an African boy from the hills and his wonderful dog, Kon, gives a good picture of Africa with its wide spaces, its terrific sun, its round huts with thatched roofs and its amazing variety of wild life. It is African life seen from the point of view of the native, not from the point of view of the visiting white man. The author has lived long enough among the hill people to carry real conviction in his writing of the country.

Garram, the boy hunter, is the son of a chief of the hill tribes. Skilled, brave, and silent, always triumphant over his enemies, with his gigantic dog, always at his heels, Garram is a striking figure. Something saves him from being merely the invincible hero of a boy's book and makes him a real human being. Perhaps it is the sense of humor which

leads him to play tricks on his enemies rather than to kill them. Or it may be his whole-hearted enjoyment of life—the excitement of the chase, the refreshment of food after effort, or just stretching idly in the sun.

Forced out by enmity from his own tribe, Garram goes to the Mahometan walled city of the plains, where he saves the ruler's life and becomes his friend. His popularity with the Emir arouses the jealousy of two holy men, who plot against him. He revenges himself on them by dropping a small black piglet into the dark room in which they are conspiring.

Kon, the dog, as big as a large calf, who follows silently at his master's heels, also is a real character. Ferociously loyal and clever enough to inspire awe, he enjoys upsetting a few solemn Mahometans and is even willing to allow the village children to pretend that he is an elephant or a partially submerged canoe.

The other characters in the story seem alive, from the dignified old priest and rainmaker to the villain Menud. Indeed, it is a book to be read more for the pictures it gives of Africa and its primitive types than for the story interest. It is a series of related episodes rather than an integrated narrative.

Erick Berry's drawings which have been familiarizing us with life in West Africa for the last two years, have special interest in relation to this text which is the work of her husband, Herbert Best, who has been in the English Civil Service among the hill tribes for a number of years and who has given a sincere and unpretentious record of first-hand observation and intimate experience of life in the hill country.

A NOVELIST'S "TAKE-OFF"

WITCH PERKINS

By EVELYN SCOTT

Reviewed by LAURA BENÉT

HOW seldom it happens that a novelist excelling in her own line of work is able to write a genuinely fascinating children's story abounding in the details small people love. Yet this is exactly what Evelyn Scott has done and will do again. Following so closely upon the heels of her powerful epic "The Wave," it is natural and appropriate that the story of "Witch Perkins" should relate to a little girl's life in the South and to the uncanny powers of a "po' white trash" conjure woman. In fact, the picture of the Perkins family in its mustard colored cottage, not to mention Mrs. Perkins's dark behavior toward Ella and her mamma, is definitely mysterious enough to stimulate the imagination of any child. Pikesville is also real and tangible, just as a child would see it—the "truly" background of an old post-war town.

Yet because of the highly fantastic thread running through it the book cannot properly be called "A Story of the Kentucky Hills," although the author may have begun it with an eye to local conditions from a child's viewpoint, especially when she depicts the "movers":

"The movers drove in big wagons covered with white canvas—like prairie schooners. The wagons would be filled with people: with dirty children, often half in rags; with rough looking men in their shirt sleeves; with old women and young women, all in calico wrappers and

sunbonnets, and almost all of them smoking corn-cob pipes. Sometimes even the children, with their tow hair bleached by the sun, and their smeary, dirty faces, would be having 'pulls' at corn-cob pipes."

What Evelyn Scott began with such signal success four years ago in her first book for children, "In the Endless Sands," she has done to a far greater extent in "Witch Perkins"; namely, taken a background with which she is thoroughly familiar and started her youthful characters off on its sure foundation before she permitted her imagination wide range—as an aeroplane makes the "take-off" on a field before mounting, and mounting it rises above the clouds.

She has also in this child's book had an opportunity to exercise her great talent for the sinister. Ella's visit to Maimie and her cruel stepmother in the mustard colored cottage where old Uncle Simon, the negro, walks in upon them, though far milder in tone, is a reminder of that chapter in "The Wave" where the dispossessed, half crazed Jewish family is sure the colored slavey has cast an evil eye upon it:

"Uncle Simon came nearer. He was so close that his great, grinning, mouthing face was right before the children's noses. He cocked his head on one side and clawed at the air; 'Dis good, fat one. I take dis fat one,' he said, nodding toward Ella. 'She taste good. Mix her up wid bran Dem pigs eats bones an' all. Chilluns bones soft. Taste good. Marrow in dem chillun's bones'."

In contrast to this grotesque picture is the uproariously jolly account of Ella's visit to the cousin's house, where she is introduced to "Callie Cabbage Patch"; and the toothsome description of the Christmas dollhouse that sheltered the Brownie family. Then the fantasy begins and swoops and soars. No one who had not had a passionate fondness for dolls could have written so deliciously of the minute Mr. Bric-Brownie, Ralph, Frank and the Ancients: "There was a ticky-ti-tic- sound of little feet galloping. Ella looked and

sure enough it was the Ancients, driving in their little pasteboard carriage, to which they had harnessed the cockroaches. Miss Grace and Miss Angelina were standing up and were flourishing little silk-thread whips. . . . The spool wheels of the carriage went round and round, and the cockroaches, in their little crocheted harnesses, galloped like the wind, with all their feelers out. No doubt the Ancients were making for the drains. Ella hoped they would escape."

The author must indeed have chuckled to herself when she was creating that stuttering Snake that figures so largely in Chapter XVIII—a veritable blood relation of the Alice-in-Wonderland creatures.

Of the two children's books, "In the Endless Sands," that saga of desert life as seen by a small boy, has the greater artistic unity. Fewer people could have conceived and written it. "Witch Perkins" is far more kaleidoscopic. Its colors leap and turn, its rhythm is more jerky, its style less finished than that of "Endless Sands." Nevertheless, the grown up reader burrows in its pages as ardently as the little girls who will form its audience. One thing is certain. In this particular field of her work, Evelyn Scott unleashes a gayety, a sprightly fancy, that waxes in strong contrast to the power and sardonic reality of her novels. Apparently, her talent flourishes equally well whether in the wasted South of the Civil War period or in the mischievous garden of "Witch Perkins."

THE INCOMPARABLE BASTABLES

THE BASTABLE CHILDREN

By E. NESBIT

Reviewed by DONALD DOUGLAS

YOU need not be so very old to recall the old *Strand Magazine* and unforgotten far-off things like your father shivering his way through "The Hound of the Baskervilles," and your mother reading aloud all of E. Nesbit's serials and yourself listening with very bated breath to "The Dragon Book" and "The Phoenix and the Carpet" and "The Amulet," and especially the chronicles of the Bastable family. At the time you had very little notion why you liked E. Nesbit better than any other writer about children and dragons, and magic carpets which bore a freight of children until the threads broke and the children went tumbling down into a Norman keep. No doubt you thrilled to the imperial gentlemen disguised as wolves in "The Jungle Book," and no doubt too you shivered your way through Grimm's Fairy Tales; and yet none of these excitements quite equalled the thrill of being told that another serial by E. Nesbit was scheduled to appear soon in the *Strand Magazine*.

After a while you grew up and read all of E. Nesbit and found out that she was Mrs. Hubert Bland and the wife of one of the principals of the Fabian Society. Even in your mature wisdom it seemed like a paradox, for you pictured the Fabian Society as made up of tracts written by gentlemen taking themselves seriously on platforms, and you remembered E. Nesbit as building the portals which let you

into the most delectable enchantments. No other dragon stories were like her dragon stories. No other children had such unexpected embarrassment as the children with the magic carpet when they once asked for Persian cats without specifying how many cats, and the faithful carpet brought cats and cats and cats. No other children were so thoroughly charming as the Bastable children, who found romance and humor in doing what all children do in a way that only the Bastable children could do these things. In your later years you never understood why E. Nesbit was not a household book in your own country, as she certainly was in England. Yet when you found an E. Nesbit worshiper it was like finding a treasure and you stayed up all night talking about Oswald Bastable's style or the sand fairy, which granted wishes with a complete disregard to their expediency in the modern world. There were multitudes of inferior persons writing about children doing childish adventures in a very dreary fashion. There was one E. Nesbit alone and incomparable.

Those books you could not buy in this country you ordered from England until you had a whole shelf. Most of your friends couldn't understand, for in the strict sense of the word E. Nesbit has an indescribable charm obvious to worshipers and an enigma to the uninitiated who have never read her works and yet fall under her sorcery, once you have introduced her into another house. Then E. Nesbit died and with her died a story-teller who never can be replaced. Despite the loss, you are now cheered and glad because everyone can have her in the present "The Bastable Children," which includes "The Treasure Seekers" and "The Would-Be-Goods" and "The New Treasure Seekers." To read is to believe; it is much easier than to analyze, for on the surface E. Nesbit seems to treat what every one else has treated: the devices of six motherless children to pass their time by looking for mysterious treasure and being detectives and Canterbury pilgrims and trying hard to be

good and trying just as hard to vary the monotony of life by looking for romance in the commonplace.

It must be insisted that "The Bastable Children" have nothing to do with any other family in the world, not even "The Golden Age," with its precious style written by a grown-up pretending to be a child. Oswald Bastable tells all the stories and all the time he is a little boy telling stories and describing his sisters and brothers as a little boy would describe things, if he could write in a style charmingly realistic and yet mixed with all the phrases he had picked up in his reading, such as his describing a pond as a "dark tarn" and the minute afterward going off into a childish conceit; or Alice Bastable remarking, "I should like to spring upon coiners and secure them—single-handed, you know, or with only my faithful bloodhound." The plots are different from all other plots, but what woos the heart is the texture of sly humor and solemn seriousness and the extraordinary reality whereby six children are made wholly individual. It may be that there is something very English about the Bastables; their good manners and their knowledge of literature, and their incurable romanticism about commonplace matters and their most engaging charm. They never break windows or play Indians or throw snow balls at cops, and yet they have more fun than any other children in the world.

Their adventures should be read aloud and it is devoutly hoped that the present book will send every one in search of all the Nesbit books.

PASSWORD, EMIL!

EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES

By ERICH KÄSTNER

Translated by MAY MASSEE

Illustrated by WALTER TRIER

JUST as our streets are thronged with returning school boys, comes Emil, with the reminder that boys are boys the world over. Country bred or city boys matter not, if only the boy himself is the real thing, and Emil Tischbein is very much the real thing. Moreover, Emil has a most perfect mother and grandmother, a charming cousin, Pony Hutchen, who rides a bicycle, and innumerable friends in Berlin who are as real as he is. We meet some of them first in the delightful portrait gallery through which we pass to the story itself. The artist has contributed richly to our pleasure in these lively adventures of high spirited small boys. From the portrait of Emil himself to the picture showing the composing room of a great newspaper, each of the drawings is relevant and complete. Gustav, the boy with a good kind heart and an automobile horn, is sure to be a prime favorite. "All the boys in the fourth grade know Gustav and treat him as if he were their president" runs the caption under his picture. "When he runs through the neighborhood honking his horn, the children drop everything and tear downstairs to see what is up. Usually he just wants to get enough boys for two football teams." But when he finds what trouble Emil, the boy from Neustadt is in, he calls out his whole gang to help chase and catch

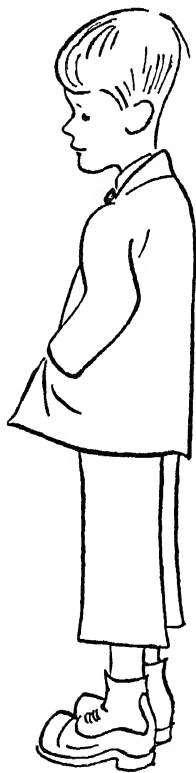
"the man in the stiff hat" who has robbed the sleeping Emil in the railway train. Robbed him of the 140 marks he is bringing to his grandmother, but not of that gift of imagination which sets him dreaming a wonderful dream, nor yet of his practical resourcefulness as a detective when put to the test in the streets of Berlin.

Erich Kästner, who wrote the story of Emil and his friends in Germany, is a young poet and journalist. This is his first book for children and we trust it will not be his last. There are indications here of great promise as well as a record of solid accomplishment on behalf of the small boy of the world. He has not changed in essential characteristic, in the strong fibre of his natural affections, his distaste for best suits, his inherent sense of obligation whatever his outward bearing, from the day of that first national boy in American fiction, William Henry, the creation of Abby Morton Diaz. William Henry and Emil both have many of the same characteristics, only they are living in different countries and in very different periods of social history. There is more boy psychology to be learned from such books as these, than from any number of elaborate tabulations of texts with expert comment.

One suspects that May Massee was moved to make her admirable translation not alone for the sheer fun it was to introduce Emil and his friends to American boys and girls, but also out of her own realization both as a teacher and a librarian of the value of this fresh material as a human document in education.

It should enlarge the world of many an American teacher of the fourth grade, and beyond, to know that the small boys of Berlin are so near of kin to the small boys of Buffalo and Chicago. They talk like boys and Mr. Kästner owes much to Miss Massee for preserving the integrities of their conversation. If the slang phrases seem to others as they did to me at first, too strongly Americanized, I can only say that on close comparison with the original I

believe Miss Massee has been forced to use Americanisms for lack of German equivalents. This will doubtless endear the book to young American readers and need have no permanent effect on their vocabularies. Far more potent will be the effect of the lively companionship of the likeable and resourceful Emil, who is neither too wise nor too good for boys of eight to ten to take on as a friend in another country. To see Berlin one day with Emil is an experience for any one young or old to anticipate.



THE MOUSE

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

*I heard a mouse
Butterly complaining
In a crack of moonlight
Aslant on the floor—*

*"Little I ask
And that little is not granted;
There are few crumbs
In this world any more.*

*"The bread box is tin
And I cannot get in.*

*"The jam's in a jar
My teeth cannot mar.*

*"The cheese sits by itself
On the ice-box shelf.*

*"All night I run
Searching and seeking;
All night I run
About on the floor.*

*"Moonlight is there
And a bare place for dancing,
But no little feast
Is spread any more."*

BACK AND FORTH WITH CHILDREN'S BOOKS

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

THERE are two ways in which one may look backward. The first is to turn about and regard with sentimental regret the spot from which we started. Lot's wife is a bright example of this type. But the other way is like the glance that one who is midway of a long swim sends over his shoulder when the shore ahead seems to have grown fast to the horizon. Then, looking backward for a moment, he is reassured and strengthened to discover how far he has really come.

It is upon an anniversary that such a glance is most often taken, and as I look back on the nine years since Children's Book Week began I realize that if the shore ahead, the blessed land of the ideal book, is still far enough away to leave publisher and public something to strive for we have nonetheless come a long way from our point of departure and have been heading in the right direction. My work as a book adviser, dealing as it does with many readers, deals with them always one by one, and when Children's Book Week began I was not too confident of the success, or even of the desirability, of so general and wholesale a proceeding. It was clear from the first that more books for children would be published as the result of the movement and more sold, but I have never been greatly interested in mass production, even of books, and the prospect of more Rover Boys was not exhilarating. But it was not long before it was evident that Children's Book Week was

or would soon be calling out and bringing together all the men and women who had long wanted not more but better books for younger readers and who now welcomed and utilized this means of making their wants known. Parents and teachers and that composite of the qualities of both, the librarian; psychologists, artists, authors, came into the movement at first mainly to explain what a child's book should be and how far from this ideal most of the annual offerings were, so that for the first few years the note of criticism was often sharp in the reviews. But as I now compare the books that are flooding in on me in this ninth annual wave with those of the first Children's Week I am forcibly and happily reminded that we are now getting almost as a matter of course books that would then have had but comparatively little chance either of publication or of a public.

Take, quite at random, a book like "The Forge in the Forest." As for subject matter, yes, we might well enough have had it then—more than nine years ago Padraic Colum was known as a leader among those who were producing not only children's literature but literature for children. But it would have taken courage little less than foolhardiness to give this book at that time the brilliant and compelling illustrations of Boris Artzybasheff, while I know of no inexpensive book of that year, certainly no inexpensive book for children, that in typography could compare with it. The success of "When We Were Very Young" and "Now We Are Six" could, I think, have happened in any year—any year, that is, when Billy Moon was in the world to give his father the necessary impetus for their production—and the tender beauty of Mrs. Bianco's "Velveteen Rabbit" and the "Skin Horse" might have reached American children, whenever it had been offered them, but the brilliant color, the refreshing "differentness" of "Children of the Mountain Eagle" belong to the new dispensation, and children of a decade ago would hardly have been trusted to appreciate them. That they do is now a fact proved, but

it was proved in the course of the general experimentation that this general interest has made possible.

Confidence that children will love not only beauty but new forms of beauty has now become an asset of the department of children's books. It is the springboard from which the gay originalities of picture books leap into the nursery and make themselves at home there; it trusts the child, even the little child, to care for countries other than his own and provides him with such incentives for doing so as Eleanor Farjeon's delightful "Italian Peepshow"; it sends out as unusual and as noble a story as Mukerji's "Gayneck" to appeal to the deeper nature of youth; it dares to give, even to the supposedly materialistic early teens, a history of poetry as far-reaching and comprehensive as "The Winged Horse."

How much of this freshness of subject matter, freedom in methods of illustration, free hand in the choice of authors and attention to typographic beauty—I wish this part of the subject could be treated here at greater length—is due to the judgment and insight of the various heads of children's departments, only one who is in a position to examine and to compare the output of all the publishers year by year can say. These young men and women—most of them are as young as can be expected with so much experience—take chances continually, and with the conservative natures of children, chances are risky; but these are not taken without consultation, without advice from all sorts of sources. It might astonish and possibly even amuse the general reader to discover how many people are called in to read and pass on manuscripts for this department and what different kinds of people they are. Of these the librarian, constantly receiving as well as giving advice from children of this very day and generation, can help to safeguard the book from the parent's tendency to prepare it for the child of twenty years ago—for himself remembered, in a word. Even the teacher, with far closer ties, is more likely, from long association

with a class of children, to tend to think of children as a class. But the librarian, with an open mind—and the frequenters of the children's room may be trusted to blow it open for her if she has any tendency to keep it shut—may provide an experimental audience that will save a publisher many a lost motion.

Every one, indeed, seems now to be on the way to cooperation with the publisher, the author and the illustrator of children's books, beginning with the parent who takes time to read beforehand the books he gives to the family. I would have said "beginning with the child who reads," but, after all, the reading child has been there all the time, always book-hungry, always beauty-loving, always far more susceptible and responsive to the best than we have been willing to believe. We are beginning to trust him with the best far more readily than in the past he has been trusted.

My own direct contact with children's reading has been most often at the point where it begins to shade off into that of the grown-up—the age when one may be a tadpole or a philosopher and is often both at once, the brief span of years into which one may take Joseph Altsheler and bring out Bernard Shaw, the land where the charted and shepherded regions of juvenile literature open into a country through which there is for the time no guidance. Indeed, guidance in reading is often the last thing desired by the late or even the middle teens. But, unless at this very time and by some honest means the young reader is induced to try for himself, and to keep on trying, the best not only of old books but of the new, the chances are that his real reading will be over before he is twenty-one—as in too many instances it is, anyway. So I am naturally greatly interested in the books, especially the stories that are now being written for boys and girls just before they get into this middle ground, when they are still willing and glad to read books provided especially for their time of life. There have been for some time a reasonable number of books for boys at this

age that are good enough to lead them toward books even better, and I am glad to see that girls' books are slowly coming up toward this standard—once in a while even reaching it.

For this is a time of life when the most dangerous quality a book can have is *emptiness*.

A friend of mine was once forced to live for a season in a shack on the Arizona desert; there was no house in sight upon the endless plain, one train a day went through, and all his food came in tin cans, which when emptied were cast in a heap behind the shack. Every morning a strong wind arose and blew all the cans clattering and bumping across the plain out of sight. Every afternoon the wind turned, and blew all the cans clattering and bumping back. The man finally gave up and came home; he could stand anything but the constant reappearance of those empty cans.

Now, with all the gains we have made in children's reading and in the mechanical details of its production, with all the books that are beautiful and rich and significant, it is still true that every year a certain number of empty volumes all alike but the labels, come clattering on to the bookstalls for Children's Book Week. The big wind of Christmas buying may sweep them out of sight, but by next year back they are again, empty as ever, all alike but the labels. If a young person gets these and nothing but these he will soon stop reading. It is our duty and our privilege to supply him with something better.

"SINCERITY, VITALITY AND TECHNIQUE"

ADVENTURES IN READING

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

THREE qualities a book must have to interest Mrs. Becker—"sincerity, vitality and a technique adequate to its purpose." All three are to be found in this book of her own sustained by an atmosphere of warm human interest and genuine confidence in youth. Designed for the reading of girls and boys in their 'teens, "Adventures in Reading" is a veritable mine of up-to-date suggestion for the mother who wants to share her growing daughter's reading but doesn't know how to go about it, and for the teacher, librarian or bookseller whose speaking acquaintance with books in general is far too limited to be effective in introducing books of special interest to the 'teens.

"I do not think much of cut-and-dried rules for the choice of books, and surely this is not the time, and you are not the readers to use them," says Mrs. Becker. "The books of your 'teens are supposed to prepare you for the life you will live, and, frankly, I don't know what life will be like in the United States by the time you are middle-aged. The best I can do is to share with you some experiences of my own."

It is this honest sharing of an omnivorous yet discriminating reader whose profession it has been for many years to read and pass on definite advice about books to a large audience of adult readers which distinguishes the book. Nothing quite like it has been done before. The quality of reading for adolescent boys and girls, even more than for younger children, has been strained by the limited and inhibited treatment of the subject as a by-product. Girls and boys at this stage have great respect for genuine lovers and constant readers of books who are as capable of recognizing a fresh creation as of paying tribute to an acknowledged classic, and who at the same time possess the gift of

sharing their discoveries. They pay little or no attention to those advisers who are list-bound and circumscribed in their own reading.

That literature is still going on for everybody in all its forms, for youth no less than for middle age, Mrs. Becker makes clear in such chapters as "Novels New and Old," "Books for a World's-Eye View—Some Suggestions for Developing the International Mind." Each of these chapters and others dealing with poetry, drama, fantasy, travel, etc., is made vivid for girl readers by some natural human association. If boys are more often attracted to the short, suggestive lists which are an accompaniment it will not be strange, since the nucleus of these chapters is a series of magazine articles designed for girl readers.

A wise introduction of the book to boys will single out such chapters as "The Romance of Words—The Dictionary and Other Word Books and Reading Matter"; "Reading by Subject—Excursions in a Public Library," or "New Eyes, New Ears—Some Books About Nature, Science and Invention." With confidence established in the sound, informative ability of the writer, many a growing boy will look further to find the key to questions which have long vexed him in his reading and study of English prose and poetry—questions he has not been able to put into words because of his lack of experience and limited vocabulary. Less than their sisters and their elders do most boys need this tonic reminder of their own limitations: "Don't stop with saying you do or don't like a book. Ask yourself why you do, and if you fool yourself in your replies it is as silly as cheating at solitaire. You don't know how it will clarify your ideas to make yourself account for your likes and dislikes, and in time it may stop you from brushing aside some artist's lifework, some writer's endeavor with a lazy 'I don't like that,' when if you had gone on to ask yourself 'Why?' you might have found that the only reason you could give was that you did not know enough to appreciate it."

“MILLIONS OF CATS”

MILLIONS OF CATS

Written and illustrated by WANDA GÁG

MILLIONS of cats and no two alike! Whether one likes cats in the flesh, or whether one doesn't, Wanda Gág's drawings of them are irresistible.

Not since J. G. Francis's "Cheerful Cats" came to enliven the pages of *St. Nicholas* has there been a cat book in any way comparable to this one. It bears all the earmarks of becoming a perennial favorite among children and takes a place of its own, both for the originality and strength of its pictures and the living folk-tale quality of its text. A child will almost feel that he has made this book, printed in a hand lettering clearer than type. In form it is, indeed, an incentive for any child who makes pictures to set about making a book of his own.

Here is neither sophistication nor writing down, nor what seems to me infinitely more demoralizing to taste, *drawing down* to children. Everything lives in this book—cats, humans, trees, the little house "which had flowers all around it, except where the door was," the grass on the hills, the pond from which each cat took a sip and drained it dry, the delightful procession of cats following the very old man over the hills, and the frightened kitten who becomes "the most beautiful cat in the world." The atmosphere of domesticity which pervades the whole book is not the least of its charms. The very old man is still in sight of his home, even when climbing over numberless sunny hills and

along cool valleys to the hill "which was quite covered with cats."

Wanda Gág sees everything as a child sees and she draws with a strength and beauty far removed from the commercialized art which is flooding the market with flashy picture books in crude colors. We have needed just such a regenerating American influence in this particular field, which, in my experience, is the most important of all in the formation of children's taste in reading and in art. No part of a children's library, whether personal or public, should



be chosen with as much discrimination as the picture books. Far better a half dozen books by artists whose drawing will stay by than a large number of mediocre books by mediocre artists. Mediocrity in writing persists, but it is at least more widely understood and avoided than mediocrity in picture making.

A picture book for a child! As the few great books for children have been written in the leisure hours of great men and women, so all memorable picture books must spring out of the natural desires of artists who have something special to say to children. Wanda Gág has something special to



say, something to share, in this first picture book of hers which is so sure of a place among early American children's books of the future. Back of all the sharply differentiated amusing cats and their fight for a place in the home of the very old man and the very old woman lies a profound sense of beauty at the heart of all life.

Those who are familiar with the prints, etchings and water colors of this gifted young artist whose work has been recognized by the leading museums and collectors of the country, will not be surprised to know that Wanda Gág's first picture book has more in it than children who chuckle

over the pictures are at all likely to realize. There is more, too, than the delightful individualization of cats so dear to cat lovers. One marvels at the vigorous technique and the fertility and variety of an imagination which could give birth to such an old world picture story book in present-day New York. That Wanda Gág will not do another in the least like it is assured by her rejection of every opportunity to standardize any given triumph in her art.

Some people said of her drawing of machinery that looked like dinosaurs, "Do more machinery that looks like prehistoric animals." "Why should I?" was her reply. "I did that because it amused me. Perhaps one day I shall see something else that looks like something else and I shall be amused again. But one cannot laugh and laugh at the same joke."

Wise Wanda Gág! I hope she may be "amused" enough by something to do another picture book for children, but it is good to know that she cannot be persuaded to do anything against her own conviction. Her publishers have made a very fortunate choice in giving first place to this distinctive book in their first list of children's books, since it is a book of universal interest to children living anywhere in the world. They have also given it a most attractive format. Both cover and end papers are in color.



A PICTURE STORY BOOK

AUNT GREEN, AUNT BROWN AND AUNT LAVENDER

A story told and illustrated by ELSA BESKOW

Translated by SIRI ANDREWS

Reviewed by MARCIA DALPHIN

“**T**HERE was once a little town, and in that town there was a little street, and in that street there was a little yellow house, and in that little yellow house there lived the sisters—Aunt Green, Aunt Brown and Aunt Lavender.”

So begins the delightful story of the aunts and little Pet. One puts it down with a sigh and the wish that there were more picture books as eminently satisfactory as this: as simple in text, as dramatic in picturization, as good in color, and with that atmosphere of a natural, happy home life so almost universally found in the best children's picture books that come to us from the Continent.

It must have been ten years ago that one holiday season we discovered in a Scandinavian book-shop this little book in paper covers with Swedish text only. It was bought solely for the pictures, for it was evident at a glance that these were story-telling pictures. A great deal of the story we had to guess at. And now, a decade later, an American publisher brings the book out in boards and in an excellent translation by Siri Andrews, and we may know all about it at last—why little Pet, the black poodle, wore a black rosette

on his tail in the first picture and a colored one on each ear and his tail in the last one; why the children were crying when Aunt Brown met them on the high road, and why the policeman walks at the tail of the procession when they all come home again.

There is one attribute possessed to perfection by Elsa Beskow and very evident in this book, one which not all illustrators possess. It is that of absolute consistency and of perfect fidelity to the story. When she draws a kitchen with copper pots on the shelves and strips of rag carpet on the floor you may be sure that when later in the story this room is used as a setting you will find the same number of shelves, the right shaped pots, and rugs with the same stripes. Little children notice these things and take a huge delight in their accuracy. How often have we counted almost unconsciously the blackbirds in Caldecott's "Sing a Song for Sixpence!" Had there been twenty-three or twenty-five birds the great artist would have gone down pegs and pegs in our estimation.

One can give only the merest notion of the simplicity and charm of the story. There is, for instance, a naive and altogether childish pleasure in good things to eat.

"The children of the town thought Aunt Brown was really the nicest of all the aunts, and so they liked having errands to her, because one could be *almost* sure of getting a bit of butterscotch or a piece of chocolate candy, and *absolutely* sure that she would offer one a ginger cooky."

And when little Pet is lost and the mourning aunts must decide which road each is to follow in search of him, how simply it is all decided! They draw lots as they sit under the oak tree at the fork of the roads—with ginger cookies.

"The one who got a heart was to go to the left, the one who got a star was to go to the right, and the one who got a plain round cooky was to follow the highway straight forward." This is the sort of conceit that brings chuckles of appreciation from childish readers of whatever age.

Even more than in her other charming picture books Elsa Beskow in "Aunt Green, Aunt Brown and Aunt Lavender" shows that her work belongs in the best tradition of picture books for children.

IN AND OUT OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

REALMS OF GOLD

Compiled by BERTHA E. MAHONY *and* ELINOR
WHITNEY

Reviewed by ALICE M. JORDAN

THE editors of "Realms of Gold" love books, that is the first impression you get from it. And they want to share their discoveries, their enthusiasms with others, that is the second impression. Now a genuine love of books is contagious, it tends to be passed on to others in undiminished vigor. How many open minds will be brought to new pastures by this refreshing book we can only guess. For in range and sweep it goes beyond any book lists we have ever seen. More than that, it meets alike the developing taste of the little child and the informed intelligence of an older reader to whom glorious deeds and great achievements still lift a beckoning hand.

From Anne Anderson's gay procession of Mother Goose children on the way to Banbury Cross at the beginning, to Arthur Rackham's sea horse for "The Tempest" at the very end, I call this a picture book, quite unlike any other. All our particular favorites are here, Kate Greenaway and Randolph Caldecott, Hugh Thomson and Francis Bedford, Leslie Brooke and Howard Pyle, Elizabeth MacKinsty and Wanda Gág, but why discriminate where each one has his own special excellence and importance.

This, then, is the result of twelve years of intimate association with books and young people, fruitful years spent in learning children's interests and capacities and in broadening acquaintance with the best things that print can offer.

Here is no mere compilation from earlier book lists. On the contrary, this book is so plainly a creation that we count the authors unduly modest in classing themselves as compilers. For their work differs materially from the type of list that is brought together to carry out some theory of education. Too often such lists are made by persons who do not know the books themselves, and so borrow largely from other collections. But the rich and varied experience that lies behind the assembling of titles for "Realms of Gold" is of another kind. It has flowered into a book of unusual beauty and significance, forming the fifth edition of "Books for Boys and Girls: a suggestive purchase list," first published by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston. Each successive edition has been characterized by the attention that has been bestowed upon its format, and all the slender pamphlets have possessed both dignity and charm. In its new and greatly expanded form it wears a distinguished dress, fitting accompaniment to the riches within.

Although books for the nursery and for younger reading children have their fair showing, the editors express their belief that "it is impossible and uninteresting to make any hard-and-fast age divisions for books." Nor is this pure theory. Rather, it comes from actual observation of the way in which a child's mind leaps forward in pursuing a subject it finds absorbing. In the division on World Exploration and Discovery, Miss Mahony writes:

One of the greatest thrills as a bookseller came one day when we were still in the small tucked-away second-floor shop, and a fifteen-year-old girl came in to see what books we had on explorations, "not children's books." She was building for herself a special collection of books on this subject and was always on the watch for books she had not seen. Any boy or girl truly interested in these books will want to get as close to the explorers as possible by reading their own books. For that reason many such books are included in this section.

Such bits of personal experience are not only enlightening,

they are humanizing. They give vital reasons for the inclusion in these pages of commanding books that belong to every age.

But "Realms of Gold" is not only a choice collection of book titles, it is also a trustworthy guide in the study of comparative values in children's reading. Besides a chapter on the early history of children's books the authors have given many short biographical sketches of interesting people, writers and illustrators to whom we owe much keen enjoyment. The book is shot through and through with gleams of poetry, not in the poetry section alone. De la Mare's "Little Wild Horse of Magic" dashes in and out of the pages, snatches from Blake and Kipling, gay rhymes from Eleanor Farjeon and many of the moderns set the keynotes for different divisions. Whitman's sonorous lines introduce some of the outdoor chapters. The section on Folk Literature is enriched with notes on the characteristics of the mythology and the fairy lore of Arabia, Persia, Greece and Rome, the Northern lands, ancient Ireland, the North American Indian. All these roads to romance bring the color and glow of great epics and hero stories, the treasure of old, far-away countries which are the sources of much of our imaginative literature. Older people guiding children's reading will be grateful for these backgrounds to traditional classics.

Besides substantial notes, generally written by the editors, we are given abundant extracts and quotations from the books themselves, chosen with discerning skill. On the critical side of their work the editors show fairmindedness and tolerance, while they aim to present comparative values. Occasionally they offer two points of view by quotations, as on the place of fairy tales in a little child's world.

To boys and girls themselves "Realms of Gold" should make as strong an appeal as to any of its readers. For besides all its wealth of information about books and the people who make them it has the power of stirring the imagination in no small measure.



BEATRIX POTTER'S WORLD

THE FAIRY CARAVAN

By BEATRIX POTTER

Illustrated by the author

Reviewed by MARCIA DALPHIN

FOR well over a quarter of a century, parents and other useful grown-ups have had the pleasant duty of reading and re-reading to their small friends and relations "The Tale of Peter Rabbit." It was in 1901 that Peter Rabbit, first written as a letter to amuse a small invalid, was published in book form by Frederick Warne and Company, to be followed in rapid succession by Benjamin Bunny, Mrs. Tiggywinkle and others, and to those who have known them so well these small books (almost the first of the so-called "Little books"), have remained the classics of that format. To shut one's eyes and think about them is to see pictures which are scarcely distinguishable from real happenings. Was there ever a world in which old Mr. Benjamin Bunny did not pace along the wall of the terrace, his ears well back, smoking a pipe of rabbit tobacco, with a little switch held behind his back "looking for his son"; in which Peter did not lie in bed at the close of his adventurous

day with only the tips of his ears and paws showing to his mother approaching with camomile tea? Who could ever forget *Jemima Puddleduck* looking up so confidently into the face of the bushy-tailed gentleman with the sandy whiskers as they walk through the wood? She makes one blush for her sex. "*Jemima Puddleduck* was a simpleton: not even the mention of sage and onions made her suspicious."



Illustration by Beatrix Potter for her The Fairy Caravan

For a long time Beatrix Potter has been silent in her retreat in that quiet old farm in the English Lakes, but this year she sends us "The Fairy Caravan," a largish book, which affords her scope to give us what was only hinted at in the little books—her intense love of the English countryside, its becks and pastures, its lanes with the hedgerows full of flowers and birds, the changing seasons, the old rhymes and catches of the country folk which she puts so engagingly into the mouths of the field mice and guinea pigs and other little creatures that are her favorite characters.

Tuppenny, the guinea pig; Pony Billy, Jenny Ferret, Iky Shepster the starling, and Princess Xarifa the dormouse, "a most sweet person, but slumberous," are so delightful that it makes it next to impossible to select any one thing to give you an anticipatory taste of the book. If I chose to tell how Paddy Pig was made up to play the pygmy elephant because his color and his flap ears and little eyes were so suitable to the part, only he would forget to let his tail hang down, then I should have to leave out the part about Pringle Wood and the fairies, which is pure poetry. If I described the amusing ministrations as nurse of Mary Ellen, "the fat tabby cat with sore eyes and white paws and an unnecessarily purry manner," then perforce there would be no space for the excellent Louisa Pussycat's description of her methods in keeping her select mouse seminary.

There is a chapter where the caravan rests besides the beck in the sheep meadow that is as peaceful and pastoral as an old engraving. Lying beside the stream, the old ewes converse placidly about their children and their other small affairs; they watch the dormouse and Tuppenny at their favorite occupation of brushing Tuppenny's long hair, and comment on its length and fineness. "It would make lovely mittens; do you keep the combings?" they ask gently. The lambs play about, the old sheep chew their cuds and tell stories, the brook murmurs slumberously through it all.

With all the beauty and the poetry of the tale there is still the same strain of matter-of-factness and plausibility in the speech and actions of the animals, the neat economy of phrase that made the earlier books such a delight to read aloud to children.

ADVENTUROUS TOYS

THE SKIN HORSE

By MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

Illustrated by PAMELA BIANCO

THE ADVENTURES OF ANDY

By MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

Pictures by LEON UNDERWOOD

Reviewed by MARY GOULD DAVIS

“ ‘**E**VERY horse has one,’ the Skin Horse said, ‘but it is very difficult to find. Sometimes it is never found at all. . . . Pull, and don’t mind about hurting me.’ The Child pulled and the white Hair came out in his fingers, gleaming in the sunlight like a thread of silver. It *did* hurt, for Wishing Hairs are always more tightly planted than the ordinary kind, but the Skin Horse was prepared.” Grown-ups will realize that behind this story there are all sorts of precious things that go to its making—the influence of a safe, happy childhood, keen appreciation, and an insight that sees in toys that are truly loved, in the green, fragrant branches of the Christmas tree, in the sparrows that build their nests above the city streets, qualities that play an active part in the lives of children and remain forever in their memory. Children and grown-ups will find unending joy in Pamela Bianco’s exquisite drawings that illustrate the story. With a delicacy,

a suggestiveness in her choice of words that makes us think of George MacDonald and his "North Wind" or "The Lady of the Silver Moon," Mrs. Bianco frees the Child from his hospital bed and starts him off on his great adventure. And Pamela's picture shows him—the Skin Horse, now white and glorious, soaring off "and into the wide, free air" with the Child "lying close against those great wings. . . . Higher still they flew, and now the sapphire sea was beneath them, until presently that, too, slipped away, and only the big stars hung close in the sky."

Every one who followed the exciting adventures of Poor Cecco, Bulka the rag puppy, and the wooden doll, Jensina, will want to "take to the road" with Andy—a wooden doll, too, but as different from Jensina as one person is from another. They have one trait in common, however, the happy faculty of being quite at home under the most trying circumstances. Not even a guilty secret and the relentless pursuit of the rats shakes Jensina's confidence in herself, and Andy, too, keeps her poise even when the squirrel confiscates all of her clothes and the raccoon proceeds to auction them off to the highest bidder!

"'Lot number one! A young lady's striped—skirt, is it? Thank you! A striped skirt. Any bids for this fine skirt? Now, ladies, speak up; here's your chance! Any one start the bidding. Did I hear two nuts from Mrs. Squirrel? Come, come! Three . . . I beg your pardon! Three nuts . . . going . . . four! I am offered four . . . five . . . any one say five? Six . . . going at six . . . any raise? It's your last chance. Going at six . . . six. Gone!' And he brought his hammer down with a bang. 'At six nuts to Mrs. Squirrel, and an excellent bargain, too!'"

It is at this point that even Andy's calm deserts her. After the skirt and the lace petticoat are disposed of the raccoon holds up her apron—the precious apron in the pocket of which lies hidden the piece of wedding cake that she had saved from the wedding of her beloved mistress. This is

too much, and Andy "bursts into such loud sobs and howls that everyone turned around to stare." Worse is to come, however. How the children will love Andy's night in jail and her escape with the help of the faithful Eggy! But even now her troubles are not over. She and Eggy have hardly found the enticing little cave with its green moss seats—"the most perfect little parlor any one could desire"—before the crow snatches Andy and carries her off to her nest in a high tree. Here she is rescued, for the third time, by the mysterious stranger in the black mask and the purple cloak, who, at exactly the right moment, takes off the mask and reveals himself as the little acrobat—Charles Ulysses Bolivar Jones! That Andy should find among the odds and ends and the dead sticks that form the crow's nest her apron, and that she and Charles should then and there eat the wedding cake and so become man and wife is most satisfactory!

Among the new characters in the story, the hedge-hog, Billy-the-Lantern, stands out unique and logical. This review is being written on the steps of a little cabin that stands by the shores of a lake hidden deep in the woods of Northern Maine. A real hedge-hog lives under the cabin and every night chews steadily and with evident enjoyment at the foundations. In the glare of an electric torch he is so like Billy that I expect almost any night to see the gleam of his lantern along the trails and to hear his husky voice chanting:

"An apple and a feather and a hairpin,
A rag and a paper and a little bit of string!"

The power to make the birds and beasts utterly themselves and yet to give them personality is the thing that the children appreciate in Mrs. Bianco's stories. And this power is, of course, especially in evidence when she is dealing with the toys. One of the nicest touches in "Andy" is the forming of the union—the B. A. T. (Brotherhood of Ancient Toys) to oppose the growing popularity of the "Fiventen."

Here again we feel the background of warm and happy memories. Grown-ups, reading bits of these two books as they wrap them in holly-red paper, and tie them with gold and silver ribbon, will wish themselves back in their own childhood. Which is exactly as it should be!

AN ENGINE OF CHARACTER

LITTLE BLACKNOSE

By HILDEGARDE HOYT SWIFT

Illustrated by LYND WARD

Reviewed by JOHN FARRAR

TO invest the machine age with magic, to call up the imagination that has created it, is a task which faces the parent and the writer of books for children. Little boys and girls stand entranced before the huge airplanes on view in our two great city railroad stations. They find music in the hum of motor and wheel. Most of them are radio-minded. We may bewail the fact that elves and pixies are less attractive than they were once upon a time; but children are already creating new fairies and goblins of their own. "Has the great big balloon gone home to his nest?" asks my young man, and, "Where does the light go when it goes out, up with my moon?" The automobile, the airplane, the motor car, the train, the radio and all the trappings of modern life, have become a part of nature, so to speak. Matter of fact data in books of knowledge are not enough. The children will create their own legendry of wheels and planes if we do not create it for them.

Mrs. Swift has taken a cold engineering fact and told its true story in the spirit of legend. On view in the Grand Central Station, where all may see, is the tiny engine, the first ever built for the New York Central Railroad. The facts of its making at the West Point Foundry, of its christen-

ing, of its use in Albany, of its trip to the World's Fair, of its final resting place in New York City, might have been detailed as history. Instead, Mrs. Swift makes a charming person out of "Little Blacknose." Without sacrificing fact she spins a yarn of hope and triumph and of rivalry, with a note also of sentiment. It is a straightforward, simple story, one I think that will be enjoyed by many children.

It is, however, to Lynd Ward, the illustrator, that the chief honors of "Little Blacknose" go. He has given his engines actual character. Without being so modern in his technique that children will be driven away, he has succeeded in letting a rare imagination and grace play over his drawing.

There is a rich humor in " 'Tremendous' said the Governor," and his vision of the old red horse, alone and dejected, which opens Chapter Five is tragic and moving.

I hope that there will be many more books like this, books



that make the rails and the rivets seem less modern, that give a background to machines that surround us; for no matter how circumscribed by the mechanical life may become, childhood and the imaginative mind of maturity must still create a playground for dreams.

A LOST BOY'S ADVENTURE

SPARKY-FOR-SHORT

Words and pictures by MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

Reviewed by ELIZABETH CULBERT

"**T**HE Blue Crab lay on its back, kicking violently. 'I suppose this is another of those things your men friends do to amuse themselves. There's no peace anywhere any more!' he grumbled to Sparky."

And is there? It is not predominant in the young imaginations of this experimental generation. But when such restlessness as there is abroad today slips its harness and takes a short cut for the old standards a certain peace ensues, deliberately balanced on its own preposterousness. It was a daring thing that Mrs. Bruère set herself to do when she let Mr. Franklin's lightning spark out of the Leyden jar. Could it be done without disaster? We wondered and own to feeling skeptical. So, when we picked the book up and realized what had been let loose for the first time in the terse little volume, we could see no peace ahead for any one. That lid once off, and Sparky dispatched—but wait!

Jane and Bo, tinkering with the radio knobs, open that box of mysteries so wide that two stations come in at once. There is a protesting screech and a bit of television becomes static on a scrap of "mother's best stationery—the kind with 422 East Avenue printed at the top." It is more involved than that, for mother's stationery has been well insured against destruction by lightning; but the damage is done, and the picture of a lost boy who many years ago slid down to

earth by way of a kite-string—Sparky-for-Short—is here to stay.

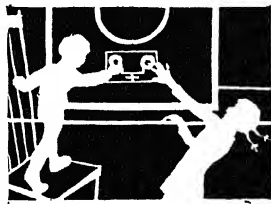
When a crackly, sputtery spark of lightning and live-wire boys and girls get together there must be no common compromise. Jane and Bo are promptly insulated, the ground wires scraped off their shoes—and up they climb, their feet sinking further into the soft air at each step. Message currents buffet them about in this medium which is new to all three; for even Sparky, who until now has led the comparatively sheltered life of a wave-length, finds it hard going. So that when Albert—out “giving his airplane its constitutional”—offers a lift, three happy hitch-hikers tumble into the cock-pit.

So far the story is dominated by Sparky's electric personality. But we are beginning to feel the shock of leaving familiar things so far below and find ourselves wondering if this rarefied atmosphere may not become unhealthy. Now Sparky is a very wholesome boy nature, in spite of the fact that his paper body is too thin to hold a stomach for storing away doughnuts, and Albert is flying his airplane directly over the zoo. It is the golden key at the end of Mrs. Bruère's kite-string and brings childhood safely down to earth.

The adventures proper which follow are too good to give away. They have been told in a nimble style, suitable to the character of their instigator. We specially enjoyed the encounter at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean with philosophical Blue Crab, who, when asked if he liked it down there, replied indignantly: “What difference does it make whether I like it or not? There's nowhere else for me to go, is there?” A resignation not to be incorporated in Sparky's philosophy.

The zoo, the ocean, the Gulf Stream, the submarine “X-A,” and the Graf Zeppelin are only a few of the contacts Sparky makes before the dictates of conscience finally end his truancy. For that picture of the lost boy is still in his

keeping and the frantic broadcasting of rescue stations is registered with annoying frequency upon his sensitive heart. Sparky delivers his message. But the world doesn't hear dots and dashes—only a little messenger boy promising before he leaves to come again. Every page of the book is illustrated with a crisp, cut-out silhouette in black and white. There is no short-circuit along the pictorial line. Every connection is made to the satisfaction of the reader, who prefers pictures to words. One feels in the book the author's own quest for knowledge in new realms of imagination and an ease in communicating with childhood which children will be quick to recognize and appreciate and for which parents and teachers may feel well grateful.



ST. NICHOLAS VISITS NEW YORK

FOR years it has been a custom in the children's room of the New York Public Library to keep festival on St. Nicholas Eve by bringing out the legends and traditions, the poetry and song, the stories and pictures which have given the genial saint his secure place in the founding and the daily life of the city.

Five years ago Jay van Everen gave a very beautiful modern interpretation of the dream of Oloffe van Kortlandt as recorded by Washington Irving in "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York," and repeated by a young newspaperman to a little Dutch boy bent on finding Christmas here. Last year James Daugherty in a spirited series of "pictorial pleasantries" brought the first Dutch Governors and their patron saints to the festival.

From the Flemish, by way of Germany, there comes another colorful addition to St. Nicholas lore—"St. Nicholas in Trouble," by Felix Timmermans, translated by Amy Flashner. It is for somewhat older children who are still on tiptoe with expectation as Christmas time draws near.

Into a moonlit, snow-covered city St. Nicholas is let down from heaven on his white donkey, with his black servant Rupert and an incredible number of presents. "How could they get down to earth? Very simply. The donkey placed himself squarely on a moonbeam, held his legs stiff and slid down as if it were a steep ice slide. And sly Rupert held on to the donkey's tail and, squatting on his heels, was very comfortably pulled along. So it was they landed in the town, in the middle of the great snowy market place. From baskets, which hung on either side of the donkey, arose the entrancing smell of the gayly colored cakes which Rupert, under St. Nicholas's supervision, had baked in the heavenly kitchen. When they realized there wouldn't be enough to go around, Rupert had put on mortal's clothes so that he



Antony van Corlear, drawn by James Daugherty for Knickerbocker's History of New York

might go to the shops and buy more. He used money gathered from St. Nicholas's poor boxes, which he was allowed to empty once a year in the various churches. When he had finished his purchases he climbed back to heaven on a moonbeam."

It was at Trinchen Mutser's shop after all the money had been spent, that they found the big chocolate ship for little Cecilia and St. Nicholas found himself in trouble.

The illustrations for his book by Else Wenz-Vietor have a lovely Old World atmosphere. The story itself is not as

well integrated as it might be, but children will like it and from it get the feeling of a holiday city with snow-rooftops, quaint gables and latticed windows, not so very different from the little old Dutch city that once stood round about Bowling Green—the city to which the image of St. Nicholas was borne on the bow of the *Goede Vrouw* and which later stood before the church erected in his honor and thereafter came to be imprinted on the Christmas cakes and in the loyal hearts of generations of New York children.

New York of all cities can least afford to lose or mislay her St. Nicholas tradition. And if to a native Hollander there comes a feeling of homesickness for the most genuinely childlike of all the festival days of his boyhood, as he pores over the picture books and stories he may chance to find in the children's room of a public library—if he misses his own little table set forth for personal gifts, if he misses the wooden shoes stuffed with hay and lumps of sugar for St. Nicholas's horse or donkey, if he misses the shower of sugarplums or the bundle of switches so delightfully described by Mary Mapes Dodge in one of the chapters of "Hans Brinker," he may, and indeed he often does, find it good to have this reminder.

Every year some stranger from another country appears at the festival in the children's room in the Library behind the Lions. This year it was a Frenchman who came early and stayed late, joining the group which gathered round the window seat where the dream of Oloffte van Kortlandt was read and the pictures of the two modern artists who have interpreted it were passed from hand to hand. Led by Antony van Corlear, the Trumpeter, the Knickerbockers returned to keep Christmas in New Amsterdam once more, and lest the words of Oloffte van Kortlandt's dream be forgotten we repeat them here:

"And the sage Oloffte dreamed a dream, and lo the good St. Nicholas came riding over the tops of the trees in that selfsame wagon wherein he brings his yearly presents

to children, and he descended and lit his pipe by the fire and sat himself down and smoked, and as he smoked the smoke from his pipe rose into the air and spread like a cloud overhead. And Oloffe bethought him, and he hastened and climbed up to the top of one of the tallest trees and saw that the smoke spread over a great extent of country; and as he considered it more attentively he fancied that the great volume of smoke assumed a variety of marvelous forms—palaces, domes and lofty towers appeared and then faded away until the whole cloud rolled off and nothing but the green woods were left. And when St. Nicholas had smoked his pipe he twisted it in his hatband, and laying his finger beside his nose gave the astonished van Kortlandt a very significant look, then mounting his wagon he disappeared over the tree tops. And van Kortlandt awoke from his sleep greatly instructed; and he roused his companions and related his dream, and interpreted it to be the will of St. Nicholas that they should settle down and build a city here and that the smoke of the pipe was a type of how vast would be the extent of the city.”





A REAL REJUVENATION

KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK

By WASHINGTON IRVING

Edited by ANNE CARROLL MOORE

With pictorial pleasantries by JAMES DAUGHERTY

Reviewed by CHARLES J. FINGER

THERE are a few books in the world, and "Knickerbocker's History" is one of them, which go on in a steady crescendo of interest to the last word. And at the last, when the author knows that his job is done, even then he cannot help slipping in a word here and a hint there as much as to say, "You see, I could go on forever if it were not for the accursed limitations of printers and publishers."

Irving plays that trick of renewed interest on his readers on the last page, telling about people hunting pots of gold; painting a picture of the Stuyvesant parlor with the cocked hat and sword and the brimstone breeches hanging on the wall, as enticing an introduction indeed as you could wish to find anywhere. So you are glad and grateful to have known the book, and sorry to leave all that pleasant company so keenly bent on making the most out of every hour, so satisfied with food and drink and laughter, with a quiet shelter, a garden, and a row of trees.

But again you do not lose them, and there is where the high art of Washington Irving comes in, and not only Irving's art but the art of every writer who has achieved immortality. In a word, such artists do actually create characters who become a very part of our lives, who are more real to us than historical characters, because they are presented in completeness with their human foolishness laid bare to make them more lovable. In the depiction of any historical character it would be fatal to reveal foolishness; wickedness if you like—that all too often goes with the heroic, but never, never, never foolishness. That is why historical characters seem so jaded and dreamy and remote from reality. The very human quality of foolishness is torn from them. They are presented without lightness or humor, often moving in an atmosphere of dull seriousness. But in any fiction that is worth while, you have a bond of sympathy with the fictional characters because of their follies and foibles.

Who would be without the childish simplicity of Mr. Pickwick, or the happy conceit of Alan Breck, or the vain-gloriousness of van Poffenburgh looking at his fortress with the "swelling dignity . . . of a cock-pigeon swelling and vapping on the top of a dove-cote"? You will never raise unwholesome prigs and sentimentalists from young readers who have entered into a world in which they come to know such as these. There will be no place for hysteria and

forced sentiment in a generation that appreciates the dream folly of Alice of Wonderland, or the hard-headedness of Huck Finn, or the economical mind of the old lady told of by Irving who saved sugar by the ingenious expedient of suspending "a large lump directly over the tea-table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth." How well would it have been if the electors of this, my adopted state of Arkansas, could have imbibed some of the humor in Knickerbocker before they voted on an anti-evolution bill with such disastrous effects. For they who so voted lacked the intellectual plasticity and suppleness of the Mynheers who could sit at that glorious tea party, each tranquilly smoking his pipe while "lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed; Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of his whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire." Given an appreciation of humor and you will have none of that narrowness which looks upon dissidence from received opinion as a sin or a crime.

What I would like to look upon this fine piece of editing as signifying is the first step in a revival of humor, and such a revival is sorely needed if we are to have a wider national outlook and a quickened imagination. For the so-called comic strips in which imbecility and vulgarity seem to strive for mastery can hardly have anything but a depressing effect. But, happily, it is the older and not the younger generation that takes delight in the narrow, ephemeral, and superficial existence of Mutt and Jeff, or of the Katzenjammers. Those who distrust one another, who distrust their governors, who distrust themselves may find amusement in crude representations of acts of cruelty. But the young do not mistrust, or distrust; nor do they find acts of cruelty amusing. And if you will study any normal child,

you must come to the conclusion, though it is a conclusion that adults who do not understand juveniles never come to, that the young are interested in securing quiet when they can digest the experiences that press on them in literature as well as in life.

And the day of "Knickerbocker's History" was a day of high-hearted humor and lively sallies, when men laughed at the gentle humor of Lamb, and were happy with Tom Hood, and Sydney Smith, and Theodore Hook, and Leigh Hunt; and when Trollope and Dickens and Thackeray wrote, and the more robustious Lover was in his prime; and when Holmes tickled men. It was the day of Brontës, and Emerson and Thoreau and Prescott, and Hazlitt and De Quincey and Scott; and Washington Irving's day touched the time of Swinburne and Huxley and Darwin and Carlyle and Tennyson and Longfellow and Whittier and George Eliot and Kingsley. Realizing that richness, it may be guessed what it means when it is said that the humor of "Knickerbocker's History" opened all doors for its author. It was a book in which pageantry pleased a world somewhat surfeited with the tale of terror. It was a book in which, as Lamb expressed it, one could wander outside the strict diocese of conscience, a created conventional world in which the rules that ordinarily govern and are expected to govern human conduct have no application at all. In its pages people who were not too self-conscious could give themselves up to pleasant distraction. And because of it certain daring souls did things that might not have been done otherwise, as when Gilbert à Becket wrote his *Comic History of England*, and a *Comic History of Rome*, and a *Comic Blackstone*—and what, more than history and law, should be reverentially approached? Before Irving, a blazing ferocity would have faced the man who should have dared to treat those two bulwarks in such fashion.

So, taking one thing with another, Anne Carroll Moore and her artist partner, James Daugherty, attacked a great

big job when they started to edit and to illustrate Irving's Knickerbocker. What they have achieved is an astonishing rejuvenation. The book is an event of real importance. I believe that there are affinities between the work of Irving and the work of Daugherty, as revealed in this book, that would have made them work hand in hand as Honoré and I work, had they been contemporaries. Take, for instance, the end paper, *The Return of the Native*, with modern New York typified in its flappers, and its traffic cop, and its skyscrapers and advertisements, its politicians and bandsmen, all welcoming the oldtime burghers who come a-riding with trumpets and banners. You cannot look at it for ten seconds without experiencing that sudden glory which old Hobbes called "inward laughter." Or take the rough-and-tumble picture *Displaying the Graces*; or turn to the picture entitled *Clio* which seems to be thrown in for good measure, or perhaps because Daugherty, like Irving, simply had to go on and on in his stately crescendo, doubtless deploring the limitations imposed by publishers; or take the portrait of Killian Van Rensselaer, all compounded of pride and pomposity, of silly affectations and self-consciousness, of pavonine display as silly as the showing-off of Scott's Blount in *Waverley*—it is all in the true spirit of Washington Irving. It is all sheer, abundant, overflowing fun. If inspiration did not come furiously, I miss my guess. It is all the work of a man unmistakably alive. As for the publishers' end, there is some one in Garden City who has left no stone unturned to make the book attractive.

SOUND THE TRUMPET!

THE TRUMPETER OF KRAKOW

By ERIC P. KELLY

Illustrations by ANGELA PRUSZYNSKA

IN the market place of the medieval city of Krakow, once the capital, now the Oxford of Poland, stands the Church of Our Lady Mary. From the lofty tower of this landmark of the city a trumpet song is blown to the four winds every hour: "The tune was a little morning hymn, the Hey-nal, brought into Poland, some said, in the earliest days of Christianity by missionaries who came from the south. It was a simple little air, intensely sweet and appealing, but at a certain place the trumpeter broke the tune off abruptly, leaving but the echo of an unfinished strain to float down from above. It was as if some one at that moment had taken the trumpet from his lips."

"Isn't he going to finish the song?" asks the son of the Trumpeter.

"It is a long story, my son, and one that I will tell you at a later time."

The custom, reaching back to immemorial times, touches the heart of the city's life to-day. Small wonder, then, that a book conceived and written under the direct inspiration of this trumpet song of an ancient city is no ordinary tale, but a richly colored romance of fifteenth century life. Eric Kelly has lived in Poland in war time and in peace time. Most important of all, he has lived there imaginatively, and he reveals a fine intuitive understanding of the character of

the people as well as the careful research of the scholar.

In making his hero a trumpeter on Our Lady Mary's Tower, Mr. Kelly has identified his fortunes with the most momentous issues in Poland's political and social life of the times. Visualizing in full detail the whole period, he has so dramatized it as to make it live for the reader as an absorbing story in which all the elements of the city's life take on the richest local color. The struggle for the possession of the ill-omened jewel—the great Tarnov Crystal—and the experiments of alchemists and hypnotizers lend mystery and fascination to a tale which I read through at a sitting. The original trumpet on which the Heynal was played for hundreds of years was shipped to the author by the City Councillors of Krakow for exhibition in this country in recognition of the value and authenticity of his book.

The famous trumpet sailed into New York Harbor the week before Christmas and immediately took the place reserved for it in the holiday exhibition of books and original drawings in the children's room of the New York Public Library. Enclosed in a glass case lined with blue velvet, the trumpet was accompanied by flags and an impressive illuminated scroll in the Polish language, the translation of which is as follows:

"The Archive Department of the City of Krakow hereby testifies that this trumpet has been used since immemorial times to sound the Heynal from the tower of Our Lady Mary in Krakow. The trumpet is the property of the Fire Department of the City of Krakow.

"Engraved on the trumpet are the names of the trumpeters who have sounded the Heynal from Our Lady Mary tower for the last forty-two years."

The very interesting original illustrations in color made for the book by Angela Pruszyńska in Krakow were also included in the exhibition. The frontispiece showing the trumpeter in action looking out over the city and the musical

notes of the Heynal is especially fine. Miss Pruszyńska's work should have had more adequate reproduction and the book itself a more distinctive cover and general format.

POLISH FOLK TALES

THE JOLLY TAILOR

AND OTHER FAIRY TALES TRANSLATED FROM THE
POLISH

By LUCIA MERECKA BORSKI *and* KATE B. MILLER

Illustrated by KAZIMIR KLEPACKI

CHILDREN too young to enjoy "The Trumpeter of Krakow" will like these delightfully rendered Polish folk tales.

Mrs. Borski has told the stories to groups of Polish children in their own tongue and to groups of American children in English. With the assistance of Kate B. Miller, she has worked over them until a rendering has been achieved without loss of Old World significance and with a simplicity of English for which all who tell stories or read them aloud will be eternally grateful.

There are twelve stories, "The Jolly Tailor Who Became King" and who flew through the air laughing heartily is inimitable: "He was a very thin man and had a small beard of 136 hairs. All tailors are thin reminding one of a needle and thread, but Mr. Nitechka was the thinnest of all, for he could pass through the eye of his own needle. He was so thin that he could eat nothing but noodles, for they were the only thing which could pass down his throat. But for all this, he was a very happy man, and a handsome one, too, particularly on holidays when he braided his beard."

"The Story of Princess Marysia, the Black Swan, and an Iceberg," "A Horned Goat," "Koshalki-Opalki, or How a Simpleton Became King," and "The Frog" are among the others chosen by Mrs. Borski as most representative of Polish folklore. Wit and humor, fun and laughter characterize these tales. While the illustrations are not as effective as one could wish, the book is attractive in make-up.

CHRISTMAS EVE

By LAURA BENÉT

*The piteous, white-nosed ass
Saw Mary line with grass
A rude, ill-shapen stall
Before night cast its pall
Over Bethlehem's place.
A black lamb in disgrace
Made small sounds of distress
Sighting the Loveliness.
Cheeping and golden birds
With sacrificial words
Fluttered the crib above
Stirred by a brooding love.
Ants sanded the cold floor,
The crossbill marked the door,
Dun kine knelt with warm flanks
In tender, questioning ranks,
Yearning to give new milk
To that pursed mouth of silk.
Like neighbors worshipping
Syllables they did sing;
And from the Infant's look
Strange, starry comfort took.
Sudden, on this white peace
A red cock's hail rang thrice—
The Baby turned His head
From drowsy reverie,
Shuddered upon His bed
With one, lone, wailing cry!*

A TAORMINA CHRISTMAS

By HELEN FORBES

IN Sicily Christmas begins nine days ahead of time, when the shepherds come down from the mountains to play their pipes before the shrines of the Virgin. The Taormina shepherds are actually goatherds, and although every man has his reed pipe in his pocket he plays the Natale hymn on a sort of bagpipe made of the tough hide of a little mountain goat and decorated with red and yellow woolen tassels. The air is full of piping, for each shrine must have its tribute every day, and high on Monte Venere or down by the sea it is impossible to get away from distant notes carried on the breeze, the sound of the *Pastorale*, folk music as pagan to-day as it was when Taormina shepherds played to Aphrodite on the very spot where the Church of San Pancrazio, patron saint of the village, now stands. Handel heard it and put it into "The Messiah." "Let thy people be joyful" comes shrill and clear and over and over again from morning till night, for in their rounds the shepherds include the Christmas mangers, and there is one in every house where there are children.

After they went to bed their father, who gave all his days to the foreigners in his pensione, made their *presepio* for Giovanni and Maria and Providenza, and when they came down in the morning they found it with a candle burning by the manger. It was built on two tables in a corner of the sitting room, a cave in a hillside covered with moss and growing plants and cactus, the finest plants that could be found, and there were boulders and sand and cliffs. It looked ex-

actly like a Taormina hillside. In the lighted cave were the Virgin and Joseph with the Baby in a manger and the cattle watching. The wise men were coming on donkey-back up the valley and one of them was black, as he should be, and there were shepherds and sheep and a dancing yellow goat, all of them crude, clay figures made in Sicily and painted the brightest colors, but perfectly right in that setting of wild mountainside. Giovanni was seven and he could see very well, but Providenza's chin came level with the floor of the cave and Maria had to stand on her toes. They looked and looked at that wonderful sight, but they did not say a word because they were in the sitting room of the foreigners where one kept very quiet. And every day the shepherds came at noon to play to their Madonna and the Baby.

At Christmas the sun sets directly behind Etna, lighting magnificent smoky fires on the mountain, the crest of the volcano snow-topped against a blazing sky. When the sun drops out of sight the air is sharp and Christmasy. There is a feeling of excitement everywhere; for though the Taormina people do not give many Christmas gifts, one of the greatest festas of the year is beginning. On the Corso the cake shop windows are glittering with chocolate in gold and silver paper and plates of strange pink cakes. Suddenly the town has become altogether Sicilian and indifferent to its foreign visitors.

Everybody has been bringing wood to make a tremendous bonfire that will burn all night in front of one of the churches and keep the Baby warm. Each family has contributed at least one stick, and there are logs like chopping blocks and a heap of brush like a haystack, and branches of olive. All the boys in town have watched the pile grow. But the fire is not lighted until long after dark, nearly 10 o'clock, and the first sparks fly golden in the blackness of the winter night. The boys shout, and the festa has begun.

High mass is held in the cathedral. Service begins with the church half empty. Groups drift in, get chairs from

the man and boy who are renting them and seat themselves wherever they like, not altogether forgetful of the old custom of separating men from women. A dozen women draw their chairs together, partly for convention's sake, partly for the pleasure of hobnobbing. The peasants have come in from the farms and lemon groves, the women with their heads tied in yellow or white brocaded silk handkerchiefs and wearing light cotton dresses stuffed with all the woollen underwear they possess, for it is cold and the only heat is the bonfire for the Baby. Many of the men scorn chairs and lean against the wall of the pillars, coat hung over one shoulder and weight rested on a staff longer than a man is tall. The cathedral is ablaze with candles and in that ever-changing living light the priests serve the midnight mass in golden robes, the tired peasants nod, the children sleep, while again and again in the music sound the notes of the *Pastorale*. Exactly at 12 o'clock comes an uproar of rejoicing outside the church, with a banging on the doors and shouts that demand that the doors be opened to let in the Christ Child. There is a shooting off of rockets and bombs in the square, but in the cathedral above all the noise rises the *Pastorale*.

The instant mass is ended everybody pushes toward the doors and like wild things the crowds dash down the narrow Corso to another church, St. Joseph's, where they listen to a long sermon preached by a little boy, who has been made Boy Bishop for this occasion. After that is finished they all go to the Church of the Carmine for a third mass, and there the shepherds themselves are playing their hymns, which tradition says is the music that the shepherds played while they watched their flocks on the first Christmas Eve.

About 3 o'clock church is over for the night and the great procession forms. Accompanied by the Taormina band and the pipes and priests and banners, men, women and children with flaring torches and candles guttering in the wind go singing through the streets to pay homage to

every church and consecrated shrine of the Virgin. They stop in every square to enjoy the colored lights and help set off the fireworks. In front of Sant' Agostino one looks straight down 400 feet to the Mediterranean and can hardly tell sea from sky except for the stars.

Then the procession moves on to warm its frosty fingers at the Baby's fire. It is glorious; its heart of olive wood makes a pure yellow, and red sparks pouring up higher than the church make shadows on the Moorish windows of a palace built in the days of the Saracens. Entering that small square is like coming out of the crisp wintry night into a hot room. Surely the Baby must be warm.

The foreigners find it desirable to go home to bed and so do some of the Sicilians. Slowly the procession thins, but until morning come echoes of the festa, although the predominant note has changed from the *Pastorale* to the tarantella. Sitting up suddenly, the better to hear men singing some gay old song on their way home, the listener's attention is caught by a lantern far out on the water, where, on this Ionian Sea Ulysses went coasting by in his little boat with only a few more miles to row before he came within range of the rocks that the Cyclops were waiting to roll down on him from Etna.

THE BARN

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

*"I am tired of this barn," said the colt,
"And every day it snows.
Outside, there's no grass any more
And icicles grow on my nose.
I am tired of hearing the cows
Breathing and talking together,
I'm sick of the clucking of hens,
I hate stables and winter weather."*

*"Hush! little colt," said the mare,
"And a story I will tell
Of a barn like this one of ours
And the things that there befell.
It was weather much like this
And the beasts stood as we stand now
In the warm, good dark of the barn—
A horse and an ass and a cow."*

*"And sheep?" asked the colt. "Yes, sheep,
And a pig and a goat and a hen.
All of the beasts of the barnyard,
The usual servants of men.
And into their midst came a Lady,
And she was as cold as death,
But the animals leaned above her
And made her warm with their breath."*

*"There was her Baby born
And laid to sleep in the hay,
While music flooded the rafters
And the barn was as light as day,
And angels and kings and shepherds
Came to worship the Babe from afar,
But we looked at Him first of all creatures
By the bright, strange light of a star!"*



The Nativity
From a woodcut by Albrecht Dürer

ONCE UPON A TIME

ITALIAN FAIRY TALES

By LUIGI CAPUANA

Translated by DOROTHY EMMRICH

With drawings by MARGARET FREEMAN

Reviewed by MARY GOULD DAVIS

WHEN the hour comes for a story in Italy—and it seems to come very often—the first words are almost always “C’era una volta”—“There was once a time.” And that is the Italian title of this volume of folk tales from northern Italy, written down nearly fifty years ago by Luigi Capuana and translated into English recently by Dorothy Emmrich. The book is so well known to Italians that it is almost a classic. No English words can ever quite express the quick-moving emotions of the peasants of northern Italy; but Miss Emmrich has succeeded admirably in keeping the humor and the liveliness of these tales. She has kept, too, the touch of vulgarity that must be there because it is a part of the make-up of these primitive and fun-loving people. And Miss Freeman’s decorations strike the same note. They too are lively and humorous, and boys and girls are going to take to the book instantly because of them.

Some of the stories were told to children in the New York libraries long before this book was published, and “Ti, Tiriti, Ti” immediately became a favorite. They call it the

"whistle" story, because the story-teller whistles the little folk tunes that make the corn grow. Some of these characters are familiar to Italian-American children and their fathers and mothers because the stories are very old, and in almost any toyshop in Italy one can find the little marionettes that represent them. Tiny and inexpensive as they are, their faces are cleverly characterized and their costumes complete, down to the golden girdle that circles the waist of "La Principessa" and the pouch that hangs at the belt of the marvelous magician, Sabino. Italian children play with them just exactly as our children play with dolls. Only always behind the game is the story, and that is why the people who move so briskly through these pages are old friends to Italian boys and girls. Almost any one of them can tell you how old Sabino's eyes twinkled when he turned his back on the frantic neighbors who wanted to buy his miraculous field, or how Smutty laughed when the Kink peeked through the door and saw her in her true shape.

There is a spirit here that all of us who love Italy will recognize. It is the spirit that rules in the fields when the grapes are ripe and the figs hang in great clusters from the boughs at harvest time, that dominates the streets on the evening of a great church festival, when the candles gleam like flowers through the dusk, and the houses are hung with flags, and rare bits of silk and velvet colored like jewels flutter from every window. It is the spirit that makes the little iron tables that stand before every wine-shop in Florence the center of a daily festival, where a contented family, a flask of *chianti rosso* or a tiny glass of golden Strega means an evening of good comradeship and of what is, we imagine, the most animated discussion on the face of the earth!

Something of this power to make a simple happening a happy and dramatic thing is in this book. It is one of Italy's gifts to the world. If you want a share of it, tuck the book

under your arm, go anywhere where boys and girls are free to follow you, choose almost any of the stories, and begin—"There was once a time" . . .

CHILDREN'S PLAYS AND THE COMIC STRIP

GOOD plays for children are still very scarce notwithstanding a fair number of published books. Here, then, is a comparatively fresh field for a writer or artist with a natural instinct for drama who is fully aware of the quality and strength of the dramatic instinct in children from seven to ten years old.

The freer use of puppets and graphic sketches may well have an enlivening effect on the written word. Plays need not always be funny, but they should always seem fun to act and graphic treatment be even more effective now than in the days of Cruikshank, since the audience on both sides of the Atlantic is so much larger.

Children are by all odds the most devoted patrons of the comic strip, yet their natural tastes have been very little considered in the make-up of these sheets for the past twenty-five years. From time to time zealous reformers of "the funnies" have appeared, certain types of vulgarity have become taboo only to be succeeded by types of the commonplace. Art has never been a willing handmaiden to reform. Only upon her own terms—a memorable cartoon—will she lend a hand. Whatever she does must be done spontaneously. I am personally of the opinion that it is drama in graphic form that children have been and are still unself-consciously seeking in the comic strip and that both drawing and the idea behind it are too often without a leg to stand upon because the artist, like many a playwright, has been thinking too long in terms of the tired business man.

It is for this reason primarily that I always feel sorry

to see children under ten feeding eyes and minds on comic supplements which are more commonplace than comic.

The years before ten are exceedingly precious for the accurate training of the eye, the mind and the heart. Nothing short of the real thing in literature, art and life, above all in humorous aspects of all three, is good enough, and there is richer treasure to choose from now than any generation of children has known before. Let's have some new "funnies"!

RED LETTER DAYS

ONE year is over, another is about to begin. What sort of a year will it be? An uncommonly delightful one, for those who follow in the train of Elizabeth Coatsworth and read the Sun's Diary, written, she says, "as he slowly travels north across the sky for the summer, and south again for the winter, resting each night in an Inn on the other side of the world. . . . His great tour is always much the same. He starts out in a sparkle of snow and stars; by spring he is bringing the birds and winds; in summer he sees below him the gardens of the world and white sails like flowers on the sea; and in autumn he lingers and can hardly tear himself away, for the earth is almost as gold as he is and the air is full of the odor of fruit and leaf smoke."

In "The Sun's Diary" Miss Coatsworth, a poet-traveler, has shared her own note-book for the days of any year—a note-book which must have been storing treasure for a long, long time, so varied and unhackneyed are its quotations from other poets and other travelers. Those who are anniversary-minded will find holidays and birthdays conveniently remembered, yet not over-emphasized. They seem to fall into their own place in the Sun's course.

The essential value of the book to girls and boys who keep diaries and to many who do not lies in the subtle suggestion to the individual that he keep track of the changing seasons for himself and give his own Red Letter Days their places in the Sun. There are fifty-two spaces in which to write down "what takes place most pleasantly to one's own self"—one such day for every week—a day on which one looks over the Sun's shoulder without guide or chart or

compass and chooses for himself that which he has most enjoyed. Nothing is quite so important as a wide range of genuinely pleasurable experiences happily recollected.

The Red Letter Days of the year when one is twelve will differ inevitably from the year one becomes sixteen, eighteen, thirty-six. Miss Coatsworth's publishers have very wisely set no age limit for readers of "The Sun's Diary" and Mr. Frank McIntosh's decorations and gay cover design make of the book a New Year's or birthday gift equally attractive to a girl just entering the teens or to an older lover of the stars, the winds and the birds—to any one who likes to be taken out of doors in the New Year.

For the reference and reading room of a public library "The Sun's Diary" may take a unique place by preserving significant events in the life of the children's room from year to year. To the celebration of familiar holidays it brings freshness. Brevity, clear spaces, and admirable printing have made a distinctive book, good for many a year.

Those who like proverbs and old rhymes will find plenty of them here.

THE REWARDS OF POETRY

THE WINGED HORSE

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER and FRANK ERNEST HILL

With decorations by PAUL HONORÉ

Reviewed by FRANCES CLARKE SAYERS

WHEN I had come to the last page of "The Winged Horse" I could have put my head down upon the arm of the old, blue chair and wept for my lost youth. It was in my second year of high school, I remember, that I gave my heart away to the mystery of writing folk, and scanned every page of the English literature textbook in the hope of finding some key to the meaning of the gift for arranging words, and of the men who juggled them in mystery and wonder. Though I asked bread of that green-backed textbook, and it gave me a stone, I have cherished it through many years, carried it about during many travels, all for the sake of the questioning paths it has set me upon, and because of the picture of Ellen Terry as Portia, which I had pasted on the back cover, over the scribbled rules for use of the semicolon. Remembering all of this, small wonder had I wept at being born too soon, for what would it have meant to me then to have found in a book the stuff that poets are made of, their reactions to the experiences of life, and the might of their weapons of words?

All this and more the authors of "The Winged Horse" have put into this book about poetry and the English-speaking makers of poetry. The teaching of poetry in schools, the discussion of it in various classes, clubs and

groups of young people, can never again be stilted, dull and deadened, unrelated to the minds and spirits of the modern boys and girls who look eagerly toward life, if this book but fall into the hands of teachers, leaders of clubs and classes, for the authors have brought Pegasus close to us, so that even the deaf among us can hear the beating strength of his wings. Wise teachers, whether their subject be English literature, history or what not, will find in the book more wisdom than lies in many books of pedagogy, because its authors have done what all educators should do; they have illuminated the past with their own imaginative spirit, saying, "Behold! even as we dream and work, strive and are vanquished, so did those who have gone before the dwellers within the walls of Athens, the citizens of the Seven Hills; they are a part of us, we a part of them."

What boy or girl would not love the beauty of Keats, reading here of his love for Fanny Brawne, his struggle against pain, his ever-seeing eye for beauty? It is not enough to give, in tabulated form, the birth, education, parents' name, and the titles of his poems, as though a "life" could be crowded into such bald statements. Here was a poet, and boys and girls have a right to be given the truth about him, and through him, the truth about human suffering and human emotion. "The Winged Horse," aside from being the story of the development of poetry—and there is sound technical knowledge in these pages—is also the story of the creative spirit, and questing youth will find in it such satisfaction and understanding as come but rarely in a lifetime. "If you have any capacity for the enjoyment of beauty on beauty's own terms, if you be made of penetrable stuff," say the authors to their readers, "you will drink deep of Keats, you will find him the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Many boys and girls will not wait to have this book presented to them in classroom or study group, for it is in no sense a text, but a book which they will take unto themselves, for reading and rereading, to be loved with that spe-

cial affection reserved for few books; to be underscored and read in secret hours before the last stern order "Lights out!" It will be loved because it is true, because it is filled with romance and humor, with sorrow and pity. The poetry which is quoted throughout the book is fitted into the text so as to be inseparable from it, so much a part of the poets' lives and of the authors' account of those lives that many a reader will realize anew, or will discover for the first time, with sudden stirring of the pulses, how close to life is poetry and how great its power for exaltation.

The book sent me scurrying to reread a slim volume of short stories by E. M. Forster, who rode, not Pegasus, but "The Celestial Omnibus." If there be any who doubt a child's need and love of poetry, I commend to him this tale of the little boy in London who found the celestial omnibus, piloted by that rare spirit, Sir Thomas Browne.

"Please, is that an omnibus?" asked the small boy who had found poetry for himself in spite of doubting adults.

"Omnibus est," answers "Mr. Browne," and they are off together, through a London fog, to regions of delight and poesy. There the great Achilles hails the slim lad, lifts him high on his triumphant shield, because the boy "stands by himself" and "believes"; for as stern Dante says to the learned but limited adult who follows the boy, "Poetry is a spirit, and they that would worship it must worship in spirit and truth." So have the authors of "The Winged Horse" worshiped it, and they will teach others to do likewise. Here is a book to be both kept and given away, for it is a gift with increasing richness. It will mark the beginning of many a boy's poetry shelf, and many a girl's delving into anthologies, in search of herself and her own world. "These be the fair rewards" of poetry.

THE WINGED HORSE

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER

*Still at our door that silver hoof,
That rataplan upon our roof;
Our feverish little Tower of Babel
Cannot deny the golden stable;
Our streets that roar with a black surf
Glitter beneath him like a turf—
That stallion's silver plume, that stride,
That eyeball with a fire inside,
That nostril like a garnet glowing,
That moon blazed on his front and blowing
Silver between his eyes and on
That back the Lord Bellerophon!
How burns his beauty that can speak
Still wondrously, though not in Greek,
And under alien walls devise
A new Olympian enterprise,
The while his heart maintains her state
Most fluid, most affectionate,
Most furious in the pursuit
Of this our city's fiery fruit;
The iron syrup and the sweet
Sick distillation of the street.
For out of steel and stone we brew
A nectar Homer never knew;
And out of sweat and blood and bones
We knead new gods to sit on thrones!*

OUT OF THE DARK AGES: A TRIBUTE TO HOWARD PYLE

By ERIC P. KELLY

MY boyhood's greatest experience was Howard Pyle's "Otto of the Silver Hand." And in the years that have followed my first reading I turn to it again and again for the inspiration and joy of excitement and valor that mark its pages. In that book the boy finds the whole world of the Dark Ages laid before him, and it is not a matter of history and dates at all, for one becomes that valiant, gentle, noble boy who moved with so much poise and power through a world dark with selfish passions of warring men. The book is a life, and that is its first charm. And then it is a life in a period when men were beginning to hope that there might be a way to better things. And of this period, with its robbers and warriors and battles and fires and, as the contrast, simple peace-loving monks, the writer builds up this enormous thing.

But what a book it is! There is everything in it necessary to life—love, ambition, struggle, sacrifice, disappointment. The author came to the book with huge masses of information on every conceivable subject connected with the Dark Ages, and he let this information overflow not only in the story, but in the splendid illustrations, the designs at the beginnings of the chapters, the little adages, the detailed knowledge of castles, arms and social life. Unless one has tried one does not know the terrific responsibility of dating a story. If a story comes before 1410, for example, it must be remembered that heavy armor worn by soldiers changed

entirely about that time. The crossbow of the fourteenth century was not the crossbow of the fifteenth. And the arbalest mentioned by Howard Pyle in the stirring chapter, "The Red Cock Crows on Drachenhausen," has a distinct history of its own—forbidden by the ethics of the day in chivalry, it existed in curious ways and might be used when one man stood off hundreds, as Schwartz Carl did when he resisted the forces of Baron Henry.

There is little in literature that can compare with this chapter in its vivid interest. The hand of the artist is everywhere apparent—illustrations, contrasts, point of view, illuminated letters—one becomes that helpless, innocent thing that boy in the grasp of the horrible force of circumstance that ruled the Dark Ages, and yet one feels somehow that the gentle boy with all his weakness is to survive, while the blackness in the hearts of the men oppressing him is to die in the long growth of human idealism. This slender, white child, alone, unguarded, a prey to the hard gripping selfishness of ducal rivalry and mailed fist—oh, if you even want to know what a mailed fist is, turn to the picture in that chapter "The Red Cock Crows on Drachenhausen," where Baron Henry's mailed hand is upon the boy's shoulder, the old nurse clutching fearfully at his knees; and note the grins of satisfaction upon those coarse, cruel faces of the armed men in the background. Even the torches add much to the contrast of feelings.

These pictures have lived with me all my life. There is, again, the scene in the castle of Baron Henry where a girl learns of the plight of the captive, Otto, and gets word to his friends. The girl is the charming little Pauline, whose father dies in combat with Otto's father in that magnificent scene at the bridge where Baron Conrad defies the whole pursuing troop and faithfully holds them up the necessary time while One-Eyed Hans escapes to the monastery with little Otto. But in pursuance of a vow the Baron Henry strikes off the right hand of Otto in order that he may never strike such a blow as his father, Conrad, struck when

he wounded and killed Baron Henry's brother in battle. The child ministers to Otto secretly—she, a daughter of the enemy baron—until the rescue is effected by One-Eyed Hans, who has the most interesting adventures imaginable in rescuing the boy from the castle.

The story is told with such fidelity—the pictures are so excellent—the whole structure so depends upon the absolute honesty and integrity of Howard Pyle, who never wrote with one eye on the market. It is absolutely spontaneous—it is that thing which we call genius—which works mysteriously, though naturally, and seldom lets man see what his own destiny is to be. And because of this we have truth. And truth in the telling begets truth. The mind of the reader is stirred to active creation. This an inferior book cannot do. I have tried many times to arrive at distinctions in books; I have tried to find words for my reasons for liking some and disliking others. The line seems to be somewhat in this fashion, that the good book stirs up the reader's mind to creative effort of some sort, it touches some sort of spring that flows only by the best stimulus. A poor book does not do this. Rules do not help much in this matter and it is often hard to tell at first just which is the better of two books. But if active thought of some kind follows the reading of a book—if the pictures of it become symbols and the words become similitudes, then the book we may be sure has accomplished something.

In the few lines of the foreword one catches the whole spirit of the *Dark Ages*. That foreword is the carefully orchestrated overture which puts the audience in the right mood before the curtain falls. The foreword again is printed in Gothic or old English letters, another touch of the artist who enters into his period and his work with every single power and faculty that he possesses. What is the result? Absolute simplicity. Cleverness may be there naturally, but cleverness is a very shallow virtue, much dwarfed beside the enormous giants of simplicity and verity.

I first read this book at the age of eight. I was living

on West Fourth Avenue in Denver, when a fellow member in St. Peter's choir, unknowingly at first, recommended the book to me through a rather uncanny display of knowledge of armor and weapons of the Dark Ages. The boy's name was Willy Barney, and I haven't seen him these many years. But I hope that if this article meets his eye he will write me at once and acknowledge my appreciation of his efforts, for he told me of a book that is a lifelong treasure.*

*The author of this tribute received acknowledgment from Willy Barney.

A BOOK OF GREAT CRAFTSMEN

THE GOLDSMITH OF FLORENCE

By KATHARINE GIBSON

Reviewed by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

ACCESS to art museums and collections is a very important factor in a child's educational development. Next best is access in readily obtainable form to good pictorial reproductions that will serve to familiarize him with the historic examples of art and craftsmanship through the ages. Neither of these, however, is of much value to the average child mind without that stimulus to the imagination which will help him grasp the importance of such objects not only as things of beauty in themselves, but in their relation to the development of civilization. To take any child, or group of children, without such preparation, through the galleries of a museum is often to create a confusion of mind, and even boredom arising out of lack of understanding, which is worse than complete ignorance.

Children are likely to regard art as something completely detached from everyday life—wonderful, rather awe-inspiring, invested by their elders with a vague importance which they do not grasp—in any case not as an essential part of life, closely bound up with it, arising, in the first instance, out of the necessities of everyday life itself. This connection of ideas, of the first importance to understanding and appreciation, is a discovery which very few children make naturally; it has to be made for them.

This, I take it, is the keynote, and to my mind the great value, of such a book as Miss Gibson's "Goldsmith of Flor-

ence." At first glance a collection of very beautiful photographic reproductions of objects apparently unconnected in themselves, accompanied by a clear and simple descriptive narrative, it reveals itself as something much more. It is, so far as I know, the first attempt to give children in an understandable but dignified form, worthy of their intelligence, a picture of the rise and development of craftsmanship throughout the ages.

The task of selection in such a field is enormous. Miss Gibson has chosen her examples wisely for their significance, and also for their appeal to the imaginative sense. There is a chapter on the early tapestries, how they came to be made and the spirit that inspired them; on illuminated manuscripts and the growth of the art of miniature painting; on woodcarving and on the making of armor, with detailed description of the process of hand forging, of designing, shaping and ornamentation.

The second section deals with the work of the Florentine masters, Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, Donatello, Cellini and Luca della Robbia. Here the author introduces a more personal note, drawing on the life of Cellini and on Vasari's works for much of her material. Here again her choice, given the space, is admirable, and we have within brief limit a very vivid picture.

The third section, which jumps to the time of the American revolution and onward, contains a most interesting chapter on Paul Revere and his work as a silversmith, and finally links past and present with an account of two of our most famous living craftsmen, Kirchmayer and Frank Koralewski.

Miss Gibson is already known as a story-teller and her close association with the Cleveland Museum of Art gives her authoritative knowledge of her subject. Her art here has found very full scope. She has a highly developed selective instinct, knowing what is essential and also what may be left out without marring the effect. What most pleases

one in the book is that, although the subjects are presented in narrative form, the text goes well below the surface; there is that seriousness which young minds demand and appreciate but do not always receive, and the explanations of technical processes, though simple, are thorough and satisfying. The illustrative matter is rich in subject and beautifully reproduced, and the volume would be a treasure house for the pictures alone.

A TALE OF THE CID

THE TALE OF THE WARRIOR LORD, EL CANTAR DE MIO CID

Translated by MERRIAM SHERWOOD

Decorated by HENRY C. PITZ

Reviewed by ELVA S. SMITH

IN comparison with the other medieval hero tales, that of the Cid is comparatively unknown to American boys and girls and it is perhaps this basically historical character and the atmosphere of realism that are in part responsible for the somewhat limited appeal. Essentially a military epic, it lacks the enchantments of the later Charlemagne stories and the romance and glamour of Arthurian legend. There are striking episodes and dramatic moments, as when the dead Cid, clad in armor and mounted upon Baviaca, his famous war horse, rode out from the city of Valencia and scattered the Moorish foe; but there is not, as a whole, the dramatic unity and patriotic fervor of the French *Chanson de Geste*. In part, the lack of popularity may also be attributed to the unsatisfactory presentation of the Spanish hero tale in book form for young people.

The earliest, and still the most comprehensive, of these special renderings is "The Story of the Cid," by Calvin D. Wilson, which follows in outline Southey's "Chronicle," but sacrifices his literary picturesqueness. Well intentioned, but matter of fact in treatment, prosaic in style, and undistinguished in appearance, the book has been useful, but not inspiring. The author carefully discounts all the more mar-



Illustration by Henry Pitz for The Tale of the Warrior Lord

velous elements of the story, presenting his Cid as a hero of history rather than of romance. Mary Wright Plummer's "Stories from the Chronicle of the Cid," now I believe out of print, is more selective in incidents, and the interweaving of the ballads is a commendatory feature, but the continuity of the narrative is broken and the illusion destroyed by unnecessary explanations and personal comments.

"The Tale of the Warrior Lord," the latest addition to this field of hero literature, has certain outstanding assets in its favor; first of all, a happily chosen title, and secondly, a format worthy of the subject. Unlike its predecessors, this is not an adaptation, but a direct translation in prose of the earliest known source, the poem of the Cid, which, at least as it exists to-day, does not give a complete history. All the interesting legends of the youthful Rodrigo and Ximena, daughter of the Count de Gomez, whom he had slain in combat, are missing from the tale, for the poem takes up the story at the time of his banishment from the dominions of King Alfonso and deals chiefly with the Moorish campaigns, culminating in the conquest of Valencia, and with the legendary marriage of the two daughters to the Infantes of Carrión. With their defeat in the combat of arms, the poem comes to an end. The copy, which is extant, made by one Pedro Abad in the year 1307, is imperfect and a few extracts from the chronicles have been inserted by the translator to make the narrative consecutive, but otherwise there have been only a few minor additions to the text. Nor have there been omissions. The lists of names, the details of warfare, the repetitions, so characteristic of folk literature, are not deleted. Beginning thus in the middle of the story, being primarily concerned with battle and siege, pillage and plunder, and containing as it does, a wealth of detail, this version would seem to belong to boys and girls of high school age rather than to younger children. For them it has a value both as a reproduction of a famous medieval poem and as an illustration of the manners and customs and the

ideas of morality of the time of its origin. The Cid himself must, of course, be judged from the standpoint of his own place and period and not by the standards of more modern days. The translator has adopted the prose form in preference to the poetic on the ground that such a rendering is bound to be more accurate and also because in this case "the feeling of the original is reproduced better in prose than in verse." The epic meter, it is said, gives the verses a somewhat false dignity and takes away from their peculiarly terse vitality. The short, abrupt sentences may perhaps be a more faithful reflection of the rugged strength of the original; nevertheless, "we are driven from the land" seems tame in comparison with "banished men are we" and, personally, I feel the pathos of the Cid's exile more strongly when I read,

With streaming eyes he turned his head, and saw the sight with pain:
The battered portals open wide, the gates without a chain;
The racks swept bare of all their gear, the furs and mantles gone;
His falcons and his hooded hawks, clean scattered every one.

than when the same description is rendered into prose. It is true, however, that young people will read the narrative story much more readily than a long poem and it is always possible to supplement the prose version with the poetic translation of Archer M. Huntington, or the spirited ballads of Lockhart and Gibson. The pictures by Henry C. Pitz, if not always as fully interpretative as one could wish, have decorative values and add to the attractiveness of a well-printed volume. As this book is limited to the incidents related in the poem and will be used chiefly by older boys and girls, the field would still seem to be open for another version of the Cid legend, simpler in character and utilizing ballad material left untouched in "The Tale of the Warrior Lord," but retaining more of the poetic spirit.

A HERO OF THE DESERT

THE ROMANCE OF ANTAR

By EUNICE TIETJENS

Reviewed by LAURA BENÉT

THIS is a tale of the great Arab chief, graphically and poetically written by an author who, as poet, is capable of the task she has undertaken. The story of Antar is one that will enlighten and please not only adolescent boys and girls but their elders because of the romantic elements of the hero's strange birth, powerful physical appearance, unhappy and thwarted love and dauntless deeds. Above all, because of his background, the mysterious treacherous desert that smiles upon his triumphs. Antar was the son of Shaddad, a noble of the tribe of Abs, and the slave woman, Zabeedah, whom he had captured. He was "like no other child born of the desert," but "like a fragment of a thundercloud." He occupied the status of a slave in his father Shaddad's household. Because of his tremendous strength it was early recognized that he would be a mighty protection to the tribe in time of battle. But he fell hopelessly in love with Ablā, the daughter of his uncle, Milik, who hated him. After submitting to much humiliation for her sake, he was finally given recognition in the tribe because of his skill in battle. But he was promised the hand of Ablā by the treacherous Milik only on condition that he obtain as her dowry one thousand Asafir camels to be "found only in the possession of Monzar, overlord of all Arabs and a lieutenant of the great Emperor Chosroe of Persia, whose armies were innumerable." Antar proved so invaluable to this great prince that his courage was

rewarded by no less a friend than the Emperor Chosroe himself, who loaded him with gifts and rewards. Finally, after endless vicissitudes, he won his beloved Abla and spent ten years with her before dying a hero's death from the poisoned arrow of an enemy.

This is the gist of the story. But how Eunice Tietjens has shaken the dust off the legend and made it shine and glow by preserving the Arabian manner of thought and speech, the exotic images, the swagger and white heat of the hero's speeches and love songs! She has treated the episodes of his adventurous life in a way that makes them doubly resplendent. She has introduced humor in the person of the rascally dandy, Amorah. How consistently Oriental is this description of the Asfir camels:

"They were strong of back, long of stride, and they moved their fore-legs like a man swimming. Swift they were as ostriches and their hind feet fell in the mark of their fore-feet on the ground. Their cheeks were as smooth as paper of Syria and their upper lips were like leather of Yemen, exactly and smoothly cut. They walked with graceful gait, as dancing girls walk, showing their masters the skirts of their trailing garments." An entire chapter of Arabian life is included in this vignette of a camel.

As befits a national hero who is an epic figure, there are pages on the discoveries of his horse, Abjer, "black as ebony, very large . . . whose hoofs were as flat as the beaten coin"—and his sword, Dhami, "two cubits long and two spans wide, of dark metal like a thunderbolt." But Antar, save in his intense chivalry to woman, is not a knightly hero. He is a primitive man of the desert, uncouth, greedy, eloquent, fierce and simple, resembling mightily the old chieftans of the Bible. In language not unlike those strong words of the Bible we are told that he "wrenched open the dog's jaws and tore them in twain even to the shoulders"; that at the Emperor Chosroe's table Antar "sat upon his knees, bared his arms and chucked things into his mouth without a

pause . . . and roared like a wild beast with pleasure" . . . that he could sing as well as fight and wrote the great *Kasida*, an ode, counted as one of the rare jewels of Arabian literature and hung in the Kaaba, the center of the sacred city of Mecca.

His death is the dramatic climax in a dramatic series of incidents and, like the paladins of the Middle Ages, he met death in a valley. Borne in a litter and sinking rapidly from the venom on the arrow aimed at him by Jazar, he had his *Abla* mount his steed, clothed in the heavy armor he wore and carrying his spear. Then, on finding that she was not equal to the weight of it and that horsemen were about to attack their little caravan, he, "half dead as he was, forced himself to rise" and ride beside the litter. Thus they, we are told, reached the Valley of the Gazelles. "Surrounded by inaccessible mountains, it could be entered only from the desert side by a narrow and tortuous pass, where three horsemen could scarcely march abreast. Antares ordered his flocks, his tents, his baggage and his slaves to pass through before him. Last of all, *Abla's* litter passed and halted beside him.

"*Abla*, my beloved,' said Antares, and his great voice was sunk to a whisper, 'the cup of death is at my lips. Pass in safety to your father's tents. And forget not Antares.' . . . Then he turned his horse across the narrow pass."

But the attacking party of warriors who had followed the caravan had not the courage to advance on the motionless figure; and finally it was one sheik, graver than the rest, who did the deed. At his approach *Abjer*, the courser, darted away uncaptured and Antares "fell like a falling tower."

A heroic life fitly ending in a heroic death. A folk tale garlanded with legends, founded on fact, the pictorial beauty of which is enhanced by struggle and tragedy.

"ON THE RIDGE OF THE WORLD"

THE TANGLE-COATED HORSE

AND OTHER TALES FROM THE FIONN SAGA

By ELLA YOUNG

Illustrated by VERA BOCK

Reviewed by LOUISE SEAMAN

HERE is a great book by a great story-teller. You enter it by the gate of an amusing, friendly, childish title. You are lured on by the author's foreword, telling you how all Irishmen love Fionn McCool: "He is giant-big in the minds of the old folk and the children." The first story makes a fine, swift-moving, adventurous beginning. "I purpose to join myself with other lads, as I find them," said Fionn, "and practice feats and stratagems till we can make ourselves felt in some forage and come by weapons; then we will seek a warrior that is kin to me—outlawed now and in hiding—and do as his wisdom counsels."

So we are embarked on the life of a hero whose tale, with all the allied tales of his comrades, makes an epic of a great day, of a dream country whose heroes have shaped the heroism of Irishmen ever since. These people and all their relatives, their strange haunts, their beautiful strange names, are familiar to the true Gael. The complications and mysteries of their existence are real to him. They are a bit difficult to us, as any new world is difficult.

So a guide like Ella Young is a wonderful help to the reader of to-day.

Here she has chosen the best from that great cycle called the Fionn Saga. We hear how Fionn won the lordship of the Fianna; how he found his hound Bran, and his wife Saba; how the Tangle-Coated Horse took him and some of the Fianna to the Land-Under-Wave; of the great battles of the Fianna; of the many enchantments put upon them; of the love of Diarmid and Murias, Kin-Under-Wave's daughter; and of how at last Fionn came to the Well of the Sacred Hazels and became himself the Salmon of Knowledge. Then in the last chapter the author takes us to a monastery where Patrick of the Miracles is staying, three hundred years later. The son of Fionn appears, and many threads of the legends are pulled together; "the monks talked with him and the scribe wrote down the stories that he had, and Patrick argued with him—and we that have the tales are thankful."

We who have this book wish to read it over again. It is the book of a poet, a dreamer, a dramatist; one who loves the Irish country and knows its trees and shrubs and shore; one who can picture the magic of Moy-Mell, and tell you how to cook a fish out of doors. The rhythm of the prose is magical. It has variety and strength, and occasionally it breaks into an old song or rune. It rings with the heroic speeches of the Odyssey. "It is farewell now," said Fionn, gathering up the reins, "to the Land-of-Heart's-Delight, for we must venture to endure on the ridge of the world. O Lords on whom the winds blow never roughly, we will sing you sagas of storm and hard battling and shipwreck when we come again. Farewell, a thousand times farewell!"

It has also robust humor. "The big man turned to his horse. 'Shut fast your ears, O Incomparable One,' he said, 'shut fast your ears against the niggard words of this man. He would begrudge you the dewdrop on a blade of grass, and you wouldn't get a mouthful the size of a spider's foothold if he had the giving of it, but turn yourself to Fionn, he that is the Torch and Noon-Day Sun of Munificence.'"

What will the boys and girls think of it? Well, leave them alone with it. That which is truly great speaks for itself.

A word as to the make-up of the book. A jacket of red, silver and black; a black and silver binding; red and white endpapers; illustrations all black and white. The effect upon me is cold and unfriendly. The artist is able: imaginatively she has taken hold of the most daring and difficult conceptions, with astonishing effect. I cannot separate her style from that of Mr. Artzybasheff, and find it far less interesting, chiefly I think because the drawing of the figures and faces is frequently at fault. Yet who could have done better? Would one have dared to leave the book unillustrated? I find myself much happier with the unillustrated James Stephens stories from this same epic. This world is primitive, but it is not so cold and frightening as these pictures. The beauty of the real country is everywhere; the brilliant color and happy detail of the land of faery is exquisite and charming, not black and forbidding. Yet how could one capture it? For an intellectual interpretation Miss Bock has done well, and whether boys and girls like her work or not, it will spur their imaginations.

THE ART OF ADVENTURE

COURAGEOUS COMPANIONS

By CHARLES J. FINGER

Illustrated by JAMES H. DAUGHERTY

Reviewed by DUDLEY CAMMETT LUNT

IN fact and fancy Charles J. Finger has pursued adventure all over the globe. From his pen have come shrewdly embellished accounts of the eighteenth century highwaymen of England—Claude Duval, Jack Sheppard and Jonathan Wild. Thereafter he revelled in the lore of old Australia and fashioned the fascinating tales to be found in "Bushranger." Recently his keen scent for high adventure has led him to the ancient chronicles wherein are entombed the exploits of the age of exploration and discovery. First there was "Heroes from Hakluyt" and hard upon their heels comes "Courageous Companions," a well spiced yarn of the followers of Ferdinand Magellan in the initial circumnavigation of the globe.

In this more recent field he is not without competitors. In these times, when energy runs riot and haphazard at the clink of a coin, many a dull pen has attempted a transcription of the stuff of these ancient chronicles. The result is ordinarily an insult to the discernment of the reader. A well turned tale of adventure requires more than a boy, a voyage and a string of storms, fights and escapes with people caparisoned in doublet and hose and armed with swords and pikestuffs, whose speech is plentifully garnished with such terms as varlet, rogue, thee, thou and gadzooks.

It is the task of a master of the art of adventure to infuse such material with blood and with life. At his hand the fustian remains fustian, the sword clashes with the ring of true steel and men are actuated to deeds of knavery and bravery by motives that stir the dim pools of feeling in the resources of us all. In "Courageous Companions" the author has met this demand of his art. His tale is vitally alive. Proportion is there, thorough knowledge of the breadth and depth of his subject and a keen zest for the sport of the thing.

At the outset the reader is likely to be impatient. Like those who manned Magellan's ships, he is anxious to be off. Just beyond the horizon are riches within reach of the hand, gold and jewels and sumptuous fare. Yet reader and adventurer alike must wait while supplies are stowed and plans perfected in the port of Seville. And while he waits whispers of intrigue arise and suspicions of jealousy run from man to man. Once at sea comes a tedious run down the west coast of Africa. A dead, dull calm is encountered. Intrigue becomes insubordination and jealousy matures in mutiny. So the realization grows that a voyage with Magellan was not all fair weather and foreign ports. And thus swiftly does the author gain the confidence of the reader and likewise whet his anticipation for what another day may bring.

One reads "Courageous Companions" with a double consciousness of the relating of exciting adventure and an authentic rendition of the famous voyage of Ferdinand Magellan. Whenever and wherever fancy may take the author's pen, it returns inevitably to the hardship, treachery, ferocity and audacity that blended in the daily round of such a voyage. The accounts of the conflicts with the natives of Patagonia bespeak an accurate knowledge of the scene on the part of the author. His reader gains confidence in his competency. Courageous companions are destined to swell in numbers with the reading of this book.

The illustrations by James Daugherty are disappointing. First they require a studied amount of looking before one knows what they are all about. This essentially is a question of design. Moreover, to my mind the illustrations do not seem to have the flavor of the text. To the eye accustomed to Paul Honoré's decorations of Mr. Finger's previous work there is wanting the rich texture of those admirable woodcuts. The postures and gestures which blended magnificently with the buckskin and prairie in Mr. Daugherty's Daniel Boone, and again famously with the antics of the Knickerbockers, somehow seem grotesque when featured in hose and doublet on the high seas.

In all his journeying after adventure Mr. Finger has kept his work entirely masculine. He writes neither of nor for the euphemistically styled weaker sex. Yet are not women entitled to a place in a world of adventurous deeds? The record shows that they are. The story of Madame Brinvilliers, the celebrated poisoner, is unsurpassed in point of exhilarating interest by that of any highwayman, dead or alive. To cite a modern instance there is the unwritten history of Mata Hari, whose sinister work in the late war can be vividly recalled. Cutcliffe Hyne, a past master of adventure, often included women. In "Sandy Carmichael" the exploits of a copper-colored demoiselle, quaintly called Nora by her lover, Murtagh O'Neil, are quite the equal of those of her male protagonists. So long as the characters are convincing the problem of gender is easily bridged. It may be that Mr. Finger is secreting some adventurous queen of hearts in his sleeve. When played she should turn up a trump. Some of the "Tales from Silver Lands" foreshadow and confirm this prediction.



VOYAGES AND DISCOVERIES

HEROES FROM HAKLUYT

By CHARLES J. FINGER

Woodcut decorations by PAUL HONORÉ

Reviewed by HENRY BESTON

I

IT has been my good fortune to wander a bit upon the earth —“going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it”—as the tempter says in the Book of Job, and it has ever seemed to me that mid-ocean on a vast and starlit night is the most mysterious and awesome region of the earth. In the war-time, when all outside lights to the last and tiniest had been quenched, leaving one's whole ship a shape of plunging darkness, it was sometimes my task to stand watch in the bow, the tall mast solemnly moving to and fro across the winter constellations, the endless dissolving hiss of foam alongside flowing past and through my ears. I did not have much time to philosophize, for I had to watch the vague and hostile dark ahead, yet now and then, I remember, I used to think of the first Europeans who dared sail on into night and mid-Atlantic and saw the first unfamiliar stars

hanging faint and hazy in the southern mists close above the sea.

What an adventure such a voyage was three hundred and four hundred and five hundred years ago! Perhaps the spirit of man at its best and bravest has never been seen to better advantage than in these same early venturings, these "traffics and discoveries." To what blue, far-off and horizontal clouds of land did these old seafarers not drive themselves and their ships, venturing into the solemn, unchanging mystery of ocean in tiny tub-like vessels scarce the size of a modern longshore fisherman and limited by the manner of their rigging to an elementary use of favorable winds?

And the ships came and the ships went, and some ships went and never came, and men sailed the seas, and sailing explored, and exploring fought, killed, bargained and died, and so did the earth and the unknown seas become a part of knowledge.

II

Richard Hakluyt, chaplain to the English Embassy in Paris and rector of Witheringset in Suffolk, was born in 1553 and died in 1616. The name has an unfamiliar look to it for an English one, and it is explained that his family was of Dutch descent. An ardent patriot in a stirring and patriotic age, the literary preservation of the lives of the adventurers and discoverers of the English nation became the ruling passion of his life, and to this end he collected maps and manuscripts and set himself to study foreign languages and navigation. The full title of his great work—and a fine, long trumpet call of a title it is: "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffics and Discoveries of the English Nation made by Sea or overland to the remote and farthest distant quarters of the Earth and any time within the compass of these 1600 years."

It has been Mr. Charles Finger's notion and task to enter this famous treasure house and prepare the true gold for the modern reader, a task he has accomplished in a manner both delightful and distinguished. It was not, I am sure, an easy thing to do. First the treasure house had to be visited, every room, and candles held up to every ancient corner, the true gold found and then carried out and turned into good current coin of the day. Getting this book together has been far more than a labor of selection; it has meant editing, rewriting and the most skillful literary rebuilding, and this is just what has been done and done so well.

Beginning with some account of Hakluyt and his work, the book continues on with the adventures of the Cabots off the coast of North America, the adventures of the Frobishers and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the voyages of Drake and Hawkins, the patriotic piracies of George, Earl of Cumberland; the tale of the Revenge and the great sea fight against the Spanish Armada. There is other material, what I have listed being perhaps but the more familiar. Reading here and letting our own minds go voyaging, we shall presently see—and these are not Hakluyt's words, but Mr. Finger's:

“ . . . the tall ships standing out from Plymouth Bay, the sea a-glitter, dancing spray about the ships' bows; the sky cloud-dotted and the green water all sun and flying shadow. And the ships and their white sails flashing in the sun, and the laughter of men, and pleasant brave flags whipping, and on the high poops men of princely temper and courage. Then, too, the calling of white gulls; that and the music of the sea and the creaking of blocks, and the noise of men of the thick-thronged harbor-side.”

How skillfully Mr. Finger has matched his own narrative with the original Elizabethan prose may be seen by comparing the selection quoted with this second paragraph from Hakluyt himself. He is telling of how Cumberland and his men suffered from a scarcity of water, and of how they were on a sudden relieved by rain and hail.

"As for the hailstones, we did eat them more pleasantly than if they had been the sweetest comfits in the world. Some hanged up sheets tied with cords by the four corners and a weight in the midst that the water might run down thither and so be received into some vessel set or hanged underneath. . . . He that got a can of water by these means was spoken of, sued to and envied as a rich man. Some of the poor Spaniards that we had taken (who notwithstanding had the same allowance that our own men had) would come and rave of us, for the love of God, but so much water as they could hold in the hollow of their hand, and they had it, notwithstanding our great extremity, to teach them some humanity instead of their accustomed barbarity both to us and to other nations heretofore."

Brave deeds and ill deeds, wars and lootings and burnings of towns, explorations and discoveries, knightly gestures—here will you find them all and as real all of them as the men who did them long ago. You will find Hakluyt and do him homage and you will find and like a spirit of wise joy in the adventure of living, of bold acceptance and of reverent wonder which is Mr. Finger's own, and is to be found in every book which has come to us from his hand.

III

I have long been an admirer of Mr. Paul Honoré's illustrations. In a world too much given to the pretty-pretty, to the millinery, so to speak, of art, his woodcuts have stood out every year to remind us of the values of individuality, of the austerity of all true beauty and of the need of vigor. We are far too ready to forget these days—hurry and machinery having eaten away all but the husk of the old craftsmanship, how truly a part strength is of any enduringly lovely thing. You will find no lack of it in these bold plates. Such a book

as this does not call for illustration in any conventional way; it calls for the decorative gesture, the rich but undeviating line, the nobler simplicities of color and a real imaginative gift. Mr. Honoré's woodcuts have precisely these qualities; in this same Hakluyt, illustrator and editor start from the same ground and end at the same goal.



THE EMBELLISHMENT OF A BOOK

THE covers of a book are to me like the threshold of a house which one enters, wondering what the person whom he is to meet within will be like. But unlike the house, where one can settle into a chair and, glancing around at the furniture, books, pictures and walls, see mirrored in them with crystal clarity the personality of his host, the characters in books have no voice in the manner of their housing. Too often they are like a colorful personality confined in a hotel bedroom, stripped of everything upon which his life has impressed itself. The illustrator (I dislike the word) should declare the will of the text. The embellishment of a book inspires in me the same feeling of duty to the text that I feel as a mural painter toward the purposes of a building.

A mural should not be just a series of incidents worked out in decoration, but a composite, visual declaration so sympathetic that one unconsciously senses the spirit which it defines. The architecture of a great cathedral inspires in us an exaltation and a reverence which make us receptive to religious teaching and does it so subtly that we remain unconscious of having been influenced by the silent sermons of its stones.

In books, decoration should be thoughtfully conferred, as a sort of heraldic symbol of the order of their meaning. In "Heroes From Hakluyt" I tried to catch the spirit of such forces as superstition, piety, conquest, hazard, cruelty and so forth that dominated the times, meanwhile weaving the whole together in a cohesive scheme that had the flavor of the Middle Ages.

PAUL HONORÉ.



SALLY'S A B C

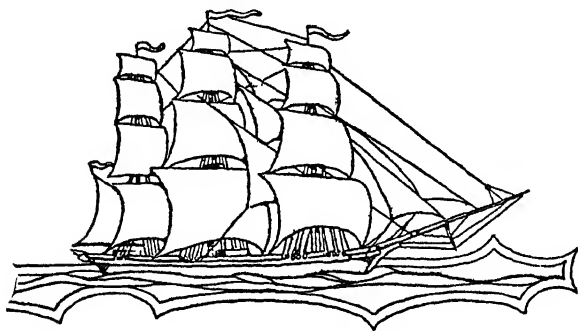
Sewed in a Sampler in 1795 by SALLY JANE TATE

Interpreted by DUGALD STEWART WALKER

AN artist who has taken the utmost pains with the reproduction and binding of his work as well as with the original conception is Dugald Stewart Walker, whose delicate drawings and decorative designs for "Sally's A B C" might easily have been spoiled in the process of manufacture. This charming book is derived from a sampler sewed by Sally Jane Tate, a little girl who lived in Boston 150 years ago. Samplers have a fascination for children when associated with mothers or grandmothers or any known characters. Out of a genuine awareness of this appeal and out of a desire to hand on somewhat of the beauty, the quaintness of dress and the charm of everyday life in the

eighteenth century in ways that children may remember as they grow older as part of their inheritance, Mr. Walker has made a unique contribution to children's books of American origin and design. It is not, be it noted, a book that children will necessarily be eager to learn the alphabet from; neither is it one which they will be likely to regard as a substitute for a popular picture storybook. It is a book to explore from time to time without fear of coming to the end of its treasure, and it seems to me the best work that Mr. Walker has yet done.

A limited edition of "Sally's A B C" printed on Japanese Vellum by the Bartlett Ozz Press preserves the full value of the original drawings and contains a fascinating series of notes on the artist's source material for the book. It adds to anyone's pleasure in A is for Ale to know, "the Ale is in a toby jug that belongs to Miss Susan Brock of Fair Street, Nantucket Island. The toby jug was owned by her father, the captain of the clipper ship 'Midnight,' whose figure-head was an Owl."



"THE AMERICAN PROCESSIONAL"

ABE LINCOLN GROWS UP

By CARL SANDBURG

Illustrated by JAMES DAUGHERTY

WHEN James Daugherty's fine drawings for Stewart Edward White's "Daniel Boone" first appeared in the fall of 1926, I remember speculating as to whether this artist of our pioneer life had read Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln, the Prairie Years," published a few months before. As a matter of fact, Mr. Daugherty had not then read the book.

In a letter to *The Three Owls* dated November 1, 1926, he says, "I am still with Sandburg's Lincoln, have not got beyond the first volume simply because I have to keep re-reading it. This is the real American processional."

Why shouldn't a new book for boys and girls quite naturally and inevitably spring from the meeting of the biographer and the artist who dipped his brush in the same living stream? "Abe Lincoln Grows Up" is the publishers' answer to the question. Carl Sandburg has not rewritten or edited his life of Lincoln for boys and girls. He has simply consented to the reprinting of the first twenty-seven chapters of that first volume which James Daugherty read and reread until he could no longer keep from drawing the pictures he found in it. Memories of his own boyhood experiences in southern Ohio and Indiana mingle with impressions left by Sandburg's text in the mind of the artist, enabling him to see the Wilderness life with his own eyes and to create inti-



James Daugherty's drawing of Johnny Appleseed for Abe Lincoln Grows Up

mate, tender and humorous pictures of the baby Lincoln and his mother, of the nine-year-old Dennis Hanks, holding the baby of whom he prophesied, "He'll not come to much"; of the playful small boy Lincoln, and the ungainly youth now reading by firelight, now wrestling with his pals in the open, now "putting his ax to big trees."

Not less interesting to children are the dramatic pictures of the Mississippi River boat, of New Orleans, and its Slave Market, which Lincoln was never to forget; of Tom Lincoln and Nancy Hanks riding through the wilderness on horseback, and the stirring figures of Daniel Boone, Johnny Appleseed, the preacher, and the fiery Andrew Jackson surrounded by his men.

These drawings are a fresh contribution to American history whether one likes them or not. Taken in conjunction with the pictorial maps and charts of van Loon's "America" they are certain to give new impetus to the reading and study of American history.

If Mr. Sandburg ever feels the inclination to edit his two volumes into a single volume for boys and girls Mr. Daugherty will have still wider scope for his unusual powers and the children a better chance at what many boys and girls from the age of eleven have already appropriated as their own life of Lincoln.

I do not agree with the publishers' note that the chapters about Lincoln's boyhood are more interesting to boys and girls than some of the later ones. This is merely the restatement of an old theory concerning the biographic interest of young people. If no editing was to be done, it was merely a possible place to stop in the narrative, leaving Lincoln at nineteen setting forth for New Salem. But I think there is room for a more generous selection from the whole biography.

The physical make-up of "Abe Lincoln Grows Up" is not nearly so good as it ought to be. The smaller drawings are neither as well spaced nor as well placed in the book as they

should be to give an impression of completeness. Moreover, they are printed on an absorbent quality of heavy paper, which is exceedingly poor for general library use as well as for the reproduction of drawings as crowded with figures as are some of these. Several of the impressions are so blurred as to lose much of the vigor and meaning of the originals.

Notwithstanding physical defects which may be remedied in future editions, the book is one which no library should be without and one which will bring a new atmosphere to the celebration of Lincoln's birthday in the schools and the homes of the country.

AN AMERICAN HERO TALE

JOHNNY APPLESEED AND OTHER POEMS

By VACHEL LINDSAY

Illustrated by GEORGE M. RICHARDS

JOHNNY APPLESEED

By ELEANOR ATKINSON

Illustrated by FRANK T. MERRILL

Reviewed by ERNESTINE EVANS

LONG before there were any motion pictures . . . I had seen two great films. Sprawled on a grassy knoll before my uncle's log cabin, where we spent our summers, I used to listen to two amazing stories, one of my grandfather's covered wagon business, which had transported so

many emigrants from Indiana and Michigan across the plains, and the other of a man who had crossed the Appalachians and, going into the wilderness north of the Ohio River, had lived his life planting orchards in the forest. As my mother told the stories picture after picture flashed across my mind. The red-winged blackbirds dipped over the marsh in front of our cabin, and as twilight came the frogs croaked in a long, pulsating orchestral accompaniment; the telling of the tale went on. . . . Johnny Appleseed under the sun, walking the pale green trails in spring, talking the language of the hares and the deer, smoking the pipe of peace with the Indians, making his clearings, tending his trees.

"I think the future apple tree," his ballad runs.

Long before I had heard of Lincoln, and of little George and the cherry tree, or big George crossing the Delaware, Johnny Appleseed and Hiawatha were my great American heroes, great tales of comings and goings into which every bit of one's own experience could be woven. If my brother and I discovered a marsh wren's nest, we said: "And did Johnny Appleseed talk with the wrens?" And whisk, into the story my mother would let a flock of wrens.

You will see, therefore, how my heart beats and aches and rises, remembering those old tellings and the swift succession of earliest pictures, as I turn the pages of these two book versions of John Chapman's story, full of the great swing of the cross-Appalachian migration and a hundred incidents, fact and fancy, that were not in my mother's story. If I miss the little ribbons of personal experience that we added to the tale as an oriole might some color to its nest, I am most well rewarded by things I never had, the fine, breath-taking, wind-giving, blowing, shining language of Vachel Lindsay's brave recitation.

(Hear his swift directions for the telling: "To be read like old leaves on the elm trees of Time, sifting soft winds with sentence and rhyme".)

"In the days of President Washington,
The glory of the Nations,
Dust and ashes,
Snow and sleet,
And hay and oats and wheat,
Blew west,
Crossed the Appalachians,
Found the glades of rotting leaves, the soft deer pastures,
The farms of the far-off future
In the forest."

Oh, never give the children dates in history until they have sung with Vachel Lindsay the story of the wilderness, heard its quiet, heard its tumult, and squirrels, dreamed its weather and its waters.

In what fairy tale is there such a forest as John Chapman walked. . . .

"Loving every sloshy brake,
Loving every skunk and snake,
Loving every leathery weed,
Johnny Appleseed, Johnny Appleseed,
Master and ruler of the unicorn-ramping forest,
The tiger-mewing forest,
The rooster-trumpeting, boar-foaming, wolf-ravening forest,
The spirit-haunted, fairy-enchanted forest,
Stupendous and endless,
Searching its perilous ways
In the name of the Ancient of Days."

What a beloved story, and how Lindsay sings it:

"Painted kings in the midst of the clearing
Heard him ask his friends the eagles
To guard each planted seed and seedling.
Then he was a God, to the Red Man's dreaming;
Then the chiefs brought treasures grotesque and fair;—
Magical trinkets and pipes and guns,
Beads and furs from their medicine-lair,—
Stuck holy feathers in his hair."

The story is sweetly told, with death so simply met that it is part of life's pattern.

"Autumn rains were the curtains, autumn leaves were the quilt."

What is this story that is ours, more American than any story that I know? It is a story of a man who lived upon the earth. Upon the earth, not within sheltering and confining walls, who possessed what he *knew*, not what he owned, who put seeds into the earth, ideas into people's heads, and was so nonacquisitive as to cast, as it were, bread upon the waters. The poet, Ridgeley Torrence, grew up in a gnarled old orchard that Appleseed had planted, and who shall say that from suds of some cider press that Johnny passed more than apples did not come?

Eleanor Atkinson's prose account, which she calls "Johnny Appleseed, the Romance of the Sower," reprinted at the special request of a committee of librarians, is a more pedestrian rendering, but for that very reason, in many cases, a better introduction to the historic legend. Frank Merrill's many illustrations assist but do not distinguish the story, and I find in the style a certain substitution of sentiment and patriotism for poetry and universal "moral." But I would not say, read this one, or that, but rather read them both, and having read them, beg new poets and new story-tellers to relate and relate again the whole story, and its fragments, lingering to explain the kinds and varieties of boats that once bore the multitudes down the Ohio, pausing to explain to old and young the kinship of thorn and rose and apple. Read William Blake again some day, remembering that he and Chapman both called themselves Swedenborgians; read St. Francis's story and know that Johnny, too, knew no lines between the living things, but loved them all and spoke to them.

The other poems in this reprint of Lindsay's include "The Sante Fé Trail," "The Congo," "The Litany for Heroes," "The Ghost of the Buffaloes," and forty or so

others. It is one of the finest additions to the Macmillan classics. One wishes only that Mr. Lindsay's friend, George Richards, had been able to keep in tune with the poems. The quality of Mr. Richards's illustrations is often thin, while Lindsay remains as always, thick, plummy, loud and luscious, the blackest, whitest, bluest, reddest of the painters in words.

"ALL AMERICA IN EACH APPLE"

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

IT is to the American poets—to Whitman, Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, we instinctively turn for inspiring birthday celebrations of great Americans. Neither debunked biographies, nor made-to-order historical novels give the breath of life that carries a great man over from one generation to another.

Sandburg has paid tribute to Lincoln in simple prose, while for Vachel Lindsay "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight":

A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house, pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards,
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well worn stones,
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint, great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us—as in times before.
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

In giving Johnny Appleseed a familiar place among the natural associations of her childhood, Ernestine Evans records a suggestion equally pertinent to the experience of the child to-day. Both at home and at school solid bits of America itself, whether in the form of a juicy red apple or of an Indian baby, may well precede more or less abstract impressions of Washington and Lincoln as great characters in American history. Johnny Appleseed and Hiawatha do come first in the natural order of a child's interest and experience, but they are rarely given their true place among early historical associations.

It takes time and wisdom and a deep draught of the poetry at the heart of life to interpret even a single apple of America to the least of Americans:

Thumping across the gold,
An angel in each apple that touched the forest mold,
A ballot-box in each apple,
A state capital in each apple,
Great high schools, great colleges,
All America in each apple. . . .
He saw the fruits unfold
And all our expectations in one wild-flower written dream.

The Owls regard the publication of "Johnny Appleseed and Other Poems" in a special edition for boys and girls as quite as important an addition to the resources in American history and biography as it is to the books of poetry which are read over and over again for sheer love of their singing rhythms and delicate fantasies. It is a book for the whole family, this book with its "Yellow Butterflies," its "Moon Poems" and its "Nightingales" along with its "Stories and Heroes."

IN A PIKUMI VILLAGE

QUEER PERSON

By RALPH HUBBARD

Illustrated by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

Reviewed by JACQUELINE OVERTON

IT was a weird, strange little figure, clad only in the remnant of an old buffalo robe roped round his middle, and trailing behind, that stumbled half blindly through the snow of a Montana blizzard into the midst of a Pikumi Indian village. Some day he would be a man; at the moment he was only a starved, frightened baby, who steered from one tepee to another, looking for warmth and protection.

Some fed him, others warmed him, but all eventually turned him out of doors because to all their questioning he remained dumb and there was no response in his big eyes—therefore he must be possessed of an evil spirit, and to harbor him might bring bad luck to their families.

“Three lodges remained in all that great village and after that there would be no road open to the waif but the great white spaces, rolling away, not to one horizon, but to many . . . Quite unmindful of the possible fate ahead of him he trudged along for all the world as if he were playing a nice game from lodge to lodge instead of a game with Old Cold Maker and Death for partners.”

Into the last lodge he went and rolled up to sleep among the dogs. This lodge belonged to Granny, bent and brown as a withered leaf and wise as her years. Nobody loved Granny; her tongue was too sharp and she had a bad habit

of twitting about facts, so she lived alone with her dogs. It was a long time since any one had willingly sought her smoky tepee for shelter and her lonely old heart warmed toward this dumb little stranger. She would keep him, if only to torment the villagers with their silly talk of evil spirits. They thought he was an idiot, did they? grunted Granny with a chuckle after watching the boy a while. She'd show them if he was an idiot.

So Queer Person, as they called him, grew up in Granny's lodge. They talked together in a sign language of their own and an almost uncanny understanding was established between them. People began to take him for granted. One or two realized there was "no addled soul in this little body," that a "big fire burned within him" and that beyond all else the child possessed the "spirit eye, a rare and much feared as well as cherished supernatural power." The word idiot was less used and was replaced by That-boy-with-no-voice and three of the young braves of the village taught him to ride and shoot. Nevertheless, he and Granny still endured torments and gibes and his only playmates were the dogs and another boy as unfortunate as himself, dubbed The Crooked One.

The Crooked One was lame, but there was nothing the matter with his speech or hearing. The two boys were constantly together and "what one missed the other gathered in; so it may be depended upon that few things in their world went uninspected. One pair of ears had to do for both. The Twisted One rapidly improved in his hand talk, too, for Queer Person was constantly at him with something to say." The only other person of his own age besides the Crooked One who never tormented him was Chief Big Pipe's daughter, Singing Moon, and the pity and understanding in her eyes sank deep into Queer Person's heart, especially since the girl was known to be a great tease and spared few, young or old.

Then came the time when Queer Person, like every other



Illustration by Harold ochmidt for Queer Person

Indian boy, must go off alone to fast and pray and dream his Medicine Dream—and in the midst of his weariness and exhaustion and the ecstasy of his dream his hearing is restored by a perfectly natural means, and with hearing comes speech. With his instinct for self-protection uppermost, he hides the fact that he can hear and utter sounds until he makes his way back to Granny, and when the old woman discovers what has happened she sees still farther ahead. Now the two of them shall triumph and she and Queer Person plan and wait, and for a long year and more no one besides Granny knows he can speak and Queer Person suffers and endures more than he ever did when he was deaf and dumb.

One day little Sun Pipe, heir to the Chieftdom, is stolen by an enemy tribe. In despair Chief Big Pipe offers his daughter, Singing Moon, to him who shall bring the child back. The day which Granny and Queer Person have waited for has come, and before he sets out on his search Singing Moon has a chance to see Queer Person in the garb of a young warrior and to hear from his own lips of his devotion to her and his determination to find Sun Pipe and bring him back, which, of course, he does and receives his reward after undergoing many hardships and encountering many dangers. What a moment for Granny when her adopted son rides back into the village to be greeted as one of the great!

This is the old story of Prince Charming told against an authentic Indian background and told dramatically with a real ability for character drawing. One is not likely to forget Granny. Ralph Hubbard got the rudiments of the story from a Crow Indian many years ago and has told it and retold it, adding to the original tale out of his own knowledge of the Indians among whom he has lived, until it stands as it is written in the book.

We learn that Mr. Hubbard for the last few years has been special instructor in Indian lore to the Boy Scouts of America, which perhaps accounts for the occasional disturb-

ing sense one gets in the story of an eye on the audience. The last chapter is an anti-climax, a bit sentimental, less vigorous than the chapters that have gone before, certainly less Indian and just a trifle condescending with its appeal to the "dear reader," but these faults do not occur elsewhere, and on the whole "Queer Person" is a fine story.

Harold von Schmidt, the illustrator, has helped materially to make "Queer Person" one of the distinctive books of the year. It is a long time since we have seen such interpretative illustrations as vigorously drawn. They carry a true sense of the people and the country out of which the story grew, and we are glad the publishers have given them the space they deserve, in a full spread. Mr. von Schmidt, who has been a student of Indian life at first hand all his life, says, "I have stayed, worked with and played with the Indians and have sat in their councils. The story of the Indian is an epic, full of tragedy. They had created a civilization, with its arts and crafts, folklore and poetry, and a social state that we should learn much from, but which we are attempting to destroy. The Indian has been either idealized or belittled by his interpreters, artistic and otherwise. He is an interesting and very human individual, and until the American people can see him as he is there seems little hope for him."

MRS. DIAZ AND WILLIAM HENRY

AN old and well loved children's book in a new format is always a little trying to a generation that cherishes the traditional in children's books.

There can be no question, however, about the desirability of better typography for any children's book in small type. As to the illustrations, that depends on whether they belong to the text or are easily separable from it. Children are quick to feel a strong association between text and picture, nor are they at all intimidated by the old-fashioned, provided the drawing has life and meaning.

The Owls are glad to note that the original illustrations have been retained in the new printings in large type of Abby Morton Diaz's "The William Henry Letters" and "Polly Cologne." These two books are milestones in the history of American literature for children. William Henry is the forerunner of the American boy in fiction, preceding by a year or more Thomas Bailey Aldrich's Tom Bailey, while Polly Cologne is the first rag doll to make a record as the heroine of a mystery story.

Both characters are the spontaneous creations of a gifted story-teller who was years ahead of her day. An ardent progressive in the field of education for parenthood, as well as for childhood, Mrs. Diaz had many accomplishments denied to educators of the 1860's and 70's. She knew more old ballads than anybody else in Plymouth and could sing them steadily for a whole evening. She kept a singing-school in her father's kitchen. She held her first dancing-school in the empty wood-room of the schoolhouse of the village where she was teaching and sang the directions. If she were alive today the Owls feel confident that she would be eagerly

sought after to preside over Mr. Henry Ford's Little Red Schoolhouse at Sudbury.

When first urged to write for publication Mrs. Diaz scoffed at the idea and said "there was not enough in her," But when at last she did write a story she aimed high and sent it to *The Atlantic Monthly*, having no idea it would be accepted, but preferring to "work her way down from the best market." But the story was accepted and her writings were soon much in demand for their lively wit and wisdom. It is interesting to know how "The William Henry Letters" originated. Mrs. Diaz heard of a boy who sent home from boarding school a letter saying they used pink soap, and with this slight foundation she wrote for *Our Young Folks* a few imaginary letters which she supposed would all appear in one issue. The editor, recognizing their serial value, strung them out through several numbers. Theodore Roosevelt read and reread these letters in the bound volumes of the magazine which he regarded, boy and man, as "the very best magazine in the world." The picture letters in "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children" are perhaps a reflection of his own delight in William Henry's drawings.

The Owls regret that the careful attention given to the inside of these two books was not extended to the binding and the cover jackets. The redrawn oversize figures of William Henry and Polly Cologne are mere caricatures, and poor ones at that. It was a mistake also to repeat the statement used on the cover jacket upon the cloth cover itself. Libraries will doubtless prefer to bind these books more suitably since they are of perennial interest as vivid pictures of American home and school life at the end of the Civil War.

AMERICA IN PICTURES

AMERICA

By HENDRIK VAN LOON

Reviewed by JOSEPHINE ADAMS RATHBONE

VAN LOON'S "America" has been one of the most reviewed books of the year, the reactions ranging from scandalized protest to enthusiastic appreciation. The only excuse for adding to the commentaries upon it is that it has not been considered from the point of view of its use by children.

Of course it is not a child's book—the author nowhere indicates that he had intended it for younger readers, and but for the illustrations it would probably never have been considered from this angle at all. But as a picture book it clamors for attention from all interested in children—parents, teachers and librarians. For the pictures not merely illustrate American history, they fairly illuminate it. The charts or picture maps are especially enlightening; those showing the closing of the trade routes to the east, the efforts to sail around Africa, the early settlements of New Spain, New Netherlands and New England are so dramatic that one longs to teach history with them drawn on the blackboard or thrown on a screen. Those depicting the Revolution show the strategy of the British more vividly than mere words could ever do it, and the three charts on the Civil War tell the whole story unforgettably. A barbed-wire fence strung along Mason and Dixon's line with Union gunboats in front of every port converts the abstract idea of a blockade into reality.

A drawing two by three inches pictures the tragedy of

the march through Georgia; another shows the French Revolution with the crashing pillars of society precipitating castle and cathedral to ruin. These and many others—the Trapper, the Pioneer, the Return Visit arrest attention. But as a book for children to read—that is another story. It certainly should not be the first history to be read, and that for many reasons. It pre-supposes a knowledge of events, a background of experience without which much of it would be unintelligible. Then, too, there is a cynicism and flippancy that are not wholesome for the young who would not know how to discount such dicta as "For in the world of politics it does not matter so much what we do as when we do it," or, "For in history, as in life, it is success that counts." Children need heroes, and to deprive the past of romance and glamour, even in the interest of truth, is for them a dubious gain. Truths are for those who can use them and should be judiciously adjusted to the development of the recipient. For older boys and girls, however, the book has much to recommend it. It is thoroughly readable and it is generally fair. The points of view of conflicting parties are evenly balanced, as might be expected from one approaching the subject from without. Both the British and the colonial sides are fairly represented, and the differences of opinions and outlook among the colonists themselves, between the traders of the coast and the pioneers of the frontiers, between the royalists and the revolutionists are clearly brought out. The Northern and Southern positions are so impartially stated that the author even apologizes for appearing to defend slavery against his own convictions.

He is not without prejudices of his own however. He frankly dislikes the Puritans, and his attitude toward the Pilgrim fathers is much that of his own Dutch ancestors toward that contumacious and ungrateful band of aliens who refugeed in Holland and who returned the hospitality received there by fighting the Dutch in America and "accusing them of every crime under the sun."

Like Krapp's "America, the Great Adventure," with which it is comparable, this work minimizes war and politics; indeed, going a step further in that direction, for the French and Indian War is not even mentioned, and the fall of Quebec is casually referred to in a single sentence, while neither Wolfe nor the Heights of Abraham is named. Washington, Jefferson, the older Adams, Madison, Monroe, Andrew Jackson and Lincoln are the only Presidents in the picture; there is not even a list of them with their dates for references, as was given by Krapp. Political parties are almost wholly ignored; neither Democratic nor Whig appears in the index, while the only Republican party referred to is that of Jefferson! On the other hand, the human interest is far stronger in van Loon's "America," and there is a deeper understanding of psychology; events, policies, political changes are shown to follow from the habits, the needs, the tastes, the ambitions, the weakness and the strength of men and women, and the results are judged by their effects on human beings. I have added another category to my classification of schools of historical thought—the political, economic, typographic et al.—and that is the Human Nature School, in which van Loon's "America" stands out pre-eminent.

He has also a lively gift of characterization. George Grenville is presented in the rôle of "Boy patriot . . . a perfect representative of that type of official mind which can do more harm in less time than any other known agency of human ingenuity." Washington comes to life in a two-page description presented from the standpoint of a common soldier. "Not a man who could not see a joke, not a heavy churchgoer either. . . . All in all a fine gentleman, not the sort you'd slap on the back. No, not exactly. But if he decided to go somewhere, you somehow or other decided that you would go there too. Leadership they called it. Well, he had it."

No one has better understood the temper of the frontiersman; the man to whom the wilderness had given his

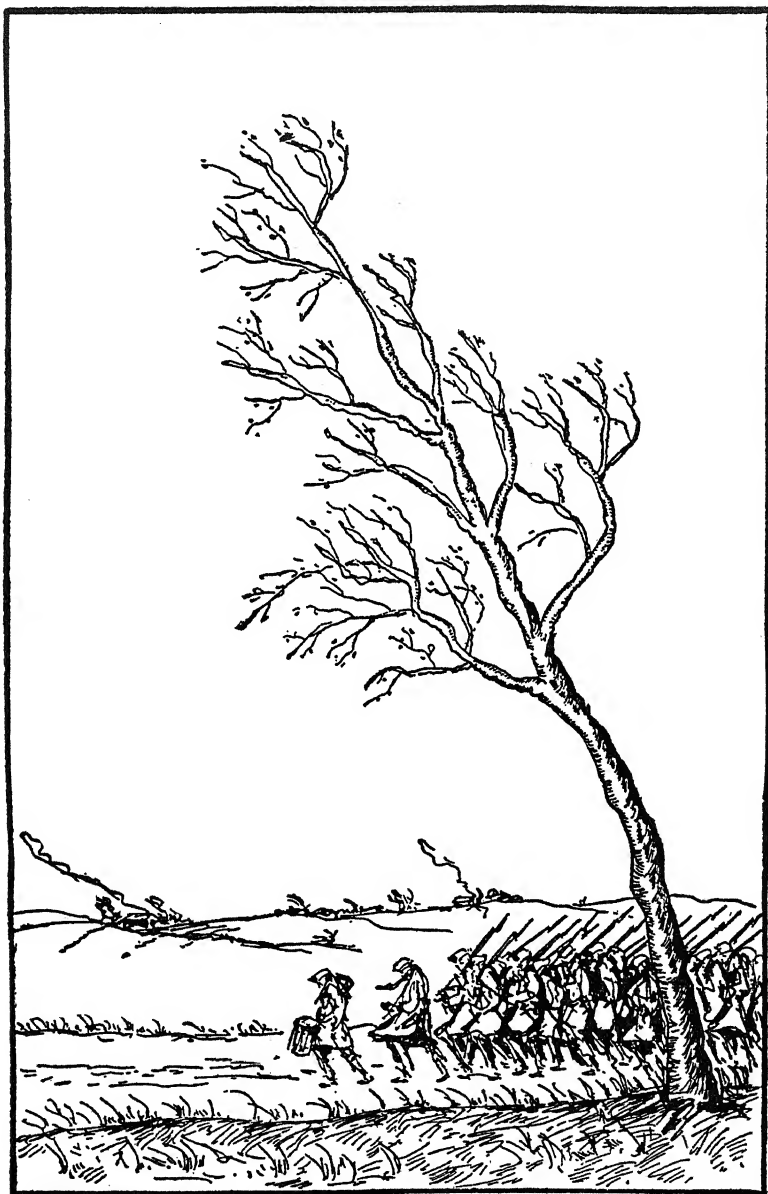


Illustration by Hendrik van Loon for his America

first, his only chance, or the significance to the common man of the election of Andrew Jackson, that emancipation of the white man "from the last shackles of his ancient serfdom." It would do every one of us good to read the chapters called "Homespun Wisdom of the Frontier" and "Dictatorship," in order to realize again the foundations on which American democracy was built. We have come so far from our origins, democracy is so lightly regarded to-day that we are likely to forget what a recent and startling phenomenon it is, historically considered, and what, because of the success of this first experience in popular government, America meant to the lower classes in nineteenth-century Europe.

Yes, decidedly, this is a book to be read by the younger, if not by the youngest, generation. It is alive, vivid, dramatic. Underneath its occasionally flippant surface there is courage, a feeling for realities, a true sense of values and a candid presentation of opposing opinions that may act as a wholesome corrective for readers of high-school age to the type of history produced to meet the demands of superpatriots.

THE TIDE OF TIME

THE STREAM OF HISTORY

By GEOFFREY PARSONS

Reviewed by ALICE M. JORDAN

THE newer interpretation of history has made a breathless romance of a once formal plodding mass of dates and names. For archæology, astronomy, anthropology and geology, no less than geography and a host of other sciences, now add their contribution to a balanced and enlightened view of the world story.

Geoffrey Parsons in "The Stream of History," has written a magnificent book about the universe, seeing it in one unbroken flow, often in tumultuous movement, but always moving onward, not as a series of episodic periods. Although the latest scientific investigations lead the thought of man to read a meaning in the unwritten records discovered in every part of the world, he warns us that even science does not always speak with certainty. Condensed though the narrative is into a single medium-sized volume, told with incredible swiftness, it sweeps along with the grip of a great dramatic poem. The stream of history, without beginning or end, carries the imagination on its surging rapids from the vast unknown of chaos to our own day.

A fairer or less opinionated history it would be hard to find. Many a person for whom the past holds significance and charm has longed for a book where he might find both sides of a mooted question, one that would admit the possibility of several theories on doubtful points. Here

is a sane and judicial relation of the essential facts known about our world, told with great clarity and simplicity, comparing earlier assumptions with the tendency of modern opinion and making one continuous story of extraordinary vigor and fascination.

"Geology," says Mr. Parsons, "is the greatest detective story ever written." And then he proceeds to develop clues to world mysteries while he paints vivid pictures of an earth ceaselessly worn away by waves and weather, to be thrust up again into mountain ranges miles high, peaks in the Rockies over which fishes swam, lost continents, land bridges and the Great Ice Age.

When the evidence of early man appears, archæology and anthropology reconstruct his development, the slow and painful gains in culture, the great inventions which marked his steps upward and showed his growing superiority.

"After 100,000 years of savagery and 10,000 years of barbarism the beginnings of writing and civilization appeared at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. The three earliest civilizations now known, the Egyptian, the Babylonian and (a little later) the Ægean, developed close to the point at which the three continents, Africa, Asia and Europe, are united. Oddly enough, also, of the three, one developed in each continent." More than once Mr. Parsons emphasizes the importance of this meeting place of the three continents.

But to quote from one chapter of the book is to think almost immediately of another equally striking. One of the most absorbing sections deals with the Egyptians, that strange race whose most notable achievement was the mastery of writing. With the vast store of material from which to draw, Mr. Parsons's intuition never fails to choose that most interesting to the general reader.

Somehow the events of the later years are pale beside those early days, but they are discussed with remarkable justice and wisdom. The prejudices and passions which sur-

round the Middle Ages and the Renaissance are recognized, but the author aims to correct distortions and misapprehensions in each point of view and to give each perspective and rational proportion. His comments on our own age are arresting. To read such a book is an enlarging and enriching experience increased by pleasure in a direct and vigorous style, unerringly handled.

THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD
MEN WHO FOUND OUT
STORIES OF GREAT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES
By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS
Reviewed by LOUIS P. HAMMETT

THESE are vivid yet simply expressed stories of the lives and scientific activities of great scientific discoverers. The obvious purpose of the author is to use the personal narratives as a means of imparting a glimmering of the meaning of scientific method and of the excitement of scientific research.

The first requirement for a children's book is that children shall read it; without this the book can do neither harm nor good. On this most important point, however, I find myself doubting my own enthusiasms. The stories seem to me adventurous, exciting, beautifully told, but they are stories about that pursuit which is to me the most exciting and interesting occupation imaginable. Who am I to judge whether this excitement can be imparted to children in the way that the thrill of war and battle transfers itself from even a clumsily written book to my nine-year-old son? Nevertheless, I find it hard to imagine that this book could be less than interesting to any child who has in his temperament that which makes him a potential scientist.

To let the potential scientist discover himself is perhaps the greatest value of a book like this, as it is of any elementary instruction in science. There is also a possible purely cultural value for people who are not to be scientists

but who are to live in a world made very complicated by the results of scientific investigation. Certainly one cannot desire all people to adopt the scientific method. It is a very poor method to use in crossing a New York street or in saving one's eye teeth in a business deal. But to have every one understand, if not to practice, something of science might be an excellent thing for civilization. In either case a correct impression of science is vitally important.

In this respect, Mrs. Ellis's book is wholly admirable, because it deals almost exclusively with the methods of science, and method is the one continuing, vital, indispensable thing in science. Theories and hypotheses are ephemeral—tools to be used, not conclusions to be believed. Unfortunately the line of least resistance in popularization of science is to gild these tools, the spades and pickaxes of science, tie ribbons on them and hang them up for esthetic admiration, or to worship them as the foundation of a new metaphysics or religion. There is no trace of this attitude here.

The following features of the book are particularly valuable. There is a constant emphasis upon experimentation as the method of finding things out which is indispensable if any idea of the meaning of science is to be imparted to the reader. Moreover, experimental investigation is presented as something in itself very interesting and exciting, aside from any value of the result. Many great scientists have been impelled by a devoted desire to aid their fellow men, but one can be certain that they were happy in their work itself as well as in its results. They have an inner compulsion which demands that they find things out, whether it does any good to themselves or any one else except in the finding. The clear warning against believing all that one reads, even when it is written by scientists, is very healthy. The author confesses frankly the incompleteness of her own information and does not adopt the pedagogic garment of infallibility which harmonizes so poorly with a scientific approach. The beginning of all scientific work is

a knowledge of one's own ignorance. Along with this is the presentation of modern science as something incomplete and uncertain, but just on that account as exciting in its possibilities of growth as a baby.

A word of warning seems necessary. There is no minimizing of the historical conflict of physical and biological science with organized religion. There is a strong intimation of the belief of the author that a scientific approach to social and ethical problems will face the same sort of opposition. The book is decidedly not the sort of thing to be put in the hands of a child whom one wishes to bring up in unquestioning submission to human authority or in the acceptance of dogma of any kind. There is a problem of real importance here, for a man who rejects authority like the scientist without having attained the worship of facts which is the essence of scientific method is a most unfortunate mortal.

JOURNEYS WITH JULES VERNE

By DUDLEY C. LUNT

JULES VERNE—at the mention of the name a picture arises of a small boy lying flat on his stomach with a pair of heels knocking together in the air, his chin propped on his grimy fists and his imagination aflight on a journey “in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.” Whoever does not treasure a similar recollection may count on having missed one of the keener pleasures of reading. For a grown-up it is a sensation that can only be recaptured. So, if a boy or a girl wants something to look back upon, let Jules Verne be a milepost in their reading.

This year is Jules Verne's centenary year. He was born on the 8th of February in 1828. It was not until 1870, at the age of forty-two, after he had successfully essayed the law and later the drama, that he hit upon the metier for his peculiar genius. In that year was published his “Five Weeks in a Balloon.” From then until his death in 1905 in a little house in Amiens, his fertile imagination evolved a series of tales which have been the delight of boys and girls the world over. His published works number forty-five and they have been translated into languages as diverse as Japanese and Arabic. Their present-day popularity is amply attested by the fact that it took the writer two weeks to procure six of them at the public library in a small town.

One's first journey with Jules Verne is very likely to be “Around the World in Eighty Days.” Here is a tale of high adventure. There are the machinations of the detec-

tive Fix, who pursues Phileas Fogg believing him to be a fugitive from justice. There is the romantic rescue of the lovely Hindu, Aouda, from an awful death on the funeral pyre of her husband—a suttee. There are fights with Indians on the Western plains. There is a duel with Colonel Stamp Proctor, a two-gun man in the true Wild West fashion.

All this is tinged with the suspense of which Jules Verne was a master. It is nip and tuck, the party being delayed time and again, to be relieved by the resources, mental and financial of the redoubtable Phileas Fogg. The pages rustle rapidly as you pore on to see if he, in his inimitable and leisurely fashion, ever really did win his wager with the gentlemen at the Reform Club. And what a contrast to the speed of to-day? The only time that Phileas Fogg is ever in a hurry is on the eightieth day when, with ten minutes to spare, he jumps in a—no, not a taxi, but a four wheeler, “promised £100 to the cabman, and having run over two dogs and overturned five carriages, reached the Reform Club.”

Your next voyage should be with that enigmatical figure, Captain Nemo, the commander of the *Nautilus*. Here are encountered companion volumes that should be read together—“Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea,” and “The Mysterious Island.” If you are wise you will seek out those illustrated by N. C. Wyeth, who has caught the flavor of Verne in a manner unequalled by any other illustrator.

Voyaging in a submarine is an altogether unique sensation. It is one of complete isolation and strained suspense, difficult to portray in words. At the time when “Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea” was published, a submarine, in the modern sense of the word, was unknown. It was not until thirteen years afterward that the French government began to experiment with electrically propelled submarines. And yet Jules Verne was able to create that peculiar sensation and reproduce it accurately on every page

of the book. So if you want to know what it feels like to go down in a submarine, go voyaging with Captain Nemo.

In each of Jules Verne's books a single individual predominates. This is not a question of character. Rather it is the air of mystery with which they are cloaked. Such a figure was Captain Nemo. His secret remains locked in his breast all through the long cruises of the *Nautilus* and is not revealed until just before the submarine is to sink beneath the waves as the tomb of her captain. And this happens at the very end of "The Mysterious Island."

There is all manner of excitement in these two books. Throughout the long cruise of the *Nautilus*, Captain Nemo shows to his guests, wonder after wonder of the depths beneath the sea. There are battles with sharks and with devil fish. There is a solemn burial in some green grotto beneath the waves. Now and again one counters a striking scene, such as when the *Nautilus* passes a sunken ship. The stumps of her masts are shrouded with seaweed and at the helm sways the dead body of the helmsman.

"The Mysterious Island" starts off with a wild balloon ride from Richmond, Virginia, to somewhere in the Pacific. Having experienced the submarine in your cruise in the *Nautilus*, you will here learn what it is like to ride in a balloon. Then you will follow with interest the endeavors of the castaways to fashion their environment into a home. Time and again some unexplained event will bespeak the unseen hand of Captain Nemo. And if you are not thrilled by the losing race with death between the colonists who are building a ship in which to escape and the volcano which is doomed to blow up the island, you are incapable of being thrilled.

Now for a trip to the moon. Here is a fantastic tale. It recounts the adventures of one Barbicane and two companions, who made this trip in a projectile shot from a gun 900 feet long by a charge containing 400,000 pounds of guncotton. Recently a young lone eagle winged his way

from the Statue of Liberty to the Arc de Triomphe. When the wheels of the Spirit of Saint Louis came to a stop on the field at Le Bourget he made the simple announcement that his name was Lindbergh. What did Barbicane do when he reached the moon? "He saluted the orb of night with a joyous and confident hurrah."

There remains but a single voyage, "A Journey to the Center of the Earth." You enter by one volcano, the Sneffels in Iceland, and you come out by another, Etna in Sicily. And in between you will get lost in the bowels of the earth, you will take a long trip on a submerged sea and you will meet with mastodons and ichthyosauri. The leader of your expedition, Professor Von Hardrigge, is a learned man and you will discover much that you did not know of your Mother Earth.

In "Michael Strogoff," a courier of the Czar, the journey while less fantastic is no less exciting. This time it is across the storm swept plains of Siberia. Through incredible hardship and torture at the hands of roving Tartar bands, Michael Strogoff successfully bears his message from the Czar to his brother the Grand Duke, triumphs over the intrigues of the villain Ogareff, and saves the town of Irkutsk from destruction. This tale has been reproduced in motion pictures. Indeed, a better subject could not be conceived.

The lad with his heels in the air will be sorry when he turns the last page in any book of Jules Verne. Then, there are many sloughs of specious science, but these, the youthful reader has skipped with ruthless accuracy. In these days when such men as Lindbergh, Byrd and Amundsen and those hosts who traffic beneath the surface of the sea, are fashioning the fictions of Jules Verne into the experience of mankind, his picturesque and romantic journeys cannot but appeal strongly to imaginative boys and girls.

PREHISTORIC ANIMALS

THE JAWBREAKER'S ALPHABET

By EUNICE *and* JANET TIETJENS

Illustrated by HERMANN POST

Reviewed by DOROTHY P. LATHROP

IT was a brave thought of Eunice Tietjens to make a picture book of prehistoric animals. For, of all creatures of the earth, these, as they have emerged from a few bones in the hands of scientists into visibility of a lifeless and uncompromising ugliness and ferocity, seem the least likely material for a picture book for children and the most likely material for nightmares. Science alone cannot reanimate these bones. Given the skeleton of a dog and no knowledge of the friendly grin of which even the most grotesque of them are capable, or of the caperings and the waggings and ecstatic lickings, or of the desolate droopings of head and ears and tail, given no knowledge—that is, of the animating spirit, given only bones—what worthy of the name of dog could a scientist reconstruct for us? Countless years veil the personalities of the prehistoric animals, and it is now only our spirit and our imagination which can endow them with any life whatever.

Under the title "The Jawbreaker's Alphabet" and in a gray tone, happily suggestive of the mist of years, Hermann Post has animated a number of these unbelievable creatures. They stand or move enveloped in this cold grayness, the more amiable of them nibbling at the strange vegetation which luxuriantly crowds the pictures, the fiercer of them

fighting each other and pursuing and devouring the lesser. But even the fiercest of them are amiable. With a view to his audience the artist has wreathed them all in pleasant smiles. Even as the Tyrannosaurus grasps the unfortunate Triceratops by the nape of the neck, he rolls an eye more roguish than fierce, while other beasts look on with pleasant smiles of approbation or positive glee. As for the victim, in whom any distressing anguish would have been excusable, he wears only a look of anxious wonder. Oh, no, it is not a book to promote a single nightmare! Though one may feel that the artist's optimism is a little high in so presenting these reactions of the Tyrannosaurus and the Triceratops in such a situation, one can only be grateful that in a picture book the emphasis is placed on the lighter rather than on the more awesome side of these monstrous creatures. And who can say that, like all animals we now know, they did not have their sportive moments?

The pictures, in spite of a technique of rubbed charcoal or crayon little used these days, have, with their conventionalized and patterned foliage and elimination of any surface textures, a very modern look. Many are interesting in composition; all are stimulating to the imagination. To take exception to several points in the format of the book is, perhaps, merely to express a matter of individual taste. The full-page pictures are with a few exceptions totally without margins, which gives possibly largely because of the unsubstantiality of the technique, an unpleasant impression of their oozing off of the page.

However, the format of this book is of less importance than its intent, which frankly is to interest children in animals of whose existence only the most remote of their ancestors could have known. And if it reaches the hands of the children through libraries or parents, it has enough life and humor and things happening, enough of the fascination of the grotesque and the unknown, to accomplish that intent. The book originated, the publisher explains, in Mrs. Tiet-

jens's desire to teach her little daughter something of the prehistoric animals. For all that, and though the information about the creatures given so concisely in rhyme is an integral part of the volume, one cannot but feel that it is the illustrator's book. None of the verses cling in the memory as do some of the pictures.

Strange as these animals are which make up "The Jaw-breaker's Alphabet," incongruous as seem the elements of their anatomy, and faulty as the scientific reconstruction doubtless is, there runs through them a divine order which gives plausibility to their structure. Only one animal in the book brings a gasp of incredulity—"the unknown Quantity" under Q, the undiscovered beast. This is the only one drawn solely from the imagination. But because the imagination can work only in terms of its own experience and build only with the materials supplied by the senses, this beast is less convincing than the others and at the same time less preposterous. And in this connection it seems only fair to pass on a story told by the painter, F. Luis Mora, of his own fortunate boyhood and of his father, Domingo Mora, a Spanish sculptor.

To his two sons, Louis and Jo, he set the problem of drawing an animal which, like Walter de la Mare's *Immanâla*, "comes of no other beast that is known, has no likeness to any." But when they brought him their attempts he found here the feet of a dog, there the face of a cat, the horns of a goat, the tail of a horse or a body belonging to still another animal, so that, though the beasts were strange, they resembled many. And he sent them back to try again to create an animal which bore a resemblance to none. But in every creature they could make he found the characteristics of some familiar animal. When all their attempts had failed, when they saw this thing was beyond their power to do, he said to them:

"It is the Infinite, boys; it is the Infinite."

ANIMALS AND BIRDS

ANIMALS IN BLACK AND WHITE

THE LARGER BEASTS, VOLUME I

THE SMALLER BEASTS, VOLUME II

THE LARGER BIRDS, VOLUME III

THE SMALLER BIRDS, VOLUME IV

By ERIC FITCH DAGLISH

HERE is a fresh contribution to natural history from the hand of an artist who is also a naturalist. Eric Daglish's woodcuts have been deservedly praised in England for their individuality and decorative pattern. Children will, I think, enjoy them and librarians will find effective representation of many a beast for which they have searched other books in vain.

Some of the animals shown are rare, the Okapi for example, which is thus described: "As you can see from the picture, the Okapi is rather like a jig-saw puzzle; he seems to be made up of pieces taken from a number of different animals. The white head is like that of a large deer, but on it are two small, cone-shaped horns. The general build of the body reminds one somewhat of a stout, short-necked giraffe, but the legs are striped like a zebra's and the body is the color of a mule. This strange animal was unknown to white men until a few years ago."

Of the Kangaroo Mr. Daglish makes a drawing from which one might easily turn to read again Kipling's delightful "Just So Stories." He tells us also that "kangaroos, which are of very many kinds, all come from Australia. In this

country they take the place of the deer of other parts of the world." In short, by his drawing and suggestion of natural habitat, Mr. Daglish stimulates the imagination to



A Sea Horse Drawn by Eric Daglish for Fishes and Sea Animals, Vol. VI.

absorb the page of factual text which lies opposite each picture. No attempt has been made to storify or to write down.

These are books for children who want to know where each animal lives, what it looks like, what it eats and what its habits are. I like especially putting the smaller animals in a separate book from the larger ones. Children fre-

quently get very disconcerting notions of the relative size and color of animals and birds which are often pictured in the same book drawn entirely out of proportion, either to fit page space or under the delusion that a young child must have everything he looks at several times as big as it is in reality. Animals have suffered more than humans from this practice. Since interest in them is perennial, a new and different treatment of them in children's books is peculiarly acceptable.

As models for drawing and for training the eye to a fine sense of decorative pattern which is informed by the knowledge and experience of an artist who is also a naturalist, the two books of birds merit a place beside the two books of beasts. A page of clear factual text accompanies each picture of a bird just as was done for the beasts.

The drawings for "The Larger Birds," however, will both rouse and satisfy curiosity concerning the ostrich, the cassowary, the penguin, the pelican, the puffin, the macaw, the laughing jackass, the condor and a dozen more of the big, strange birds of different countries.

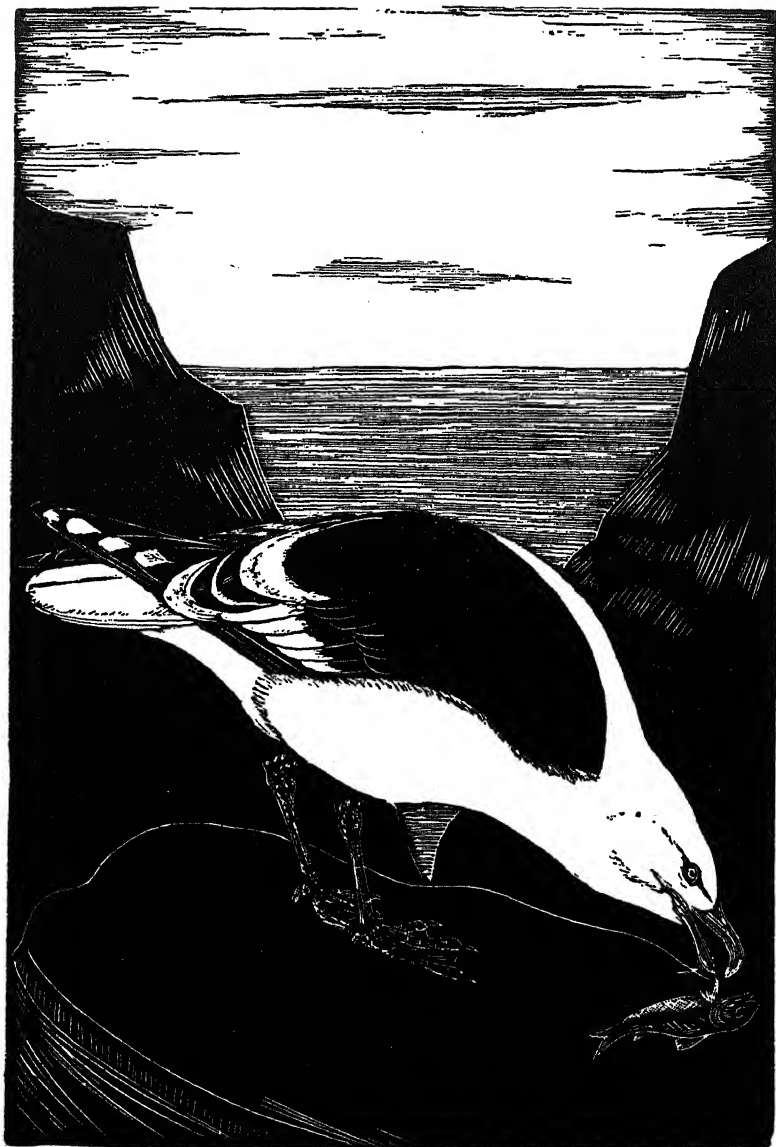


Illustration by E. F. Daglish for his Life Story of Birds

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A FISH

FINGERFINS

THE TALE OF A SARGASSO FISH

Pictures and story by WILFRID S. BRONSON

"FINGERFINS" is an original and charming addition to sea lore and true story books. It gives somewhat the feeling of a visit to the old Aquarium when the sun is shining in on the angel fishes and the sea horses, tempting one to journey, at least in imagination, to southern seas. It puts one, in short, completely in the mood of a fish and incidentally gives the clearest account, both in picture and text, of that "strange river in the Atlantic Ocean"—the Gulf Stream—and the Sargasso Sea that I have yet seen in a child's book.

It is in the City of Sargasso Weed that the hero of this tale was born, and the most distinctive thing about him is his *hands*. Children will delight in the many interesting things he does with his hands. "When swimming very fast Fingerfins held out his hands like the wings of an airplane. The two smaller fins under his chest he used, like the little extra wings on the first airplanes, to help him go up and down. We might say that he was flying under water. The lower he held the big fin on his back, and the wider he spread his tail, the faster he went."

Mr. Bronson must have had a thoroughly good time conceiving and executing this book. Text and pictures are in complete accord, and there is humor and true imaginative quality in both. "Fingerfins could not shut his eyes to sleep at night. He had no eyelids. So he had to watch the noc-

ti-lu-cas all night long. . . . At night, the noctilucas seemed to have lights inside them. So he saw them plainly all night long, like millions of tiny electric light bulbs. Once in a while he would yawn quickly and swallow a few dozen."

Large parties of lantern fishes came out from the deep sea at night in quest of food, and Fingerfins, safely hidden away in the weeds, would watch them as they swam, switching their lights on and off as they pleased. Each had an extra bright cluster of lights just in front of its tail.

To one reader at least the charm of the narrative is enhanced by the early admission that Fingerfins, "of course spent a good deal of his time just sitting still and resting, holding onto a bit of weed with one hand, perhaps, while he just let the other lie in the clear blue water. He was fairly safe as long as he did not move, for he was colored very like the world of weeds he lived in. . . . All the other animals living there had much the same color."

A VALENTINE FOR OLD DOLLS

By RACHEL FIELD

*Let others sing of cooing doves,
Of beating hearts and new-found loves,
These my poor rhymes shall tell the graces
Of china, wax or wooden faces;
The charm of curls and painted braids.
Oh, sweet, perennially cheerful maids,
Your smiles shall last though nations fall,
And the young hands that dressed you all
In flowered flounce and ribbons gay,
Long since to dust be laid away.
Your years you wear like faint perfume
Of rose-leaves in a quiet room
When winter at the threshold knocks;
Like some old tune a music box
Tinkles as soft as phantom rain
Falling beyond a window pane.
And so, where'er you be today—
On parlor shelf; packed snug away
In attic camphor—still I'll praise
Your stiff-set limbs, your timeless gaze,
Knowing full well when I am gone
Thus you will sit, and thus smile on.*

IN THE AMERICAN TRADITION

RACHEL FIELD and Dorothy Lathrop have done something more than achieve an original and altogether delightful story book for children in their joint record of Hitty's first hundred years. They have answered the oft-repeated question "Do Americans know how to play?"

"Dolls can live, with luck, such a satisfyingly long time," writes Miss Lathrop in a personal letter to *The Owls*. "Now that I see what can happen to a doll I begin to have qualms of conscience that my own have lain so many years in that state which Hitty describes as 'going into camphor.' Still what is my lifetime to that of a doll's? They will still have time to hope for adventures as thrilling as Hitty's on the cannibal islands.

"Hitty's pictures are all done now and I was quite as happy doing them as if I were sitting on the floor again playing with dolls. Even after the pictures were all turned in, I've gone on playing, for Hitty has a new dress now, of which she was in great need, for in the stress of posing, her original brown sprigged calico—the one in which her daguerreotype was taken—was splitting in several new places. and to have her go into camphor solely to preserve her dress would be needless cruelty. So I made her one out of somebody's great aunt's 'all wool mousseline-de-laine' with rosebuds on a dark plum color ground, very flattering to her rather time-worn complexion, and also a green velvet poke bonnet with pink roses against her face. I could have made myself a dress and a hat," the artist continues, "in the same time. Hitty herself looks very pleased—but so she did, too, when confronted by the snake charmer's cobra. . . . Thank heaven for dolls and

dogs and children's books!" she concluded, and *The Owls*, in whose high tower Hitty passed a memorable night before publishing her memoirs, will add, for the discerning collaboration of a publisher who not only likes dolls but has an intuitive understanding of their high place in the American tradition.

Hitty is not to be confused with any mere doll story, not even with "The Memoirs of a London Doll." Reviewers and list-makers must lay aside the habit of classifying and pigeon-holing and give Hitty her own distinctive place among books embodying the American tradition.

HITTY'S ODYSSEY

HITTY: HER FIRST HUNDRED YEARS

By RACHEL FIELD

Illustrated by DOROTHY P. LATHROP

Reviewed by JOSIAH TITZELL

HITTY was born to high adventure and fortunately for us she has written her memoirs. The events of her life are varied in mood, sometimes wildly exciting, at other times quiet and a little sad, for Hitty's life is not always a simple one. She is a doll carved from mountain-ash wood by an itinerant peddler while he is snow-bound in the Preble house in Maine. She is no insipid, fluffy "Ma-ma" doll. She has an upturned nose and a serious manner and there is courage in her every peg—the sort of doll boys would allow their sisters to bring along on expeditions. This is perhaps accountable for some of Hitty's adventures and will certainly make the book one that boys will enjoy as well as girls.



Illustrations by Dorothy Lathrop for Stars Tonight and Hitty: Her First Hundred Years







For Hitty is neither naïve nor coy in her recital of her life. She is a New Englander, prim and gentle, yet ungiven to whimsical questionings or cautious side-steppings. Since the peddler endowed her with beauty and a delightful personality she can afford to be simple and direct in her attitude and her manner. Writing her memoirs is to her a serious business and, pen in wooden hand, she settles down to it.

There are slight episodes at first, such as getting lost under the pew at the meeting-house and, on another occasion, being carried by crows to their nest. Her real adventures begin when Captain Preble takes his family (and Hitty) with him on a whaling expedition. Life now takes on that pace which keeps Hitty ever on the alert, for what can she not expect? The excitement of whaling from the sighting of the spout of water to the storing of the oil. The fire on board ship with the cargo of oil making it necessary to abandon the vessel. The long hours floating on the waves until she comes to rest in the South Sea rock pool. Nothing is too glamorous to happen to Hitty. She becomes the heathen idol of a tribe of savages. She is rescued by the cabin boy only to be taken to India where she is the companion of a snake charmer and a terrifying cobra. Missionaries save her on this occasion and she eventually finds her way back to America. Here she is acquired by an itinerant artist and begins her journeyings through the South. New Orleans and the Cotton Exposition are treated to the sight of Hitty in a wedding dress made of a beautiful old handkerchief. Her theft, her Moses-like abandonment in a wicker basket on the waters of the Mississippi, her rescue by the little Negro girl, all are incidents that Hitty tells about with varying amusement and remembered terror. Eventually, by a path that leads through the post-office's dead-letter department, a church bazaar and the Preble House in Maine, Hitty comes to the auction block. There are moments when she is afraid the large lady will get her but the kind old man with the white

beard and the monocle is persistent to the extent of fifty-one dollars and so it is Hitty finds herself eventually in the antique shop in New York alone in the long dark nights with Theobald the cat, and with nothing to do but write her memoirs.

Rachel Field in writing Hitty's story has surpassed anything she has done. Hitty is a real character, happily conceived and imaginatively and honestly developed. Miss Field's assimilation and reproduction of the 1800 American scene and mood add a rich background to the adventures of the doll. The scenes in the Preble household, those that introduce the etiquette of church and stagecoach, the descriptions of Boston and Philadelphia, are as complete and as veracious pictures of last century New England as can be found anywhere. It is this careful, yet unlabored re-creation of the period that adds to the value of the book and heightens the effect of Miss Field's keen characterization. The Preble family are as thoroughly New England in their mental processes as they are in speech and attitude. The Negroes and the Louisiana whites are as true as the Negro dialect which Miss Field has caught as only one person in twenty-five can. In this task of the writer, to project herself so thoroughly into the character and the period that she convincingly creates both, Miss Field has called on her hitherto proven powers as a dramatist. As a matter of fact, she has had occasion to employ here all her talents, combining, with her dramatic technique of self-projection and her narrative abilities, her poetic sensitivity and intense feeling. Yet with all this intricate selection and rejection, this conscious employment of varied and characteristic talents, the story as it is evolved is the doll's story, her memoirs which she and she alone could have written. Hitty is an important addition to our American cast of characters. True, she was carved from mountain-ash wood that the peddler brought from Ireland, but her heart was American.

The illustrations by Dorothy P. Lathrop must be considered as an integral part of the book. She has not merely added a dozen decorations to a tale; she has identified herself with the creation of Hitty. She has contributed greatly, as will be proved by the combined emotions of delight and admiration produced by the pictures. It may be only the association of ideas caused by the color plate showing the monkeys bringing presents to Hitty when she is a heathen idol, but these illustrations seem to equal what can hardly be surpassed, Miss Lathrop's work for de la Mare's "The Three Mulla Mulgars."

"Hitty" has been most attractively published. The book is bound in a soft flowered cloth that must have been suggested by one of Hitty's dresses. The charming daguerreotype frontispiece, which, like all the plates, is so beautifully reproduced, the hand-lettered title page and stickers and the attractive placing of illustrations, all go to make up the distinguished appearance that the excellence of the text and illustrations invites.

DOROTHY LATHROP'S DRAWINGS

IF you would test the range of Dorothy Lathrop's imagination, the integrity of her art and the quality of her technique, the way lies through an exhibition of drawings for a number of the books she has illustrated rather than in an approach by the illustrations of a single book.

For some time I have felt this to be true, but it has been borne in upon me more strongly since her pictures for Jean Ingelow's "Mopsa the Fairy" and George MacDonald's "The Light Princess" appeared. These illustrations reveal a capacity for identification with childish wonder and experience which is entirely missing from earlier work. They make a direct appeal to children and add a luminous touch to the stories themselves. While they are distinguished by the meticulous delicate line so characteristic of the work of this artist, what the drawings actually say is infinitely more important than their technique, since it clearly indicates that Dorothy Lathrop holds a key of her own to the kingdom of childhood as well as to the secret places of animals and fairies. She has not forgotten how things looked and seemed.

The publication of her drawings for de la Mare's "The Three Mulla Mulgars" ushered in a new era of illustration of books for children in America by artists who were accorded a new freedom by publishers daring enough to take a chance. I well remember the day Miss Lathrop came to the children's room of the New York Public Library to look over the books on the shelves before deciding upon the format for "The Three Mulla Mulgars." No pains were spared to give this book the best form that artist and pub-

lisher could then devise. It remains a distinctive and distinguished book, a little remote from children in general perhaps, but increasingly appreciated by a public to whom neither the Tishnar of de la Mare nor the Oriental approach to animal and insect of Miss Lathrop seem as strange as they did in 1919. It is an amazing piece of work for a young artist to have achieved and will stand in its black and white, at least, as one of the notable achievements in illustration of this decade.

Dorothy Lathrop derives from nobody, but in her pictorial interpretation of the life of the Monkeys Royal of the Mulla Mulgars, as in the *Monkey Gardeners* of "The Grateful Elephant," another distinguished book, she expresses a relationship to the Oriental which is based on something instinctive and deeply felt. She never makes her animals human. Immense sympathy is there, but it is always with animal as animal, and she is extraordinarily aware of varying degrees of intelligence in animals.

"Her clear color, which is peculiarly difficult to reproduce, has the iridescent quality of butterflies' wings," says Elizabeth MacKinstry and adds that "while Miss Lathrop has the feeling of elementals and is able to impart it in making of her fairies a race apart, formed like human beings but with the intelligence of grasshoppers, she is at the same time one of the most fully documented artists I know. From childhood she has been familiar with Japanese and Persian art. If she derives from any source it is from the Persian prints."

Why then, one wonders, has Dorothy Lathrop not given us an illustrated book of Persian tales of her own choice? Possibly because the integrity and special nature of her cultural background has not been fully realized. There is no evidence of the Celt or the Latin, and the sooner one senses that the more interesting her special race of fairies becomes. You may like them or you may not, but at least you see that they belong to another species. As Miss MacKinstry well

says, "It takes a sense of imaginative glamour to get Dorothy Lathrop right." De la Mare's "Down-a-Down Derry and Other Poems" is the right book to approach in such a mood. This, too, is a book that was given a distinctive format. A strong individualist in art, Miss Lathrop's work must be given individuality in physical form, if it is to be effective. She doesn't belong in the series tradition of any publisher. Mopsa fairly cries aloud for deliverance from the heavy ill-fitting livery in which she finds herself with her exquisite frontispiece pasted on the cloth cover, a proceeding which not only violates every principle of good taste but ultimately defeats its own end by dating a classic.

The question of the importance of the physical form in which Miss Lathrop's work is introduced to those who have not seen her paintings and drawings has impressed me from a new angle, as I have studied the forty or more originals on exhibition in the children's room of the New York Public Library. It was the little Light Princess who pointed the way to a delightful visit to Miss Lathrop's studio in an Albany garden one snowy day in January for the express purpose of choosing a number of drawings for different books for this exhibition.

Comparative study of the originals has proved so stimulating as to suggest comparative study of the books in which they are reproduced, and the manner of their reproduction will largely determine the effectiveness of such study and its bearing on the future production of illustrated books for children to which Miss Lathrop has made so rich and varied a contribution with her animals, her fairies and her children. I am not alone in thinking that the fullest expression of her art is yet to come.

TO DOROTHY LATHROP

By JOSIAH TITZELL

*She has a questing, pirouetting mind
That thrives on stars and subtleties; she knows
The slender ways of newts, the way a hind
Goes bouncing over moonlit winking snows.
She hastens winter in an almond tree
And conjures three black crows among its clouds,
She floats a Lyonesse below the sea
And scatters doe-eyed fays in windy crowds.
But who can know the words that are not said,
The secret knowledge of an elfin mind,
The Cathays that remain within the head
And heart for no one else to ever find.
The moon lights up the hill with silver light,
But she alone can fathom daw-black night.*

A PICTURE BOOK OF BRITTANY

THE RUNAWAY SARDINE

Told and illustrated in color by EMMA L. BROCK

HERE is a picture book after our own heart—one that springs spontaneously out of the everyday life of a Breton fishing village seen through the eyes of an artist, who has caught the true flavor and given it meaning and color in a charming picture story book for little children.

Those who have been to Brittany say that it is true to the very life of any one of the villages where they have watched the fisher folk at the daily business of catching sardines. I, who have not visited that country, feel an intimacy with its folk and their ways which no other book about Brittany has given me, not to mention an admiration and affection for the independent lively sardine, Zacharie, whose amusing adventures in pursuit of freedom will delight any child and whose wisdom may be more potent than many a piece of parental guidance less effectively rendered.

There is genuine understanding of child nature behind the pictures and the story of this book. Miss Brock has something special to tell children which she thinks is good fun, and she has not permitted anything to stand in the way of telling it with a simplicity and humor which is refreshingly different from the whimsies and inanities which render so many of the books for little children a bore to the children themselves, as well as to older readers. "Silly" books, children call them and silly they are. Silliness being as different from nonsense as the patter of attenuated verse for children is to the songs of Edward Lear.

Writing and drawing for little children have not yet been accorded the full measure of their value and importance in the publishing world, yet these are the very books on which taste is being formed and by which appreciation of art is developed by leaps and bounds. Greater originality, greater economy in line and in phrasing, sharper characterization, clearer sight are needed here than in any other part of the whole field of children's books.

Awards and prizes for distinguished work for little children have been conspicuously absent from publishing plans. A good picture book well produced is generally considered a costly investment. That it may also be a very sound one is beginning to be better understood as annotated lists and criticisms of children's books become more discriminating and intelligent.

The publishers of "The Runaway Sardine" have made an effective book in a two color process and the clear black of the hand lettered type gives the book style as well as a page older readers can lay aside their glasses and read with pleasure. The general format derives from recent experiments in the making of picture books by other publishers, but achieves a distinction of its own in its size and in its harmony with the artist's design.

While it is the first picture book Miss Brock has published, it is by no means her first work as an illustrator. Her background, inclination and training as an artist suggest that she has the capacity and the feeling for absorbing the pictorial and finding a story in it in other countries than Brittany. I am reminded at this moment of two admirable water colors of Minnesota chickens in her exhibition at the Art Center last November. Those chickens belonged as unmistakably to a Minnesota landscape as the sardine Zacharie does to Brittany, and I shall expect to hear more about them some day.

A DUTCH PICTURE BOOK

TO MARKET, TO MARKET

Told and illustrated by EMMA L. BROCK

Reviewed by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

OF all books, the picture book has the most fundamental appeal. Certain stories read or heard in childhood survive in memory, more or less vaguely; others may vanish, but the impression of picture books seen and handled in early years remains always vivid and intense, so much so that to open one again after a lapse of years is an actual shock, so violently is one precipitated backward into one's past. The Caldecott books, Kate Greenaway, the old crudely colored Struwwelpeter, are books that can do strange and disturbing things to the adult who rashly turns the pages. Struwwelpeter, of course, had a bogey quality which was half its fascination; I know of small boys even to-day who are not proof against the peculiar horror of the Scissors Man, and the blood dripping from Conrad's thumbs.

The old picture books were serious, even when not didactic. It is impossible to feel that Kate Greenaway did not take her art with the utmost gravity; her prim little maidens and solemn tea-parties, her no less prim cowslips and daffodils, are very far from that spontaneity which we regard now as the first essential of the successful picture book. Since her day the picture book has grown into something different, something in which all suggestion of a moral, unless in parody, must be left out, and in which geniality, humor and, above all, sheer fun of the nonsensical kind are of first importance.

One's first reaction on looking through a picture book should be: "What a good time the artist must have had making this!" It is what one feels with "Clever Bill" and all Nicholson's books, it is the secret of Wanda Gág's "Millions of Cats," and it strikes one afresh with Emma Brock's last book, "To Market, To Market." All who enjoyed "The Runaway Sardine" will appreciate this new book, with its sturdy characteristic drawings, its humor and delightfully nonsensical story. A duck and a mouse find a silver gulden in the mud, and decide then and there to go to market and spend it. They buy a very large cheese and a very small fish. The fish is simple; the duck, of course, swallows it, by accident, but getting the cheese home is another matter. By the time one has followed its rolling course through the town, through the butter market, through one after another of Miss Brock's spirited drawings, one pants with the mouse and holds one's breath with the duck, and by the time the trio are safely home one feels they are old friends. And this is just what a picture book should do.

I like Miss Brock's easy line and clever indication of detail, never obtrusive; the alternative use of orange and blue to set off the soft deep blacks, and the bold round-hand lettering by which the text becomes a part of the pattern of each page. There is a freshness and unity to the book which is very attractive. One feels that she has the real picture-book instinct, in which many more qualities must be combined than meet the casual eye; truth and movement, so that one is carried along by the action of the figures; dramatic sense and a feeling for cumulative effect.

Being a Dutch picture book, it is most appropriately dedicated to Nicholas Knickerbocker, that small, immortal friend of childhood.

A book like "To Market" shows how excellence of effect can be produced by very simple means. Single colors have been used many times before, as background or in flat mass. Here the printing of one part of the drawing in color and



The market scene by Emma L. Brock



for her To Market, To Market

one part in black gives an entirely fresh effect to the eye; it achieves brilliancy and also serves to accent the foreground figures on each page.

It is every artist's interest to understand as much as possible of the technical problems of book production. Where this is realized and real cooperation exists there is a very wide field for experiment in the production of books that are beautiful in themselves and at the same time practicable from the publisher's point of view. Much has been done already along this line, and the result has been for some time evident in the increasing number of better-type children's books issued at moderate prices. "To Market, To Market," is a significant addition to the list.

SPRING IN NEW YORK

WHEN crocuses bloom in the garden of the Morgan Library on Murray Hill every New York lover knows that spring is here. Then do we set forth on joyous pilgrimage—north, south, east and west, over the fair island of Manhattan—to greet the young lambs at the Sheepfold in Central Park, to watch the ships sail out and in from the Battery, to listen to the hurdy-gurdy that sets the children dancing from Rivington Street to Chatham Square, to wander through Orchard Street lined with pushcarts, bright with coats of many colors, to follow the penny ride man with his carrousel, to ride on bus tops, ferryboats, orange-colored elevated trains, to walk across Brooklyn Bridge at sunset or sunrise, to look for the balloon man at Washington Square—to revel in spring dawn or twilight from some high tower above East River, to ride up Fifth Avenue in a hansom by moonlight when the play is over, to blow the dust from “Knickerbocker” and read once more the lyric version of the voyage of Oloffe Van Kortlandt up East River to Hell Gate in the wake of the porpoises—to recapture as one always may in early spring the great beauty of this island with the purple haze about it.

For pure joy I am always torn to choose between spending a free day in the open country or in feasting upon the color and life of New York streets with a key to the gate of Gramercy Park when the tulips are out and a jitney-ride through Harlem to Washington Heights for a look-off. Nor must we forget that the circus begins in New York. It's playing for a whole month right now before it takes to the road, and in the shop windows the circus books have come again.

WHEN EASTER COMES

WHEN Easter comes one turns instinctively to "Songs of Innocence." All the sights and sounds and feelings of Springtime as a child sees and hears and feels them are here—singing birds, crowing cocks, bleating lambs, laughing children, pipers, shepherds, angels, God the Father, thousands of chimney sweepers and thousands of children on a Holy Thursday "into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames waters flow."

One may read the poems from the facsimile edition with William Blake's own exquisite illustrations or one may sit down in a flood of sunshine in Central Park, as I did after paying a noonday visit to the lambs at the Sheepfold, and experience the vitality and the poignant emotion revealed in the drawings made by Jacynth Parsons, a young English girl, for an edition published by the Medici Society. I had enjoyed these pictures very much before. I found them amazing in their integrity and strength when brought out of doors at this season. The twelve color plates seemed lovelier and stronger than ever, while the black and whites, both of lambs and of children, feed one's imagination with pure joy of living until one longs for a genuine romp with children in the flesh.

Pamela Bianco's delicate line drawings for "The Land of Dreams" make quite a different and a more passive appeal. In a letter to William Blake, Pamela tells why she has not included all of the poems from his "Songs of Innocence" and why she has substituted other poems for the ones she felt were "too serious for children." One misses "The Shepherd," "A Dream," "The Divine Image" and "Another Sorrow" and one misses also the familiar sequence of the poems. "The Land of Dreams" is a charming book, but it will not take the place of a complete copy of "Songs of Innocence." It is rather a book for the unusual child and for those who have followed the development of the gifted young artist "Flora."

UNDEBATABLE JOY

By MARCIA DALPHIN

GOING home in the late afternoon from an hour at Lauren Ford's spring exhibition I found myself profoundly happy, and there came to my mind something that Stuart Sherman said once when he was writing about Walter de la Mare. Questioning himself strictly whether he was really in love with de la Mare's poems or merely infatuated with them he decided that he was really in love with them.

"The way I know it is because they make me very happy . . . putting me in a quite 'blessed' mood of appreciation for all manner of shy and lovely things. . . . The best reason for faith, as I have intimated, is joy, which is undebatable."

There is no debate in the minds of most of us over the feeling aroused in us by those enchanting paintings of child life.

That many of her paintings are remembrance of things past we should know even if Miss Ford had not told us so. Look at "Christmas Afternoon" with its excited children and its exhausted parents. With what loving care is every detail in the furnishings, the pattern of the carpet, the ornaments on the mantel reproduced. We know without a shadow of doubt that this is a room that the artist once lived in. Another of her rooms is that which always has as its center a piano at which a little figure sits bolt upright with legs dangling, too short to reach the pedals. Round it sit or stand other small figures gravely drawing the bow across the strings of violin or cello. There are singers too, and the



Easter
From a painting by Lauren Ford

smaller the child the more lustily he sings. One performer, quite carried away by the ravishing sounds he is evidently producing balances himself with hands extended on either side as though he feared lest he be swept off his feet by the rapture. Anyone who has played in chamber music will recognize the feeling. And always a small dog listens with becoming gravity. Miss Ford is the poet laureate of the child orchestra. The room shown in "After Supper" has its unmistakable memory pieces too,—the lamp and the clock,—and I suspect that the very pattern of the dishes is a bit of autobiography. It is sheer witchery the way two opposing atmospheres are conveyed in this picture: there is complete absorption in the matter at hand, the reading and looking at picture books around the table. Yet there is a distinct sense of working against time. The imminence of bedtime broods heavily over the scene, the sandman's step is almost on the stair. Even that tiny one who is looking directly at you, unwinking, sleep is fast overtaking him.

Lauren Ford's work is not all bounded by four walls, however. Far from it. Most of it is under the open sky, and it is in her out-of-door pictures, it seems to me, that her wide range is most evident. Her head may be in the clouds but her feet are stanchly planted on Mother Earth. Just as, looking perhaps at "Jungle Spirit" or "In the Spring," you say to yourself, "I have it now. She is poet and mystic," your eye falls on one of those inimitable village scenes in which the whole everyday life of a spring or winter's day in a small town is spread out before you. In the streets and the little backyards children are playing marbles and baseball, mowing the grass plot, climbing ladders to survey the world from the roof top. White clothes flutter on the line (I have known no artist who has so realized the possibilities of beauty of line and color in the simple domestic laundry) and the blossoming cherry and apple boughs lean tenderly over all. Or, and this one is almost my favorite:—it is December. Snow fights rage, children skate on ponds

or with blowing tippetts and little dogs on their sleds in front of them fly down the snowy hills.

No, there is nothing left out of the world of these very real children that should be in it. They work a little, they play a lot. They go to circuses where a fairylike equestrienne in paper hoops rides round her tiny ring and the bareback rider asks the applause of his rapt child audience from the back of a curvetting deer. I go back again and again to this red circus to see if those childish faces and forms can possibly be as enchanting as I thought they were when I last looked at them. And that little black boy up on the top row all alone! "My mother bore me in the southern wild." . . . After they go to the circus, naturally they have parades, and the artist has caught so perfectly the air of high seriousness, of attention to the matter in hand, the wiping out of expression always deemed fitting by children taking part in a procession. They go also to church, as witness Miss Ford's new painting "Church at Rye," with the children pouring out from their mass, the gentle figures of the sisters in the doorways, the benignant policeman.

And then with a twist of the brush the artist, having shown us this world that we know, takes us into that other world of childhood, never far away really, the one that Blake knew, and Traherne remembered, the coming nearer to our time Andersen and Alice Meynell, and now de la Mare. She gives us pictures with the feeling of the primitives, or like the little "St. John" and "In the Spring," with its blinding beams from a refulgent sun, and "May Flowers," and the result is that we have at last in a picture of children something really expressive of Easter Day in its essential meaning of renewed life and the kinship of all created things, sun and sky, children, flowers, birds, shy hares in the fern.

What has this all to do with a page about children's books? Simply this: that Lauren Ford is pre-eminently fitted by her choice of subject and her treatment of it to make the great children's picture book of our day. She

could do for us what Boutet de Monvel did for France, what Carl Larsson and Elsa Beskow did for Sweden, Kate Greenaway and Caldecott for England. She could do a book that would show our children as they really are. Not that the children themselves are different from those the world over; it would be the accidents of background that would stamp it as American. I should like to see her do the whole book, thread of text as well as pictures, so that it would be all the artist's, the expression of her unique and lovely spirit.

A CHARM FOR SPRING FLOWERS

By RACHEL FIELD

*Who sees the first marsh marigold
Shall count more wealth than hands can hold.*

*Who bends a knee where violets grow
A hundred secret things shall know.*

*Who finds hepatica's dim blue
Shall have his dearest wish come true.*

*Who spies on lady-slippers fair
Shall keep a heart as light as air.*

*But whosoever toucheth not
One petal—sets no root in pot.*

*He shall be blessed of earth and sky
Till under them he, too, shall lie.*

HOW EASTER EGGS HAPPEN

By ELIZABETH MACKINSTRY

*Long beforehand, every morning
All the Fairy cocks give warning,
Crowing high and crowing airy;
Every cock in every dairy
In the pleasant land of Fairy
E'er they stop.*

*Next, the hens with clack and cluckle,
Croodling a happy chuckle,
Lay the great eggs faintly creaming,
Into buff, or whitely gleaming;—
Fairy-feathered hens, and beaming
Toe to crop!*

*Then the Wee Folk in the grasses
Up before the first dew passes,
Magic all the eggs, and tint them
Green and blue and yellow, print them
With bright posey-knots, or glint them
Gold on top.*

*Last, the wild hare and the rabbits
(Such are their enchanting habits),
Moved by fantasy and pity,
Take them down into the city,
And the Wee Folk sing a ditty
While they hop.*

*This is why you children find them,
(All these lovely things behind them).
Brightly colored, spic and spandy,
Gay to look at, filled with candy,
In your houses, or else handy
In a shop.*

THE BOY OF THE FOREST
THE ADVENTURES OF MARIO

By WALDEMAR BONSELS

Illustrations by KURT WIESE

Reviewed by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

WHEN "Maya the Bee" first appeared, to take immediate rank among children's classics, Bonsel's name was established as a writer of unusual quality and imagination. Whatever one might have felt about his over-humanized insects certainly no one before has ever conveyed to us just what a grass blade or a dewdrop looks like, when it is bigger than oneself, or the living color and texture of a freshly opened rose, seen from the inside. To have done this is to have produced a miracle. It is this extraordinary sense of a magnified, extended vision, the combined vision of scientist and poet, this vivid realization of minute life, which, more than the charm and poetry of the story, makes "Maya the Bee" such an amazing book.

In "The Adventures of Mario," therefore, one is led naturally to expect something out of the ordinary, lured also by the attraction of the volume itself and its very distinctive illustrations.

"Mario" is the story of a boy who, on the death of his mother, sets out to live in the forest, drawn by the feeling that he will there find a spiritual refuge and, through relationship with the living wild creatures, find that which he is seeking, a key to the mystery of life. In the forest he comes upon Dommelfei, an old woman who lives alone in

a hut. Dommelfei takes pity on Mario and gives him shelter, and the succeeding chapters deal with Mario's adventures in the woods, his encounters with the wild creatures, his emotional experiences that come from the taking of life, and his perceptions, helped by Dommelfei's interpretation, of the working out of nature's laws. In the end he meets with a strange lady, a chatelaine of the district, who wishes to adopt and educate him, promising in return to leave him his freedom of the forest. And Mario, feeling that this phase of his life is over and that he has learned what he came to seek, turns back to civilization and the companionship of his kind.

"Mario" is finely written, rich in imagination and descriptive power. Young people who read it will find much to enthrall them, a little that is puzzling and—here and there—a little also that is disturbing. Bonsels is not only a poet, he is also philosopher and mystic, and his mysticism is at times the predominant note. He is not content to let the story be a story.

A boy sets out to live in the forest; here is the best of all beginnings. But why, with this courage and determination, should he at the very outset fall suddenly so dependent upon Dommelfei's protection? And—as we read further—who is Dommelfei herself? Is she just an old wise woman, herb gatherer, or is she Nature herself, with whom Mario has cast his lot? And is Mario, too, a symbolic figure? And, confused by what seem looming shapes in the story, we begin to suspect everything. We get a sense of something deliberately prepared, so that the forest begins all at once to look too studiously massed, Dommelfei's cottage takes on a little the aspect of the Gingerbread Hut, the tree trunks all but undulate, and when the lady comes riding on her white steed we think we hear hoofs ringing hollow on the hidden stage. This is a pity. Bonsels, artist that he is, should not have endangered a fine imaginative tale by this insistence on the allegory.

It is unfortunately rather easy to be carried away by the incantation of fine writing. Ideas are apt to seem wonderful until we begin to dissect them and to ask: What really is here? And we might also ask, Why must nature be interpreted at all? There is too much tendency just now to emotionalize everything. But in spite of much magic exercised, we have a conviction, on thinking it over, that it is still left to the naturalists to write the best nature books. Nor are we sure that the straight "boy hunter" tales of an earlier age were not sounder and healthier than, for instance, Mario's out-pourings of remorse over the slaughtered fawn and the somewhat gloating description of the fawn's contortions and agonies. This kind of emotionalism the old tales at least spared us.

One cannot help contrasting "Mario" with another story, written not by an adult for children, but by a child, "The House Without Windows." Here is an almost parallel theme; here too is poetic vision, and, if you seek it, an underlying allegory. But Barbara Follett's fantasy is clear, all of a piece, uncompromising in its child's vision. Eepersip deserts her family because she wants to live in the woods. When opportunity to return occurs, she refuses it. She stays in the woods. And because her attitude needs, for the author, no excuse or explanation, it needs none for the reader. It is artistically convincing.

Bonsels, though a poet, has the logical Teuton mind, and is obsessed by verisimilitude. He must invent a dead mother, first of all, to account for Mario taking to the woods at all, and having once got him to the forest he cannot face the problem of leaving him there for good; hence the rescue at the end.

The tale so obviously seeks to convey something that we are left wondering a little just what the message is. That nature is not all-sufficing, and that man must perforce return to mankind? Perhaps if Mario were not so largely pre-occupied with killing and trapping and outwitting his wild

companions it might have been a bit clearer what he really did learn from them.

If it were not for this ever-present consciousness of an intention not quite apparent we could more gladly accept the story for what it is—for its adventure, its descriptive color, its imagination and occasional glimpses of profound truth.

THE BIRTHDAY FEAST

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA

By OSCAR WILDE

With drawings by PAMELA BIANCO

PAMELA BIANCO has done nothing quite so lovely since the "Flora" of her early childhood as the exquisite drawings for "The Birthday of the Infanta." The slender silver-grey volume bearing the birthday cake with its twelve lighted candles gives one the feeling of an authentic document.

The artist has dressed these Old World children of the Spanish Court of the Renaissance with meticulous attention to every detail of costume and decoration, but she has done something infinitely more important than that: She has given a pictorial and a poetic interpretation derived from her own childish appreciation of the satire as well as the romance and delicate embroidery of the story. The result is as rare as it is delightful—a book both children and grown people will love for its beauty, its dignity and its natural grace. It embodies that elusive quality youth is forever seeking and often finds a little too late in other writings of Oscar Wilde, to its temporary bewilderment and confusion.

All is clear and serene in the delicate colors in which Miss Bianco has presented her scenes—in the full length portrait of the little Infanta, in the terraced garden with its flowers and courtly little figures, at the birthday feast, in that inner room of the palace where the Dwarf sees himself in the mirror. So graphic a text might easily have suffered from too many pictures. The artist has given us just



Illustration by Pamela Bion the Birthday of the Infanta

enough to linger over, in delicate line drawings, as well as in the more dramatic scenes in color.

The limitations of reproduction do not admit of giving all the charming variation of color and design in the costumes and accessories of the guests of the Birthday Feast, the pinks, the greys, violets, yellows and greens with a hint of fawn give one the feeling of spring flowers still blooming in garden and forest, while hearts may continue to break in palaces. The reproduction of these drawings and the letter press and binding of the book make it one of the most distinctive of the year.

*BRET HARTE'S STORY FOR
CHILDREN*

THE QUEEN OF THE PIRATE ISLE

By BRET HARTE

Illustrated by KATE GREENAWAY

Engraved and printed by EDMUND EVANS

Reintroduced by ERIC P. KELLY

WHEN "The Queen of the Pirate Isle" was first read to us as children we wondered at it because it had something new in it that we had not met before. That something was a subtlety that I was to discover later as the effect of the French school upon Bret Harte. The West was golden in the days that this book was written, and life there was, as we know, rough and harsh. This is a story of four charming children and a romantic doll—Polly, aged nine, who is the leading mind; Wan Lee, who is the most Oriental of any Chinese child I have met in books; a counterfoil in Hickory the Boy Pirate, and a tertium quid in Patsey, the other boy.

It's hard to tell just why this book fits into childhood in such a definite way. It has, of course, all the qualities which make stories attractive to children—outdoor life, children running away, a mine in the side of a mountain, distinct character bits in each one of the children described, and yet there is something else, too, some appeal that is by no means common. For instance, a modern story-writer would make it his climax when Wan Lee, the Chinese boy,

rescues Polly after she has fallen over a slide and is clinging to a rock on the side of a steep cliff, by throwing her his pigtail and pulling her to safety. But to Bret Harte that is no story at all. That's mere incident. The real story is the winning of an unseen battle with fate and the triumph of a Chinese boy over Western unreality by his own Eastern sense of reality. And then to prove that the Eastern sense of unreality has its own practical twist Bret Harte has Wan Lee explode firecrackers at the mouth of the tunnel to drive away evil spirits.

The book is exquisite in conception and execution. It is Bret Harte at his very best and simplest and of the few great works that he gave the world this is by no means the least. Kate Greenaway made the pictures for it and I agree with Ruskin that these pictures are more "natural and real" than anything she had done before. Embarking into a romantic world that at that time was the talk of all Europe—California in the period—was a real adventure for her. It's fascinating to children to the highest degree, it's dramatic, it's a good story and it's full of humor. It's a book that grown people enjoy as well. The essential value of the book rests upon the creation of a mental atmosphere that is found perhaps in no other imaginative world. It is a world so desirable that I reached after it as a child and yearned for entrance into such a land, but I always thought of my hands grimy from playing baseball and my uncut fingernails, and my awkwardness. I could play at imaginary things alone; to conjure them up in such delicate fashion in a crowd was beyond me. I still yearn for that world of artistic perfection that Bret Harte creates. That proves the book a lasting thing.

Polly is the guiding spirit of this book, though the little Chinese boy Wan Lee is the hero, even to children. When they play pirate—"pilat," Wan Lee calls it—the Chinese boy performs with wonder the duties of an able seaman, but his Oriental intuition has seen through the flimsiness of the

Western imagination. "Melican boy plenty foolee! Melican boy no pilat." "'Way with him to the yardarm!" is the response of the healthy citizen Hickory, but Wan Lee replies: "Yald alm heap foolee! Allee same close-hoss for washee washee."

Kate Greenaway never did anything better than that Chinese boy. He had no smile that was childlike and bland. His expression was as immutable as the great God Buddh'. And the action pictures are in exactly the same flavor as the story, the scene on the mountain side, in the pirates' lair, the den of the Red Rovers at the tunnel mouth, the children asleep, Polly in the miner's arms—all these blend into the story perfectly, and the printer (Edmund Evans) with an artist's eye has blended illustrations with the type. The children may be English in figure and dress and the gestures quite those of children from a Cranford school, but Miss Greenaway never forgot that yawning tunnel in the side of the hill, and that is not English; it is more Wild West than Buffalo Bill or Kit Carson or Daniel Boone.

The children go out on their excursion, Polly's imagination filling in the details which round out the story, with Wan Lee ever willing to believe these products of a Western imagination, but returning to reality with some disappointment. And when Bret Harte makes hard-working miners dress up as pirates to give the children a little scare it is Wan Lee who dramatically penetrates the shallowness of Western make-believe.

Bret Harte unfolded something of the inscrutable East in his story, which is pure romance. I defy any realist to get nearer to the truth.

A GENUINE MYSTERY STORY

POLLY COLOGNE

By MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ

An appreciation by ERIC P. KELLY

FAR off in a delightful, matter-of-fact, romantic country is the Land of Ease. And there in the most realistic of woodcuts and thrilling chapters dwells to this day the princess of all rag babies, and her name is Polly Cologne. In her court serves a certain little dog, Rover, who has been in every country and sailed upon every sea on the globe, and in attendance upon Princess Polly and Prince Rover are the twins, the Jimmyjohns, whose names even are interwoven, Dorothy Beeswax, Jenny Popover, Susan Sugarspoon, Betsy Ginger and Eudora N. Posy, all inhabitants of the doll house (she called it baby-house) of Annetta Plummer, with the exceptions of the Jimmyjohns, who were the most boyish of boys that ever lived. And to add the color and romance and pull of interest that this episode furnishes come Mr. Tompkins, the Lobster man; the Funny Man who was called the Funny Man because he was *funny*; Jabez Gorham, the old gentleman; Tink, Nancy, and a host of others.

In the years that have passed since Mrs. Diaz's remarkable story appeared in *Wide Awake* there have come but few doll stories to challenge the interest and novelty of this one. Indeed, in its very quaintness to-day the story is even more interesting than it was when the costumes and manners it describes were things of the moment. It has the old-fashioned quality of serenity, before life was speeded up by autos and radios and telephones, and yet the tale moves

quite rapidly through a rapidly changing scene of city, town and sea. It's a story for a boy as well as for a girl, and my sister and I fought for the book when it first made its appearance, and a small doll of my sister's, a doll of a short career, carried forward into a brief posterity the name of the heroine of the story.

"Polly Cologne" is a real mystery story for children—and there can be good mystery stories even though police, detectives, psycho-analysts, and amateur cracksmen are not involved; there is just as much mystery in the disappearance of a doll from a nursery as there is in the disappearance of Mr. Cracklewaithe or the double personality of Mr. Speak-easy. And when the doll disappears during a party while everyone is there, carried out in the mouth of the house dog Rover, it's just as exciting as a murder on the stage before a crowded house—really it is just as exciting. I truly mean that. There seems to be a feeling among mystery writers that the central plot must involve something terrible, that there can be no mystery without it. But if you will read "Polly Cologne" you can understand that there can be more mystery in the loss of a dog and a doll (for Rover is lost too!) than there can be in the most awful French thing where houses are blown up and there are plots to destroy all civilization, and terrible hands creep across the reader's vision—I find more mystery in the loss of the doll.

It is excellently told, that "Polly Cologne." As a grown man and a more or less sophisticated college teacher dealing with a more or less sophisticated generation I admit that I've read "Polly Cologne" dozens of times. I'm just as much mystified on the twenty-fourth reading as I was on the first, and that's the reason why the book seems to me to be better than the mystery stories I read once and toss aside like a be-penciled cross-word puzzle. I feel the same with Chesterton's "Innocence of Father Brown"—the solutions give me great joy every time I read them, and best of all the book has the quality which makes it interesting to

children. It takes the reader far off into an unknown land, all the more unknown nowadays; suddenly a door opens. "The door was open just wide enough to show her face. She had a nightcap on and a small flannel blanket over the nightcap, and she held her shawl to her mouth." What a figure of mystery to confront the Jimmyjohns in their search for Polly Cologne!

But I suppose that the chief charm of the book lies in this, that it personifies all the impressions of older people that we have known in childhood, it makes permanent those impressions as well; it personifies our pets and our dolls without in any sense descending to tittle-tattle or pathetic fallacies.

CHILDREN, PARENTS, AND PIRATES

A LIVING book about children is an event in any age. "The Innocent Voyage" is such a book and it comes at a psychological moment. There never were more people really eager to know about childhood, and unwilling to continue in the old ruts of borrowed theories and conventional practise in communicating with children.

I have no wish to lessen the pure joy of any reader of Richard Hughes's highly original and absorbingly interesting novel by telling its story to point a moral. One reads it first for sheer delight in the freshness of its conception and its imaginative power. "The gayest and most deadly bit of irony we have read for a year and a day," Isabel Paterson calls it, but I would go farther in characterizing the relationship of the book to present-day parental education and say that it seems to me one of the few authentic documents concerning the child world. It is one of the few books in which children talk and act like real children, even when placed in extraordinary circumstances.

The character of Emily alone is a startling revelation of what a ten-year-old child can be and do and say, given the chance. What, one wonders, would have been Emily's I. Q. had it been recorded at successive stages of her melodramatic experiences—after the Earthquake, the Hurricane, after the Pirates came on board, after she realized she was Emily, after the death of John, after the murder of the Dutch captain, after she had slept with an alligator, after she reached England and entered a girls' school.

Emily dominates the book without lessening one's interest or blurring the individuality of any of the other charac-

ters, whether children or pirates. Everything she says or does has an absorbing interest and an assurance comparable only to rare moments of sharing a child's confidence in real life. Such moments are fleeting and not to be recaptured, but they are as revealing as lightning flashes and lie golden in the memory. It is out of a succession of them that Richard Hughes has created a whole family of child characters so vital as to amaze and shock many a reader unfamiliar with the wide range, the depth and variety of the child mind and conscience between the ages of three and eleven.

"But my children are not like these children," they will say. Then it is one thinks of the Bas-Thorntons, the ineffectual parents of Emily, John, Edward, Rachel and Laura, aged three. "It would have surprised Mrs. Bas-Thornton very much to have been told that hitherto she had meant practically nothing to her children. She took a keen interest in Psychology. She was full of theories about their upbringing which she had not time to put into effect; but nevertheless she thought she had a deep understanding of their temperaments and was the center of their passionate devotion. . . . Her reading was always serious. . . . A child like Emily, thought Mrs. Thornton, who is far from nervy, really needs some sort of stimulus and excitement or there is danger of her mind going to sleep altogether forever. This life (in Jamaica) was far too vegetable. Consequently Mrs. Thornton always spoke to Emily in her brightest manner, as if everything was of the greatest possible interest."

Small wonder that Emily was tongue-tied in her mother's presence after she had been in an earthquake. One has seen it happen under circumstances less unusual than earthquakes and hurricanes.

"Children," says Mr. Hughes, "have little faculty of distinguishing between disaster and the ordinary course of their lives. It takes experience before one can realize what is a catastrophe and what is not." That children may be

involved in catastrophes of many kinds and still remain children he clearly shows in a book which should be widely read by inquiring teachers and children's librarians, writers and critics of children's books, as well as by parents.

That "The Innocent Voyage" runs the whole gamut of human experience of life, death and disaster, and yet remains comedy, is a sign of its enduring quality. I hardly need add that this is not a book for children who like pirate stories. It's not that kind of a book. It is too psychological and too little concerned with pirates.

SHIPWRECKED DOLLS

FLOATING ISLAND

Written and illustrated by ANNE PARRISH

Reviewed by DOROTHY P. LATHROP

I DO not know how you who are of an age to read this review feel about dolls now, whether they are merely to be collected if sufficiently rare, or bought and reluctantly passed on to small friends as Christmas approaches, or whether you can still feel them so very real that their animation is only what you have been hoping for and half expecting and once actually looked for, stealthily, on tiptoe, in the playroom. But, in all your play, did you ever have the gorgeous idea of shipwrecking a whole family of dolls, Mr. and Mrs. Doll, William, Annabel, Baby and Dinah the cook, and the Doll House itself on a tropical island where there was nothing remotely resembling humans except monkeys?

"Monkeys!" said Mrs. Doll, who had spent most of the morning head down in a pitcher-plant full of water, where the youngest monkey had carelessly left her. "Don't mention monkeys!"

So they sat in a sad, silent circle, not mentioning monkeys.

On this miniature scale, Anne Parrish has omitted none of the time-honored joys of castaways on a tropical island. Almost at once they lose their clothes and must dress in leaves to Mrs. Doll's secret delight, because their patterns are so many and varied, but "William behaved just like his

father and didn't want to wear anything." There are the proper number of wild beasts—monkeys, butterflies, crocodiles, chameleons and crabs, friendly and hostile. There are tiger kittens, of which William and Annabel, standing on tiptoe, "patted as much as they could reach." And in the jungle, roots turn out to be snakes, and rocks, tortoises.

"I don't like these woods," said Mrs. Doll. "They walk around so!"

What a relief that all these animals appear in their own diverting personalities, instead of misfitted with our human speech and qualities. Never do they act otherwise than animals can, nor do they wear clothes, for one can hardly count as such Dinah's dress which one monkey wears over his back like a cape, the sleeves tied under his chin, nor the trousers Mrs. Doll makes for as many monkeys as possible, out of the Doll House carpets.

Though they can bend and talk when no humans are around, one never forgets that these are dolls. Little china feet clink against pebbles; Mr. Doll cracks his black china hair on a stone, but he was a comfort to Mrs. Doll, "even if he was cracked"—sand blows into Annabel's joints and makes them stiff, and William goes to sleep in a flower. And, though surfeited with the thought of anything little, especially fairies, sleeping in flowers, we cannot mind when it is told like this:

Tonight he crept into a sweet white trumpet flower. While he dreamed, the petals drew in, closing over the little Doll as gently as your mother tucks the sheet around you when you have kicked it out at the bottom of the bed in your sleep. All through the night the flower held him safe and with morning opened its petals and let in the light.

It is not only an irresistibly funny book, but one, as we might have anticipated, filled with beauty, for, while books are seldom both funny and beautiful, that is not too much to expect of the writing of Anne Parrish.

"The Dolls could hear all that you hear, and more. An insect climbing a fern stem; a shower of tiny seeds bursting from their pod and scattering to the ground; the beat of a moth's wings. Mrs. Doll said she could hear the toadstools pushing up from underground, softly and steadily. Perhaps she could, for such tiny ears can hear things we never have heard at all. We carry our heads too high."

But here for a time we forget what giants we are, even the youngest of us, and again our heads lie close to the earth—as close as in those days when there was time in plenty to lie in the warm meadows, a forest of grass blades over our heads, and watch and listen. Again we live in a microscopic world where the proximity of a flower is of more importance than a distant mountain. Once more we share a child's immense preoccupation with tiny things and first wonder at a new and unfamiliar world, that wonder that for a few brief years makes us go looking, touching, listening before we begin to take the miracle for granted and living becomes only a matter of routine between sun-up and sun-down.

"Floating Island" is for children, of course, and rather young children, but, if I have claimed much of it for us who are bigger, it is because here is a book like the world—the world which is not divided up into bits and classified for those from four to six, from six to eight, from eight to twelve and so on through our three score and ten years, with a special bit for octogenarians, but the same world for all of us, undivided, its riches spread out for us to choose from according to our ages in spirit rather than our ages in years. So if I prophesy the joy which this book will be to the adult, this is simply in the nature of staking a claim before the children are heard from. For children will surely claim this book, text and pictures, as their own. The big pictures are drawn by Anne Parrish, the little ones, she tells us, by Mr. Doll. Both artists have an inimitable humor; both draw the luxuriant flowers and little creatures of that

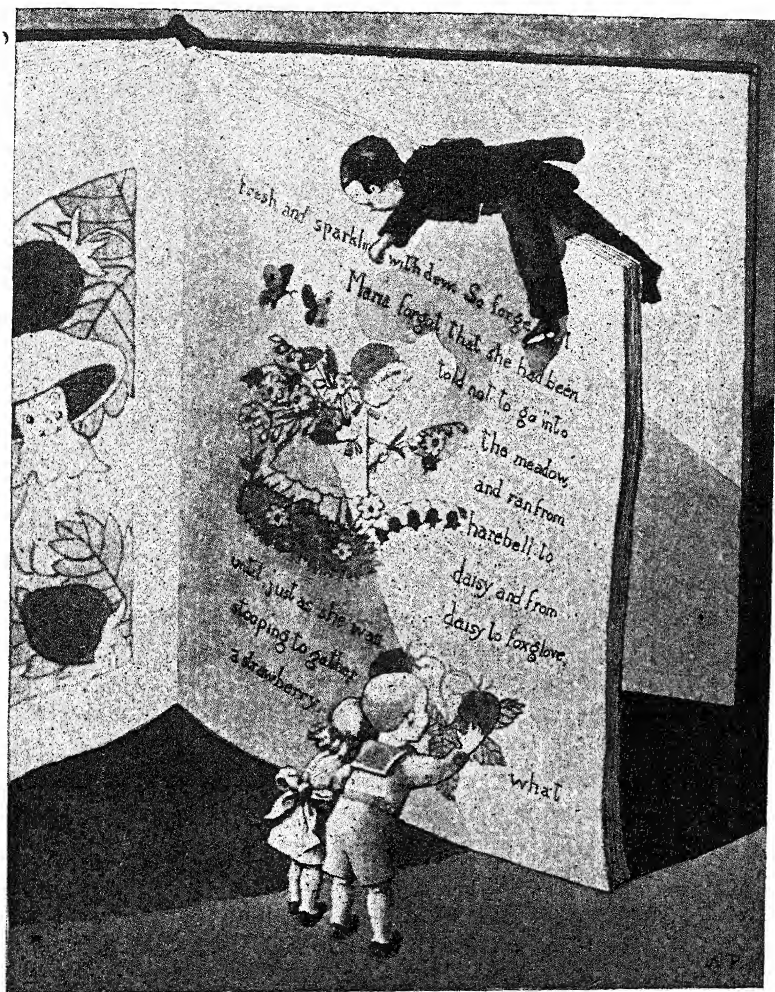


Illustration by Anne Parrish for her Floating Island

tropical island with a joy in the way nature formed them. In Mr. Doll's explanatory captions and in the footnotes with which the book is furnished after the fashion of old travel books, the author achieves a direct contact and intimacy with the child reader almost never accomplished except in the oral telling of a story. It is a book pre-eminently to share, so it is doubtful whether many children will be allowed to read it alone. Grown-ups will want the joy of reading it to them, and children that of sitting close to watch the turning of the pages for a glimpse of Mr. Doll paddling his seed-pod canoe or of Mrs. Doll without her wig. For some books are so intimately and secretly your own, that you cannot bear to share them with any one, but others you must share or burst with the chuckles and delight pent up inside of you.

The large page size gives ample room for the full page illustrations with a double-spread for Mr. Doll's map of the Island—a genuine play map. We do not begrudge them a single inch, but the paper is far too bulky and gives the book a feeling of clumsiness in the hands. If only publishers and booksellers would realize that it is not because of thickness that we buy such books as "Floating Island," but for writing so graphic, so concise and humor so irresistible as in the chapter telling how Mr. and Mrs. Doll stopped to rest under a grove of tigers' legs, and for pictures so absolutely childlike in conception and so delightful in execution as that of "the insect who is too proud to answer Dinah" or of "Annabel in the cook's shoe."

ANDERSEN'S BIRTHDAY

"**B**ETWEEN the Baltic and the North Sea lies an old Swans' Nest—it is called Denmark: in it have been born and will be born hereafter Swans whose names shall never die. . . . Centuries will pass away and Swans will still fly forth from the Nest and make themselves seen and heard far over the world."

Nearly a century has passed since Hans Christian Andersen's first little book of "Wonder Stories for Children" (1835) bore his name from land to land on wings of swans, in songs of nightingales, in living words of human life and death, of hard experience and joyous festival. As there had been no fairy tales like them before, so there have been none to equal them since. Andersen belongs to all countries and all times. Good, then, it is to bring forth upon this memorable birthday the books in which his tales have been collected and translated and to picture him in imagination reading out "The Nightingale," "The Ugly Duckling," "The Little Mermaid," "The Swineherd," "The Darning Needle," "The Constant Tin Soldier," "The Top and Ball," even "The Rags" (for the special delectation of Danes and Norwegians), while all the world listens in.

What a wonder story Andersen could have made of the radio! "The Fairy Story of Our Time" he called the Paris Exposition of 1867, going all the way back to Paris to see it again in order to gain the needed inspiration to finish the story of "The Dryad." In "The Story of My Life" he describes the journey from Spain to Portugal as "like flying from the Middle Ages into the present era" and tells of sailing one day out over the open sea to the town of Troja, buried under the sand hills, and of standing there

on the sand dunes looking out over the ocean: "The nearest coast was America. I thought of my friends there: of Longfellow, the great poet of Hiawatha and Evangeline; I thought of what America had given us in Washington Irving and Cooper—wine of the soul from yonder hemisphere; I never shall go there, I have such terror of the water; but my thoughts went there from the Portuguese Pompeii."

Andersen might well have added the name of Horace E. Scudder to the number of his American friends at this time, for it was Mr. Scudder who, as editor of *The Riverside Magazine*, arranged for the publication of a dozen or more of his stories in that historic magazine for children before they were published in Denmark or England, and among them were "The Court Cards," "The Dryad," "The Candles" and "The Most Extraordinary Thing." Mr. Scudder's essay "Hans Christian Andersen" is one of the most sensitive of critical appreciations of one he characterizes as "not only an interpreter of childhood but the first child who made a real contribution to literature."

By the light of Mr. Scudder's penetrating study, by years of independent research into the background of Andersen's stories and their evolution as artistic creations, and by a rare gift of dramatic interpretation, Marie L. Shedlock, an Englishwoman, imparted to the centennial celebration of Andersen's birthday in the schools and libraries of America a quality of interest which led in one city at least to permanent observance of the day and to the founding of a story hour for children. Story-telling in the New York Public Library has its roots in Miss Shedlock's rendering of "The Nightingale" twenty-five years ago.

"I have on many occasions attended readings of Andersen's stories in Denmark and in my own country, Norway," wrote a gifted Norwegian, "but I have never heard his works interpreted with such deep feeling and complete understanding as when told by Miss Shedlock, and I cannot



THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

Illustration by Elizabeth Mackinstry for Andersen's Fairy Tales

believe that any other person will ever be able to put so much charm and reality into them."

It is ten years since this comment was written—ten years since our Fairy Godmother, as she is called here and in London, sailed back to England. From Miss Shedlock's notes on "The Fun and Philosophy of Hans Andersen's Fairy Stories" the Owls are permitted to print these reminders of one she characterizes as "the prince of humorists."

"It is excessively difficult to find out what writer first conceived the idea of making inanimate objects talk. Literature is crowded with conversations between plants among themselves, and animals among themselves, but it is not easy to discover when objects first developed the gift of speech. In *Æsop*, so far as I can discover, we have only one instance, and there is a Persian story in which the legs of a table hold converse. If we come up to our own day we have the expression, "the pot must not call the kettle black"—from which I have taken my title of the series I wish to illustrate, calling it the 'Pot and Kettle School,' of which Andersen may be called, if not the founder, at least the chief representative. To it belong 'The Darning Needle,' 'The Shirt Collar,' 'The Money Box,' 'Five Peas in a Pod,' 'The Silver Penny,' 'The Neck of a Bottle,' 'The Old Street Lamp.'

"'The Beetle' is a marvelous story, first suggested by Charles Dickens in 'Household Words' in association with the Arabian proverb: 'When the Emperor's horse got his golden shoes, the beetle also stretched his leg out.' "We recommend," says Dickens in a note, "Hans Christian Andersen to write a story about this." "I had quite a desire to do so," says Andersen, "but no story came. Not until nine years after, when I accidentally read Dickens's words again, did the story of 'The Beetle' suddenly spring forth."

In what she calls an "Animal and Vegetable Series" Miss Shedlock includes "The Toad," "The Snail and the

Rosebush," "Five Peas in a Pod," "The Butterfly," "The Storks," "The Ugly Duckling," "The Happy Family," and from each story she selects just those elements which show Andersen's power of endowing plants and animals with salient human characteristics.

There have been many illustrated editions of Andersen's Fairy Tales but no artist has imparted the life and reality that Elizabeth MacKinstry has given to her drawing for "The Emperor's New Clothes." "Andersen's feel for a fool was almost Shakespearean," she says, and bestows just the right proportion of silliness and vanity upon the Emperor and of sturdy naturalness on the child.





THE WHITE CAT AND THE GOBLIN CAT

THE WHITE CAT AND OTHER OLD
FRENCH FAIRY TALES

By MME. LA COMTESSE D'AULNOY

Arranged by RACHEL FIELD

Drawn by E. MACKINSTRY

THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN

By GEORGE MACDONALD

Illustrated by ELIZABETH MACKINSTRY

Reviewed by DOROTHY P. LATHROP

A GROWN-UP has been asked to write about "The Princess and the Goblin," but it was a child who read it first, and read it so often and loved it so much that no

present reading can obliterate that impression. Now again that same intimate mystery holds me, and to analyze it seems a desecration.

In this book there is an old staircase of worm-eaten oak, and up its moonlighted treads crept the little princess alone to the very top of the castle tower and found there, spinning, that great-great-grandmother who was sometimes young and sometimes very, very old. A moon hung shining



in her room. Sometimes its rays lay across the mountain, and into this bright, guiding path dared venture no creature of the night. Somewhere near nested the white pigeons which were her messengers and her army. I longed to find that staircase, but even the little princess could not unless she needed the comfort and mystery of that presence. As clear in memory as the written words is the mountain path where the princess and Lootie, her nurse, were lost in the

coming darkness, and that looming rock behind which the first goblin, or cob, was hiding, and, clearest of all, Curdie's fearless voice singing his absurd, improvised rhymes, mocking the goblins, sending them helter-skelter, "their teeth on edge."

No re-reading made more vivid Curdie's encounter with them in the very palace of the goblin king and with their



creatures which are like no one animal above ground, or his discovery of the goblin queen's shameful secret, that she only of all the goblins had toes! And that glorious battle after the cobs had tunneled into the castle to abduct the little princess, and Curdie, shouting his rhymes and, followed by the men-at-arms, leaped into the midst of the goblin swarms and trampled ruthlessly on their tender feet! Was ever an-

other army routed to the battle cry of "Stamp on their feet! Stamp on their feet!"

Not even a modern child could object to George MacDonald's preaching, for he touches fundamental needs, not only the need for a comforting, secret, great-great-grandmother, who will guide us even through the depths of the earth by a thread of her own spinning, but the need for



laughter and nonsense and for a shiver or two, for what can be pleasanter than to encounter goblins and their incredible creatures when we know that to send them pellmell we need only be brave, shout nonsense at them and—stamp on their toeless feet!

But this is not so much a word for a book loved by so many of us as for this new edition illustrated by Elizabeth

MacKinstry. For from the time it was published with the Arthur Hughes illustrations in 1870 in *Good Words for the Young*, a magazine edited by George MacDonald, it has passed through many editions and been interpreted by many artists; it has never been long out of print and never forgotten. Elizabeth MacKinstry, too, loved this book as a child, especially, perhaps, the goblins and their grotesque animals, for she has given us just such a conviction of their absurdity as Curdie must have had to have taunted them. The beasts are unbelievable, which is as the author intended. Several of the milder ones, among them he of the large ears, I begrudge the goblins! Elizabeth MacKinstry has the great and endearing gift of humor. And she knows elves, goblins and all their kind. Can any one forget her drawings for Rachel Field's "Eliza and the Elves," that delectable story?

Did any child ever fail to stuff an unwilling cat or puppy into doll's clothes? Only one so unfortunate as to have had no animals. But how unsatisfactory it was! Snaps and snarls and yowls of rage, and a poor doll left with a torn dress. Beware, puss! For now you must vie with the White Cat as the artist has drawn her, beautiful in her pink dress and her gold veil. Just so shy, yet so poised, so ladylike! Do not fear that this author is one of the conceited who think an animal can be made interesting only by foisting on it human speech and clothes. All of these animals, including the White Cat herself, who have such beautiful manners and wear their clothes with ease, are enchanted humans and all eventually return to their own forms. Soon, so used are we to this state of affairs that when a pot of carnations bursts into speech, it is only to be expected that it will shortly after turn into a beautiful prince. Alas, that there is no picture of a prince who was once a pot of carnations! He must have been even more of an exquisite than the artist's Percinet.

These are not stories about real fairies, for in such of

necessity there is an element of breath-taking mystery, an alertness of all the senses toward a race unknown and alien. These eighteenth century tales of Mme. d'Aulnoy's are sheer invention, as gay, as deliciously and consciencelessly extravagant as the ruffled, flower-decked and exquisitely bouffant costumes of the same period in the pictures. The child to whom you read these stories will not sit hushed, absorbed, peering into another world, but will wiggle and interrupt with squeals of delight, and beg to see again the White Cat in all her finery, or to hear once more about the tiny dog in the walnut shell. For just so long as little children walk through woods and meadow stooping for the tiniest toadstool or bits of moss, so long as they love all the littlest things on earth, just so long will they read such stories and, with the prince, hold the walnut shell to their ears to hear the tiny barking inside.

"The White Cat" is edited by Rachel Field and has a delightful introduction by the illustrator. The title story is the nicest one in the book, as the artist must have felt, for there are cats scattered all through its pages, elegant cats, cats whose tails stick out entrancingly beneath frock coats and dresses, such different cats from that scrawny goblin cat in "The Princess and the Goblin." But that goblin cat holds the secret of Elizabeth MacKinstry's great appeal as an illustrator. For that lies in the immense vitality and zest she brings to her drawing. She has a rare feeling for the simple beauty of a line and for decorative mass, and all this we value. But then, brushing this knowledge to one side, she seizes her pen and, with an infinite relish and a spontaneity possible only to so vital a person, makes a few scrawls and—there, flippantly holding a flower, is that scraggly, delectable, devil-may-care goblin cat!

Her method, which is direct pen drawing with no preliminary pencil drawing, makes for spontaneity. Still, interesting as method or medium may be, the result is the only necessity. By that artists live or die. Whether the

drawing took minutes or hours to make does not matter to the beholder. But if an artist can infect the public with his own laughter, the public will take that artist to its heart as it takes Elizabeth MacKinstry.

"The White Cat" is an exceptionally beautiful piece of book making.





LIFE STORIES OF CHILDREN

MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL

THE HISTORIES OF SEVERAL YOUNG LADIES RELATED
BY THEMSELVES

By CHARLES *and* MARY LAMB

EVER since my first discovery of these delicate yet poignant reminders of two young Lambs running free of all the educational fences erected by the Barbaulds and Aikens, I have turned back now to one and now to another of the charming stories which make up this distinctive contribution to children's literature and child psychology.

Somewhere between Blake's "Songs of Innocence" and the naturalization of childhood by his own perfect memory of it of Charles Dickens, one looks to the Lambs to kindle the imagination and illuminate the understanding of children of our day no less than their own. It is this sure touch with childhood itself—its problems, its desires, its fears, its spiritual affinities, its natural outlook upon everyday surroundings—and their special understanding of lonely children, their saving wit and childlike wisdom which have kept

these stories of Charles and Mary Lamb alive for more than a hundred years. The unstated thesis of Mrs. Leicester's school is this, if you expect to teach children anything you must know them intimately as individuals. Ten little girls, ranging in age from seven to thirteen years, tell in turn the story of their lives as they sit in a close circle round the bright fire in the "playroom" of the boarding school they have just entered.

Who should begin and how? were the first burning questions.

"Begin," said the teacher of Amwell School, who afterward wrote out for each girl a copy of these "biographical conversations," "with your name, for that at present is unknown to us. Tell us the first thing you can remember; relate whatever happened to make a great impression on you when you were very young; and if you find you can connect your story till your arrival here to-day I am sure we shall listen to you with pleasure; and if you like to break off and treat us with only a part of your history, we will excuse you with many thanks for the amusement which you have afforded us." . . . Encouraged by this offer of indulgence, Miss Villiers began. The story of Elizabeth Villiers, who learned to read and spell from her mother's tombstone, and the coming of a sailor uncle—a delightful, companionable character—is a touching one. Death, as a child may look upon it, is poignantly revealed in it. "Louise Manners," aged seven, who follows her, rambles on about a visit to her grandmother's farm—a visit which extends from May Day to sheep shearing time.

"Margaret Green, or The Young Mahometan," is so great a favorite of mine that I cannot resist the desire to quote from her story also. The tale is one of a child whose mother becomes the companion of an elderly lady of large fortune living in an old family mansion. "Mrs. Beresford kept no company and never moved except from the breakfast-parlor to the eating-room and from thence to the draw-

ing-room for tea. Every morning when she first saw me she used to nod her head very kindly and say 'How do you do, little Margaret?' But I do not recollect she ever spoke to me during the remainder of the day; except, indeed, after I had read the Psalms and chapters, which was my daily task; then she used constantly to observe that I improved in my reading and would add, 'I never heard a child read so distinctly.' "

Mrs. Beresford's interest lay chiefly in needlework and this gradually came to absorb so much of Mrs. Green's attention that she, too, fell out of the habit of talking with her child. Tired of the garden, Margaret would explore room after room of the old house, lingering over antique furniture and tapestries. One room she was unable to enter for a long time; the door appeared to be locked. "Every day I endeavored to turn the lock . . . to my great joy it one day gave way, and I found myself in this so long-desired room, it proved to be a very large library. I looked round on the books with the greatest delight. I thought I would read every one. I now forsook all my favorite haunts and passed all my time here. I took down first one book, then another.

"If you never spent whole mornings alone in a large library, you cannot conceive the pleasure of taking down books in the constant hope of finding an entertaining book among them; yet after many days meeting with nothing but disappointment, it becomes less pleasant. All the books within my reach were folios of the bravest cast. I could understand very little of what I read in them and the old dark print and the length of the lines made my eyes ache."

Margaret almost gives over her search when one day in an obscure corner of the room she finds a volume after her own heart. "It was a charming print; the letters were almost as large as the type of the Family Bible. In the first page I looked into I saw the name of my favorite Ishmael, whose face I knew so well from the tapestry, and whose

history I had often read in the Bible. I sat myself down to read this book with the greatest eagerness. The title of it was 'Mahometism Explained'. . . . If Ishmael had engaged so much of my thoughts how much more must Mahomet! His history was full of nothing but wonders from beginning to end. The book said those who believed all the wonderful stories which were related of Mahomet were called Mahometans, and True Believers. I concluded that I must be a Mahometan, for I believed every word I read."

Reading on, the young Mahometan encountered real trouble: "I trembled as I read it . . . after we are dead we are to pass over a narrow bridge which crosses a bottomless gulf. The bridge was described to be no wider than a silken thread; and it is said that all who are not Mahometans would slip on one side of this bridge and drop into the tremendous gulf that had no bottom. I considered myself as a Mahometan, but I was perfectly giddy whenever I thought of passing over this bridge" . . . One day seeing the old lady totter across the room a sudden terror seized her, how would *she* ever be able to get over the bridge? "Then too it was I first recollected my mother would also be in imminent danger; for I imagined she had never heard the name of Mahomet, because I foolishly conjectured this book had been locked up for ages in the library and was utterly unknown to the rest of the world."

Whereupon little Margaret wakes up her mother in the middle of the night and begs her "to be so kind as to be a Mahometan." Next day comes a wise physician who prescribes for a case of Mahometan fever, and a few days later begs to take her home with him to study the complaint at his leisure. The doctor's lady comes riding with him in the chaise to fetch her. She it is who prescribes a ride to Harlow Fair and stands by the little Mahometan while the doctor goes to buy a horse, lets her look as long as she likes at the gay booths and buys her several treasures to take

home, including a geographical game, which they play together all evening.

"Next day she invited some young ladies of my own age to spend the day with me. She had a swing put up in the garden for us and a room cleared of furniture that we might play at blind man's buff. Every day she contrived some new amusement. Yet this good lady did not suffer all my time to pass in mirth and gaiety. Before I went home she explained to me very seriously the error into which I had fallen. I found that so far from 'Mahometism Explained' being a book concealed only in this library it was well known to every person of the least information."

It took about a month of cheerful companionship to cure Margaret Green of Mahometan fever. The story is shot through with suggestions for those who would share the varied reading tastes of children as part and parcel of the whole nature of the child.

Of the ten stories three only were written by Charles Lamb—"Maria Howe; or, the Effect of Witch Stories"; "Susan Yates; or, First Going to Church," and "Arabella Hardy; or, The Sea Voyage." Susan Yates's first experience of seeing a church and feeling her own importance in the midst of the service is an unforgettable picture of a wondering child who lives far out in the lonely Lincolnshire Fens hearing the wind-blown music of St. Mary's Church bells calling her. She had never seen a church or even a picture of one, "the shape of it ran in my mind strangely, and one day I ventured to ask my mother what was that foolish thing she was always longing to go to and which she called a church. Was it anything to eat or drink, or was it only like a great huge plaything to be seen and stared at? Before this time (not quite five) I was totally ignorant of anything like religion, it being a principle of my father that young heads should not be told too many things at once for fear they should get confused ideas and no clear notions of anything."

This is a peculiarly refreshing attitude to contemplate from the present age and assures one that fathers who feel that way are by no means a new order of parent.

Will children themselves read this attractive edition, with its charming full-page illustrations in color, suggestive of Kate Greenaway? Girls on both sides of the 'teens will enjoy its humor and quaintness if they come upon the book at a time when it penetrates their self-consciousness and sets them thinking and remembering their own childhood. It is a lovely birthday gift book for the right girl or her mother.



A CIRCUS GARLAND

By RACHEL FIELD

I

PARADE

*This is the day the circus comes
With blare of brass, with beating drums,
And clashing cymbals, and with roar
Of wild beast never heard before
Within town limits. Spick and span
Will shine each gilded cage and van;
Rosettes at every horse's head
Will nod, and riders dressed in red
Or blue trot by. There will be floats
In shapes like dragons, thrones and boats,
And clowns on stilts; freaks, big and small,
Till leisurely and last of all
Camels and elephants will pass
Beneath our elms, along our grass.*

II

THE PERFORMING SEAL

*Who is so proud
As not to feel
A secret awe
Before a seal
That keeps such sleek
And wet repose
While twirling candles
On his nose?*

The Three Owls

III

ACROBAT

*Certainly that is not a man
Balanced on a thread in air,
But a brightly colored fan
Folding and unfolding there?*

IV

GUNGA

*With wrinkled hide and great frayed ears,
Gunga, the elephant, appears.
Colored like city smoke he goes
As gingerly on blunted toes
As if he held the earth in trust
And feared to hurt the very dust.*

V

EQUESTRIENNE

*See, they are clearing the sawdust course
For the girl in pink on the milk-white horse.
Her spangles twinkle; his pale flanks shine,
Every hair of his tail is fine
And bright as a comet's; his mane blows free,
And she points a toe and bends a knee,
And while his hoofbeats fall like rain
Over and over and over again.
And nothing that moves on land or sea
Will seem so beautiful to me
As the girl in pink on the milk-white horse
Cantering over the sawdust course.*

VI

EPILOGUE

*Nothing left to mark the spot
But a littered vacant lot;
Sawdust in a heap, and there
Where the ring was, grass worn bare
In a circle, scuffed and brown,
And a paper hoop the clown
Made his little dog jump through,
And a pigmy pony-shoe.*

TOAD AND THE ROUND WORLD

A ROUNDABOUT TURN

By ROBERT H. CHARLES

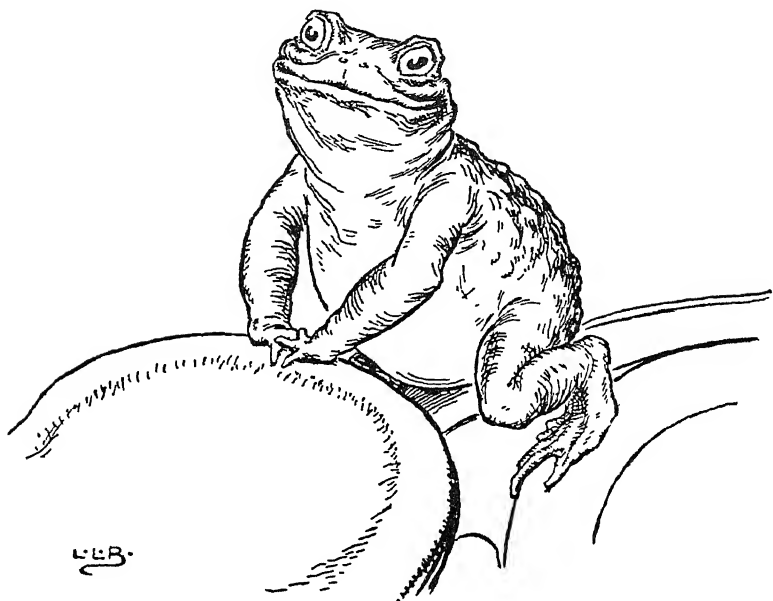
With drawings by L. LESLIE BROOKE

Reviewed by MARCIA DALPHIN

AFTER looking over a score or more of this season's picture books and finding literally only one or two of any distinction it was a joy to come upon a new picture book by Leslie Brooke. Anything from this hand is an event, partly because it occurs so seldom. Mr. Brooke is not the sort of artist who turns out a book every year, willy-nilly; in fact, it is, if we remember correctly, eight years since "Ring o' Roses," his last picture book, appeared.

Thinking back over the books we had examined and remembering their uninspired text and commonplace pictures we arrived at the conclusion that some of our artists might well take a leaf from the book of this English portrait painter and illustrator, waiting until genuine inspiration seizes them. For, if we read the signs aright, this book has had the ideal genesis. It is not that the publishers have said to the artist, "Come, come, furnish us a new book for the Christmas trade!" It is rather that Mr. Brooke, sitting in that delightful village in the Cumnor hills and reading his weekly "Punch," has come on some verses the idea of which enchants him, and with this enjoyment evident on every page he has made pictures for "A Roundabout Turn," the story of the adventurous Toad of Albury Heath.

How do we know that the artist enjoyed the doing of



it? It is plain as a pikestaff, even in the very first picture, which shows the Toad sitting at home in his easy chair holding discourse with his fond and doting mother, who has stopped knitting to listen to him—not for the first time, we imagine. It is a pleasant English interior that we see, with curtained windows giving a delightful prospect over the Heath, a comfortable be-ruffled chair, flowers in a blue bowl and three characteristic Brooke touches: a portrait of Father Toad on the wall; a framed motto, “Hop On, Hop Ever”; and a picture standing on the center table which we make out to be a tadpole at last, and then, in a flash we realize: “Why, of course! the hero as a child!”

The Toad wants to leave home, not because he dislikes the Heath, but because it is flat, and he has heard that the world is round and wants to see for himself. Mother Toad

is far from sanguine, you can see from her expression. For want of a horse the Toad is forced to give up the idea for a time, but one day he reads in "The Weekly Croak" that a merry-go-round has come to the Heath. Here are horses aplenty. All afire with enthusiasm the Toad hops to the scene. He finds it inconveniently full of feet, but a kind child, seeing his plight, lifts him up on the saddle of one of the horses and all day he rides:

*He rather liked the movement, he rather liked the tune,
He just rode the Roundabout
All the afternoon.*

Perhaps you find it difficult to conceive of an expression of seraphic bliss on a toad's face. The artist does not, and he is able to convey it, as also the unsteady feeling in the legs induced by continuous riding on the merry-go-round. To a mother who has had time to knit almost a whole sock in his absence returns home a very dizzy but happy Toad, and when she asks him if the world really is round:

"Round?" he said. My word!
"Round?" said he; "you should feel it spin
"Roundest place I was ever in!
"Round!" he chuckled; "it's that!
"Give me a drop of the dew to drink,
And give me the Heath;
it's flat!"

"But it's rather," he said with a knowing wink—
"It's rather a giddy place, I think."

Out of such simple circumstances is a real artist able to fashion a book that will entertain grown-ups as well as children for years to come, if its history is anything like that of its predecessors. It is now over thirty years since Leslie Brooke's first pictures for children came over to this country. These were illustrations for a Mother Goose

edited by Andrew Lang which still remains one of the best renderings of this classic. Our own favorites are "The Golden Goose Book" (which contains the Three Bears, The Three Pigs and Tom Thumb as well as the title story) and the two Johnny Crow books.

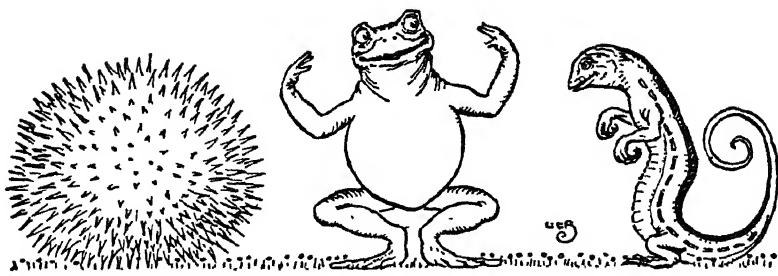
"The Golden Goose Book" is without a doubt one of the first books to buy for a child's library. In a family where the purse is lean several small children could be happy for all their nursery days with this and Scudder's "Children's Book." In this almost perfect picture book there is beauty of line and color, imagination and humor, lively interest and as much excitement and suspense in story development as a little child requires. Here is a friendly, happy world of people and animals, placed in perfectly understandable situations. Educators who demand that nothing shall be offered to a child which is outside his experience should be pleased with this book. Consider the illustrations for *The Three Bears*. In a charming cottage lives the Little Small Wee Bear surrounded by every circumstance of loving care. He is not a good-goody child. Far from it. He is a mischievous, frail piece of bear flesh. All among the tulips and roses of the garden border he is aiming a peashooter at a saucy bird swaying on the flower stems. Father is working with his spade, Mother may be seen through the window over the beehives and flower pots preparing breakfast. Both have a well-accustomed eye on their son. Turn the page and you will see that the missile has sped wide of the mark. The bird, saucier than ever, regards a much disgruntled small bear. But the lovely touch is the expression on the faces of the mother and father. They are making absolutely no comment on this interlude, but are plainly struggling with intense amusement, valiently suppressed after the fashion of all wise parents. How Leslie Brooke can get so much expression into those furry faces never ceases to astound one.

In every picture is the detail so characteristic of Leslie

Brooke, the loving care about very small things, so that you look at the picture quickly at first, taking in its obvious implications, and then as you look at it longer it begins to tell its story and you see more and more in it. Among the pictures on the wall in the breakfast room is Major Ursa, D. S. O., brave in gold lace and scarlet; the family tree has the legend Bear and Forbear in its branches; there are letters around the tiny porridge bowl that say "For a Good Bear"; the book beside the Little Small Wee Bear's bedside bears the title of "Tom Bruin's School Days." Looking closely at the pattern on the chintz, you see that it is not just *any* pattern—it is conventionalized honey bees. Stepping so high and proud that his feet scarcely touch the ground, smug satisfaction on his face, the little bear, after Goldenlocks has jumped out of the window, parades the garden with her shade hat tied under his chin. The Brooke touch is that it is wrong side before! There is no better fun than showing pictures like these to a child and watching his slowly growing appreciation.

"Johnny Crow's Garden" and "Johnny Crow's Party" are two of the most delightful books in the whole world. With no fuss and parade, but with infinite humor and good feeling, they teach one of the gentlest and loveliest of all the virtues—hospitality. I regard Johnny Crow as the perfect host. To the two parties in his garden come a crowd of animals, and among them, as in most mixed gatherings, are the bores, the egoists, the shy, the helpless, the stupid, the greedy, the pompous and the easily offended. Johnny flies around, his sleek little black body full of energy and loving kindness. No sooner do the guests begin to arrive than troubles familiar to all givers of parties begin. For one thing, here is the Lion decked out complacently in a green and yellow tie, and the Rat with an enormous feather in his hat, while poor Bear comes unclothed, and conscious of it. Johnny straightway evolves a pair of candy striped trousers and a grand tailcoat. A terrific rain comes up in

which the Crane is caught. The host must fetch an umbrella, and there is a harrowing picture of the Crane striding by on his long legs with the umbrella over his head and poor Johnny Crow pelting along behind him at the mercy of the elements. When the Beaver catches a fever who so concerned as Johnny, consulting gravely with the doctor out of the patient's hearing and arriving at the bedside with a bowl of something steamy hot on his outstretched wings. His charity embraces all. He is solicitous for the Mouse nipping in and out of her back door in perfect safety while the Cat watches hour after hour at the front, but he sympathizes with Puss, too, and on the next page watches with approving eye as she laps up the rich cream that he has provided. He even suffers bores and is the only one left in the circle when the Whale ends his long tale, from which the other animals have melted away one by one. Oh, Johnny Crow is a host in a thousand. And we wish he would give one more party and that the twin penguins might appear on every page of it. Long before Commander Byrd and his men saw the possibilities of these amusing creatures for the "comic relief" of their Antarctic night film Leslie Brooke drew two irresistible ones coming to Johnny Crow's garden.



A DOG FESTA

DAS HUNDEFEST

By ERNST KREIDOLF

"THE livest things I've ever seen," exclaimed Elizabeth MacKinstry, turning the pages of this festive picture book just over from Germany. "An ideal book for a child, and what a book for any one who has ever known and loved a dog! Poetic, charming, filled with imagination. At last the dog has arrived in art. If a dog were an artist and a poet, this is the kind of picture book he would make. It's absolutely true to dog nature."

"I've an idea it really was done by a dog," ventured the artist Owl. "Ernst Kreidolf on the title page is a mere *name*, the life of that title page is in the five hounds chasing around it. They seem to be chasing the long blue ribbons tied to their tails, but that's just a ruse. They know who is really responsible for this dog-festa book, but they mean to keep it a secret. I thought you might know for certain. Do you know whether a dog did it, and what kind of a dog he was?"

"I'm sure of it," replied Elizabeth MacKinstry with fine enthusiasm. "The first dog that has ever held brush and pencil—a dog who has seen a good deal of the world, yet retains his ecstasy. He must be a setter or a collie—a setter, I think—a red-brown setter with a pointed nose and a clear eye for color—a wise and charming dog who knows how rich and romantic and full a dog's life can be—a dog of immense observation and sound knowledge of dogs of all breeds. His knowledge of other dogs is enormous and so is his capacity for friendship with them."

"How about the cats?" queried the artist Owl. "People who have seen the book have said, 'the cats are not as well drawn as the dogs. This artist shouldn't try to draw cats.' But I think the cats are the surest proof that a dog is the real artist behind this book. It is just the way cats must look and seem to dogs when they are caterwauling. What do *you* think about the cats?"

"Cats as dogs see them are always a little mysterious and romantic," said Elizabeth MacKinstry. "These are intimately soft-footed cats. *Feline*—I never realized before all that means to a dog—the supremacy of that dog on the rooftop tells you and so do the inimitable expressions on the faces of the other dogs listening to the cats tuning their stringed instruments by lantern light. The answer of the dogs in the second picture is simply perfect—the caterwaul personified. This picture reminds one of Baudelaire and Pierre Loti. You can almost catch the tones of the caterwaul—tones which, you remember, to Pierre Loti sounded 'velvety' in their lower notes—as the cats drop down, furry and soft and light, like angels, into the night. It's a poem without words."

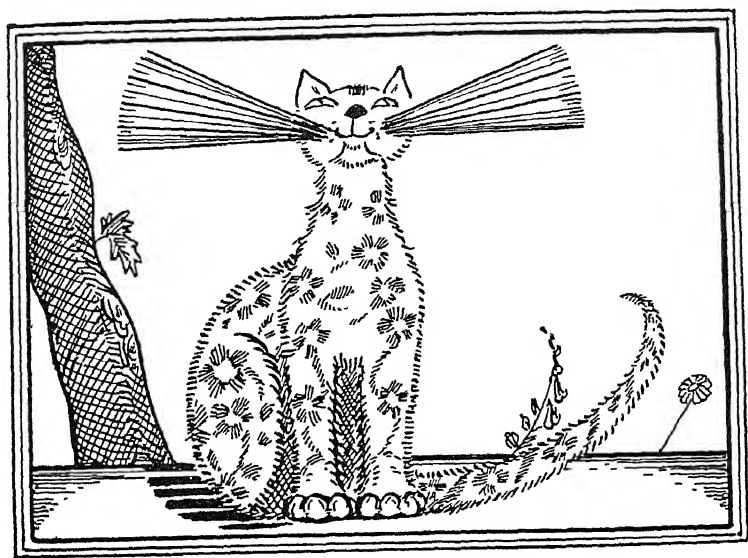
"I don't think much of the verses in 'Das Hundefest,' " said the artist Owl; "they are in German, and translated into English they seem to interrupt one's enjoyment of pictures which tell their own story in any language."

"I quite agree," said Elizabeth MacKinstry, "it's all in the pictures, beginning with the mystic Pied Piper poodle ringing his bell in the midst of that marvelous city of kennels—ringing his bell to wake up the dogs for the festival of Bremen—to which dogs of every description come leaping and tumbling and scrambling, lifted high on one another's shoulders, the upward-gazing crown of dog faces (that *under look* known by all who have lain on the hearth rug beside a dog), at the sports of Spitz and his somersaulting companions—the picnic, the gay carousal, the glorious splash in cool, green water, the roll over and over in the feathery

snow (did you ever see anything roll as much?), the festive ball and the cold, gray dawn of the morning after, with maidenly French poodles going home in tears, clear to the last picture of all the Dogs' Paradise—a veritable Fra Angelico Paradise—a round hilltop where no one can get at them—the very hill they are running over when they give their little dream barks when asleep. The meaning is all quite clear and has been tremendously felt from the inside. The dog who made this fresh universal record of his kind must certainly at some time have got at his master's Botticelli book. Dogs doubtless do devour books for different reasons," she reflected.

"There is a certain smartness and cheapness in many of the books about animals," she added. "People when they do animals too often talk down to them and however cleverly they draw, we feel the condescension an artifice of the treatment. Most things are done from the outside and take the form of activities rather than action. Vigorous action springs from every page of 'Das Hundefest'; the work is intensely authentic and the conception seems to be entirely original. I have never seen anything like it."

The only book known to the Owls with which it might be contrasted, rather than compared, is "A Guide to Caper" with Denis Eden's delicate drawings, published in England in 1924. In this book a city peopled by bears is pictured against the background of human habitations and customs. More effective text than Thomas Bodkin's was needed to illuminate drawings so delightfully done. The book proved too subtle for children. I doubt if Ernst Kreidolf has ever seen it, yet "A Guide to Caper" is the one book which comes to mind as in any way related to "Das Hundefest," which takes a place all its own among books about dogs, as well as among picture books.



FROM NONSENSE LAND

A BOOK OF NONSENSE

Collected by ERNEST RHYS

A LITTLE BOOK OF NECESSARY
NONSENSE

Selected by BURGESS JOHNSON

Illustrated by ELIZABETH MACKINSTRY

“**W**HAT else have you got in your pocket?” the dodo asked Alice and Ernest Rhys anticipates a similar inquiry from any reader of his book by his assurance that there is “plenty more where this came from.” And then he urges us to “let out our sprites or high spirits on our own account.”

It is good counsel for a summer holiday and this apple-green book of convenient size makes an ideal traveling companion. Its cover-jacket information is misleading in that it conveys the impression that the book is an inexpensive new edition of Edward Lear. In reality it contains only the limericks and none of the nonsense songs, more's the pity. Between Lear's:

There was a Young Girl of Majorca,
Whose aunt was a very fast walker;
She walked seventy miles,
And leaped fifteen stiles,
Which astonished that Girl of Majorca.

There was an Old Person of Burton,
Whose answers were rather uncertain;
When they said "How d'ye do?"
He replied, "Who are you?"
That distressing Old Person of Burton.

and Lewis Carroll Nonsense Rhymes, one finds "The Jolly Beggar" and "The Three Jovial Welshmen," "A Frog He Would A-Wooing Go" and Heinrich Hoffman's "King Nut Cracker." William Brighty Rand's "Stalky Jack" and "Clean Clara" are here from "Lilliput Levee":

I knew a boy who took long walks,
Who lived on beans and ate the stalks;
To the Giants' Country he lost his way;
They kept him there for a year and a day.
But he has not been the same boy since;
An alteration he did evince;
For you may suppose that he underwent
A change in his notions of extent!
He looks with contempt on a nice high door,
And tries to walk in at the second floor;
He stares with surprise at a basin of soup,
He fancies a bowl as large as a hoop;

He calls the people minikin mites;
He calls a sirloin a couple of bites!
Things having come to these pretty passes,
They brought him some magnifying glasses.
He put on the goggles, and said, "My eyes!
The world has come to its proper size!"
But all the boys cry, "Stalky John!
There you go with your goggles on!"
What girl would marry him—and *quite* right—
To be taken for three times her proper height?
So this comes of taking extravagant walks,
And living on beans, and eating the stalks.

Then comes "The English Struwwelpeter," "Baron Munchausen's Wonderful Horse" and a generous supply of nonsense rhymes of "Mother Goose's Melody," mostly taken from Halliwell's "Nursery Tales and Rhymes," and a final group beginning with "Ten Little Nigger Boys" and ending with the "Great Panjandrum Himself."

Of pocket size is the gay little red and gold book of "Necessary Nonsense" for which Miss MacKinstry has made pictures of "the Runcible Cat with the crimson whiskers," "the Old Man of Melrose who walked on the tips of his toes" and those other classics of nonsense Burges Johnson presents with brief introductory notes as reminders that from Shakespeare to Oliver Herford and Carolyn Wells nonsense has been necessary.

THE WISDOM OF ELEPHANTS

THE CHIEF OF THE HERD

By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

Illustrated by MAHLON BLAINE

Reviewed by DUDLEY CAMMETT LUNT

TO write a book a year, to keep the style alive and suggestive and to achieve a result that stands out from one's other efforts is no mean feat. There appears this year from the pen of Dhan Gopal Mukerji a volume which seems to me quite the equal of its predecessors, "Ghond the Hunter" and "Gay-Neck, the Story of a Pigeon." In "The Chief of the Herd" he recounts in vivid fashion the adventures of Sirdar, the leader of a herd of elephants, together with distinctive conceptions of his mate Rhada, whom Sirdar liberated from captivity and possessed after a bitter struggle with Kumar, a rival bull; of Ajit, the wise and venerable one, and of Bahadur, the son of Sirdar. Each of these deserve specific mention, for it is more than the fiction of personality that gives them distinction. Rather it is their relation to each other as individual members of the herd.

Thus at the outset let it be said that "The Chief of the Herd" is not simply another animal story. Those authors who can invest Fido with human capacities without making of Fido an unnatural prig are few and far between. Dhan Gopal Mukerji is among their number. His success lies in large measure in the fact that in the telling of the tale he slips without notice from the ego of Sirdar, Ajit or Radha,

now to the person of Ghond the Hunter, and again to his own natural rôle as expositor of the ways of the jungle.

To those to whom the word elephant conjures the picture of a peanut-devouring mammal, swinging a trunk instead of a tail, flapping vast ears and giving off a lusty odor at circus time, this book will reveal much of the habits and habitat of the last of the mammoths. As this reviewer is of this class of readers, he cannot vouch at first-hand for the accuracy of these details. Yet there exists other and even stronger evidence sufficient to dispel the shades of Ananias.

Somewhere in "Ghond the Hunter" occurs the question: "Have you ever heard Silence?" This query follows hard upon a description of the meditation of Ghond wherein is described the curious medley of tones and pitches that characterizes the slightest sounds of the jungle in the ear of one who listens. At the height of Ghond's concentration it is related that "Silence . . . is full of tongues." This passage is but an example of a quality of creative receptivity which exists vividly in the work of Dhan Gopal Mukerji.

The imaginative man in the depths of the jungle, on the peak of a mountain or a speck in a vast plain becomes unconsciously attuned to the peculiar circumstances of his situation. And paradoxically in the depths of meditation he is keenly alive and responsive to those same circumstances. In such a condition the happening of the most natural event, the flight of a bird, the cheep of insects, or the call of a wild elephant is etched into the core of his being. Time and again the writing of Dhan Gopal Mukerji bears evidence of this mood, at once receptive and creative.

Furthermore, in this condition the mind of man devises the most simple of its conclusions. It moves almost intuitively from some half imagined premise to an enlightened result. Here the sophisticated are likely to be led astray. They will dismiss the reflections of the author on the life of this herd of Hathis as sentimental moralizing. In this wise will they miss the depth of his insight, the accuracy of his observation and the slow maturity of his thought.

"The Chief of the Herd" is written in the beautiful language and unusual style that is the author's own. Let us look at the Himalayas through his eyes. He says:

Seen from this elevated plane, the Himalayan peaks looked superb. Above the immediate verdant foothills the white summits, instead of flaming into red at sunset, were wrapped in violet, silver, purple and carmine. Every sunrise the ranges crouched at the threshold of heaven like lions of amethyst.

There is a wealth of watching in back of these words.

The format is a tribute to the work of the writer. A distinctive binding, good paper, clear print and ease of handling are attributes of quality. On the whole the illustrations of Mahlon Blaine are disappointing. In fairness it must be admitted that the association of the former volumes of Dhan Gopal Mukerji with Boris Artyzbasheff is a factor in this estimate. And further admission is due that an illusion of the ponderousness of the pachyderm has been cleverly conveyed.

NEW AND OLD ROADS TO INDIA

KULLU OF THE CARTS

By JOHN EYTON

Reviewed by ELIZA BUCKNER MARQUESS

And what should Master Gauger play
But "Over the hills and far away"?
For I do think, and so do you,
It is the tune to travel to.

BOOKS to travel with need to have the quality of the tune. There are many desirable things to look for in the books packed for vacation reading, but the one essential is that they follow Master Gauger's example and play us over the hills and far away. To be able to leave meadows or mountains or sea to go down the Rabbit Hole with Alice, to Africa with Prester John, to Sherwood Forest with all the merry men, to dream true with Peter Ibbetson or visit Emily Dickinson's own enchanted land, is to savor vacation joys to the fullest.

There are places where I go a-traveling in this carefree way each summer. Since my first acquaintance with the *Jungle Books*, Mr. Kipling's India has been one of them. This year I plan to revisit it with the old guide and also with a new one, for in "Kullu of the Carts" John Eyton has given us a book that carries one straight to India as well as any pair of seven league boots that ever gladdened a giant's heart.

In spite of Drew Bartle's English name, his English father, his three sisters, who to all appearances were English — (so English that when they have a guest for tea it is a

surprise not to find him a curate)—he was of Indian blood and looked it. "Rude people called him a throw-back. . . . But call it what you liked . . . he was brown—a rich golden tan, seldom to be seen outside this world's mellower races . . . and more prized, he had noticed in inanimate objects such as meerschaum pipes and amber beads and honey and old ale than in human beings." (Drew would certainly have added to his list another object—books—could he have seen the clever way in which the publishers have used his own color in the make-up of the volume.) Nor was it only a question of looks, but of feeling. He wanted to be Indian, to live not as an English boy in the Indian hills, but as an Indian peasant roaming over the country. Just as the time came uncomfortably near for him to be sent away to school, the bullock carts drove by, and home and clothes were deserted and in all the glory of a pink flannel loincloth and a good coating of roadside dust, Drew joined the roving carters. He chose his cart with care—one driven by a younger boy—Kullu, son of Chottu, who allowed him to drive and in spite of the disastrous results, in spite of his lamentable failure to seize every spare moment for sleep, in spite of his excellent knowledge of Sahib ways and most lifelike performances of them, rechristened him Durroo, took him into his family and utterly refused to believe in his Sahibhood. Was he not "gandam-goon"—the true wheat color—and therefore beautiful as no Sahib could be?

For a short time he has his wish, an all too brief taste of the joys of "the broad road that stretches and of the roadside fire," of the delights of Kullu's companionship and of the food and sights and sounds and smells of the serai (the stopping place of the carters), then he is snatched away and sent to school.

After this point the story seems to lag, though not from any fault in its telling. On the contrary it is so well and so vividly told that long before Drew reaches school the reader has become identified with him, shares his love for the quaint,

wise little Kullu and his longing to continue the long leisurely journey from serai to serai. To be a half caste at school with English boys is not unmixed joy, as you will know after you have experienced it with Drew. It would be difficult, one is sure, even for a half caste who thought and felt as a Sahib, but it is impossible for one whose sole ambition is to escape from the prison of school into the freedom of the native life. Lessons and hockey and many boys are for Drew (and for his readers) a poor substitute for Kullu, who drives behind slow bullock carts down dusty roads which lead to the India of his dreams—and of his heritage. No wonder he despairingly concludes that “better death by drowning than tomorrow’s hockey. Today he had only let through seven goals. Tomorrow he might let through seventeen!” In the swimming pool, however, not death but a ducking awaits him—and a glorious fight for “it was one thing to drown oneself, quite another to be ducked by other people.” I can recall no better fight nor one made or recorded with more gusto than Drew’s struggle against Redhead and Spectacles and Dench. “Life was precious, and life was fun, Redhead’s nose was bleeding and life was *fun*.” After the fight there is a wild chase and Drew sprints madly off into the very arms of Kullu, who has come to rescue him and does it so cleverly that he ceases to be Kullu son of Chottu and is instead Kullu the Wise—and over their supper in the serai we leave them preparing to begin again their interrupted journey.

It is impossible not to want to go with them and fortunately for us all it is possible at least to travel the same road. For “Kullu of the Carts” stops just where “Kim” begins and to those who have already shared the adventures of the Little Friend of all the World and his llama it is the most natural thing in the world to read it all over again with an added thrill for the pleasures that it lets you know await Durroo and Kullu as they follow along after. For the boys and girls who have yet to read “Kim” the new book will prove an excellent introduction.

MIDSUMMER DAY AND ROBIN HOOD

Reviewed by MARCIA DALPHIN

"**A**RE there very many books in the library that you can get that are as good as 'Robin Hood'?" said the little girl wistfully. She was round and apple-cheeked, and she wore Alice-in-Wonderland strap slippers. Apparently absorbed in a book she was reading, she suddenly looked up and asked this question across the room. It seemed irrelevant, but in a few minutes more I heard a sigh and she burst forth with, "If there weren't any books in the world I think I should just die!"

Then I realized that this was a cry from the heart. Here was a book lover in the throes of that distress that every one feels at some time as he realizes all the things that may come between him and his love—that old age and death itself will intervene, and that there is not going to be time to read all the books, or that he can never again read "Twenty Years After" for the first time, and a thousand other agonies. There sat this child "just turned ten," a true bibliophile if there ever was one, books under her skin, in her blood and bones. She was already in possession of the secret of the brotherhood—that these little rectangles, common to-day as shoes and bread, and nothing much after all but wood pulp and a little ink, have back of them the greatest force of the world—imagination.

When life hurts that child she will have a solace; she can run to the shelf and take down Pyle's big brown book, open it to the first page and in a wink of the eye be off and away—

Midsummer Day and Robin Hood 325

In merry England in the time of old, when good King Henry the Second ruled the land, there lived within the green glades of Sherwood Forest, near Nottingham Town, a famous outlaw whose name was Robin Hood.

The 24th of June is a good day to remember Robin Hood, for he belongs to the times of fair and festival, the days when All Souls' Eve and May Day and Midsummer Day were still celebrated all over Europe in one of those strange agglomerations of ancient pagan rite overlaid with Christian ceremonial which so delight the folklorists to unravel. (Sun worship, Druid custom and the feast of John the Baptist are all inextricably mingled in the celebration of Midsummer Day.) Looking through an old book of folk customs what should I find to make me the more sure of his connection with the day but an allusion to the fact that as late as the times of Charles I, in *Nottingham*, the great Midsummer Eve processions were still held, in which all night long hundreds of boys and men carrying cressets or torches of fire in barred pots on the ends of long poles marched through the streets "keeping the watch." Little John and Will Scarlet and Friar Tuck would have been well up at the head of such a procession. They were not those to stay at home with such goings on in the town, even had it meant marching under the very nose of the Sheriff of Nottingham.

What a night to be abroad—Midsummer Eve in Robin Hood's England! From the tip of Cornwall to the Border counties you would have seen the great fires on the hills, with the yeomen driving their cattle between them to ward off disease, and the lads and lasses jumping over them hand in hand to bring good luck; huge cart wheels swathed in straw and set afire went rolling down the hills with shoutings and laughter (the wheel was the sun, for all the symbolism clung round the great orb that this day reaches his high mark and from now on declines); here would go some gathering roses and fern, St. John's wort, vervain, trefoil and rue, magic herbs all, to keep off witches and the lost spirits that were

abroad. On this night souls left their sleeping bodies and went wandering to the place by sea or land where death should finally come to them; so you must watch, not sleep, lest your soul join the wandering ones. And there would be those who were looking for the mythical fern seed, which blooms like gold or fire on Midsummer Eve. Climb the mountain holding it in your hand and you will find gold, or throw it up in the air and where it falls treasure lies hid. If you had kept close watch on the young maidens you would have seen in some lonely field one walking backward and reciting:

Hemp seed I sow,
Hemp seed I hoe,
And he that is my true love,
Come after me and mow.

The fairies were abroad, too, and all the legions of elves and brownies and mischievous little creatures of whose pranks English poetry and legend are full. The dearest and most childish of all the verses are Mary Howitt's, which may be found in almost any of the older anthologies: "The Fairies of the Caldou Low" and "Mabel on Midsummer Day." It must have been on Midsummer Day that the sisters in Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market" first met the fairy merchants who worked such woe on poor, credulous Laura:

Morning and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry:
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy."

And we *know* that it was on a Midsummer Eve that the ladies of Lingborough returning home from an evening party, escorted by the parson, found the Luck lying under a golden broom-bush with a crimson toadstool grasped firmly in one brown baby fist, and that it was at this same magic time that Puck surprised Dan and Una acting "Midsummer



are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagges

Illustration by Arthur Rackham for Midsummer Night's Dream

Night's Dream" three times over in a fairy ring beside the mill stream, and led them into those adventures with which Kipling has so enchanted us in "Puck of Pook's Hill."

Alas! Those days are over now and Puck has gone too, "the oldest Old Thing in England, very much at your service." He went out as loud speakers and smooth, black, shiny motor cars came in. No use to look for the Old People any more, he himself says so.

LONDON TOWN

THE TALE OF TOM TIDDLER, WITH RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN

By ELEANOR FARJEON

Reviewed by HARRIET SABRA WRIGHT

HERE is a book as seasonable as cherries. London in cherry-eating time is the setting for the story. The whole is done in the spirit of the old game "Tom Tiddler's Ground" where children come, you remember, picking up Gold and Silver and Tom tries to catch them without leaving the ground marked out for him. Only this time Tom goes farther afield throughout the ways of London to rescue one Jinny Jones, stolen away from him by Gogmagog the Giant.

"There are only two things Gogmagog likes to eat—cherries and little girls. As long as the cherries last the little girls are safe, but when he has eaten the cherries he'll eat the little girls."

So, with a good scare at the beginning such as little children like, and real suspense as the plot thickens, we follow Tom's devious course amid fascinating difficulties as he struggles to get Gogmagog into the Leaden Hall. There is a delightful clutch for older readers at the very end—back in Tom Tiddler's own field, where all the Gold and Silver is.

Simon, the brown owl, with his good judgment, and Jerry, the goat, who "could always eat anything anywhere at any time," are good companions for Tom and do their bit for the necessary sense and nonsense. The illustrations do

not add as much to the story as they might. It is the author herself who can bring forth the beauty that lies beneath the surface of things in verse as well as prose :

*Where d'ye buy your earrings,
Your pretty bobbing earrings,
Where d'ye buy your earrings,
Moll and Sue and Nan?
In the Cherry Gardens
They sell 'em eight a penny,
And let you eat as many
As ever you can.
Moll's are ruddy coral,
Sue's are glossy jet,
Nan's are yellow ivory,
Swinging on their stems.
O you lucky damsels
To get in Cherry Gardens
Earrings for your fardens
Comelier than gems.*

"The Tale of Tom Tiddler" is a plausible tale on the face of it, and city or country children anywhere should like it. Eleanor Farjeon has used the memory game method in the telling of it. The memory of man goes very far back in London Town and has accumulated too heavy and bulgy a load of literary allusions for us to stagger under unless we know them as a story pure and simple, letting them unwind in a characteristically English memory game like this one. Miss Farjeon has selected her own high play spots and touches them off with a child's fancies about scenes and names familiar to Londoners: Shepherd's Bush, Lavender Hill, Petticoat Lane, Oxford Circus, Whitechapel, the Batter Sea, Jack Straw's Castle. Was there ever another city with so many places to play in and about?

ONE-WHO-PROWLS

By MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

*The moon was red, the mists were gray
This morning early;
The last of night, the first of day,
And hurly-burly
Among the birds whose frantic thought
Was of their singing;
Their voices were like small bells caught,
And set to ringing*

By One-Who-Prowls—and prowls
For fun of prowling,
By One-Who-Growls—and growls
And keeps on growling.

*I've heard him tapping on a stone
At half-past seven;
I've heard him give a ragged groan
About eleven;
But when the moon is very late,
Or red at leaving;
And when the fog is very great
Past all believing,*

That-One who neither lives
Nor loves by hours;
That-One who never gives
A smile for flowers,

*Goes flapping softly down the sky,
Like some dim spirit,
And shouts a muffled goblin-cry . . .
The robins hear it—
The mists were gray, the sky was red,
The trees were glistening,
I wakened—sitting up in bed,
I waited . . . listening!*

DARK DOINGS
THE MIDNIGHT FOLK
By JOHN MASEFIELD

Reviewed by HARRIET SABRA WRIGHT

JOHN MASEFIELD has set his prose narrative, "The Midnight Folk," in the region described in "Reynard." We recognize Condicote Old Mill, Brady Ride Wood, haunts of Benjamin the Highwayman and among the people Lady Crowmarsh and son, with many familiar village types. This English countryside Masefield knows intimately. Its natural history, its legendary lore, tales of smugglers, of adventurers to the West Indies and Santa Barbara, its eccentric characters, past or present, are a fresh inspiration for a writer with good sporting blood in his own veins. Breathing the native air of this heath, he feels akin to healthy young animals who roam over it as a natural playground if their freedom is not interfered with. If it is—then a story develops like that of "Reynard," the hounded fox, or this of Kay Harker, a harried boy, in "The Midnight Folk."

Kay didn't like the tasks and restrictions put upon him by a dominating governess whose reign began with the spiriting away of all his best loved toys which "would only remind him of the past." Nor could he patiently endure disparaging remarks about Great-grandpapa Harker's honor because of the mysterious disappearance of great treasure once intrusted to him. Some folks believed it was still hidden in or near Seekings, the old Harker estate where Kay lived. Twitted of this by clumsy grown-ups, Kay's family pride

was so stirred that a message came to him straight from Great-grandfather's portrait in the schoolroom; "Until the treasure is restored or traced no man of our name ought to rest."

Captain Harker's great grandson accepted the challenge. There were many clews in and about the old house. Secret passages, queer cupboards, old books, pistols, maps, sailors' notes, and the model of the lost ship *Plunderer* all seemed waiting to disclose their secrets to the rightful heir. Kay was a lonely seeker, but he enlisted a sympathetic servant, Ellen, and gleaned juicy bits of neighborhood gossip and family history from her and from old villagers. These he pieced together into a workable whole. Deprived of the consolations of toys and with no children to play with, the little boy made boon companions of animals about the place. Nibbins, the nicest cat, was his closest friend, and unfailing counselor and guide for the treasure hunt. Reynard's cousin Rollicum Bitem Lightfoot was on Kay's side, as were Otter, Badger, Rat, Blinky the owl and kindred wild folk who knew more about the environs than a mere human governess or guardian would ever suspect.

That governess and her followers, with their strict ideas of good form and neat appearance, controlled most of Kay's comings and goings by day. But the freedom of the night was his. He made the most of it to enjoy the extraordinary doings of a sprightly lot of midnight characters. Magic transformations took place after dark when Kay's out and out enemies appeared as Witches and Wizards whose nightly escapades gave Kay and his friends a fair chance to overcome the ghosts of daytime happenings—to set the old house to rights, to bring back the Harker treasure.

Mr. Masfield has followed his own discovery of an old formula for plot development. "Action" (in the dramas of Shakespeare), he says, "is the result of a destruction of balance in the beginning. It is like a cartful of apples which is overturned. All the apples are spilled in the street. But

you will notice that Shakespeare piles them up again in his incomparable manner, many bruised, broken and maybe a few lost." In "The Midnight Folk" the apple cart was overturned at the outset by a "day full of contrariety." "Something in the day and in Sir Theopompus combined to Kay's ruin." Thus an interesting dream story is allowed to develop as the result of a child's attempt to put the apples back into the cart, in a child's own way, always consistently carried out as such and therefore at times confusing to the reader.

A poet who is also a racy story-teller has dipped his pen in moonshine to write these diverting fancies of a young human animal who is mentally disturbed in the midst of comfortable physical surroundings. The poet's own feeling for midnight beauty is in this writing along with his mature contemplation of a boy's primitive reactions. As a fantasy this is full of reality. It has more tang than froth in it, being well steeped in the humor and sound sense indigenous to a region where "moonlight" once meant "what comes by moonlight, French brandy and tea . . . and many an ounce of tobacco that never paid threepence to the Queen," according to Miss Trigger, whose "Pa organized a business to bring moonlight to cheerless homes." Now it means that "The Midnight Folk" has come to be written in simple, beautiful prose to add new poetic lustre to the current literature of childhood.

The book is a thrilling adventure in child psychology with distinct appeal to grown-ups. Boys and girls who associate the name of Masfield with adventure may find less solid satisfaction in "The Midnight Folk" than in the more obvious doings of "Jim Davis," "Martin Hyde" or "Reynard," but for those who love a fantasy here is one of the stuff boys' dreams are made of.

A HUDSON BAY CHILDHOOD

By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

AT the age of half-past three, Life and Books begin in the garden round the log living house of a Northern fur trading post. Mother sits on a blanket on the grass. The little girl sits in her swing suspended from a bough of a Balm of Gilead tree. The balm on the tall tree's yellowish green leaves makes them glisten like painted glass in the sun. Their wavering shadows on the grass are the little roads the fairies travel to their invisible home beyond the high picket fence. Perhaps because the tree has a Biblical name and shines, the little girl identifies it with the Tree of Life in the Scriptures. Mother reads her favorite stories aloud: Joseph and his Brethren from the Bible, the Baby's Opera and Grimm's Fairy Tales. She likes specially the one about a dwarf who loved a child more than all the world's gold. She pities Joseph's brothers because they had no coats of many colors; "much brighter than Indian blankets!" so mother answers.

She feels no envy of Joseph when she dons her own new coat next New Year's Day. It is sky-blue flannel, deep trimmed in ermine. Her ermine cap has six tails and a blue

tassel. The garden is buried under crusty, sparkling snow, and the Tree of Life is a-glitter with icicles. Everybody from miles around will come to-day to greet the Factor. She is waiting particularly for Mr. Wing Wee, who is a great man in the Chinese village a bit up the river. He wears a plum satin coat lined throughout with prime marten skins bought from her father. Now he comes on the run down the road and in at the gate in his sled drawn by two of his servants. He takes her aboard and rides her round the garden! She goes in with him and he gives her firecrackers and ginger and Chinese pictures on crinkly paper. And he tells her stories of watery rice fields and forests of roses and little Chinese children and bells ringing everywhere. Tomorrow, when they think she is tramping aimlessly about over the snow's bright crust, she really will be paddling in an Indian canoe over a still, watery field, like a looking glass, loosely grown with snowy cooked rice, while fairies fly about her like gold-and-red spotted butterflies, and wild rose bushes all in pink flower reach to the blue sky and silver bells and cockle shells are ringing, ringing. In the canoe with her will be Joseph and his Brethren, and her doll, and her cat (who is the Cat and the Fiddle and Puss-in-Boots) and the child-faced flowers from "How does your garden grow?" and Chinese children with endless strings of little red firecrackers and the Dwarf who loves her better than gold. Because people and stories and dolls and dwarfs and flowers that have faces are one reality and one life—with herself at the heart of it, to be each in turn—in her garden under the glistening tree.

SEVEN YEARS OLD

She has begun to explore her father's library, the shelves of books which line the walls of the largest room in the log house. She has made the rapturous discovery of "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour." Mr. Sponge alternates with the

beloved Alice—"In Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass"—when she lies reading in her blanket tent under the glistening tree. Now and then she puts her books by to play with her tame grasshoppers. There is a dark blotch on the red cover of "Through the Looking Glass." She was on a journey with her father and some Indians recently, and the too heavily laden canoe was nearly swamped in the rapids. Alice will carry the stain of wild water to her death. She has also an entrancing blue and gold "Perrault's Fairy Tales." The old Frenchman, whom her father calls "Monsieur le Marquis," sent for it long ago to far-away London. It came at last, with the Alice books, on the mule pack train driven by Spanish Don. Le Marquis calls her Mademoiselle. The *voyageurs* and the Canuck halfbreeds of the fur brigades call her P'tite Ma'm'selle. When she goes to their encampment—scores of tents—along the river bank, about sunset, M. Le Marquis will be there too. Every year he reads aloud to the *voyageurs* from the book which he has been writing since long before her birth, about an ogre named Robespierre and a beautiful fairy queen named Marie Antoinette. He has told her in English often. So she does not mind his reading it in French to the *voyageurs*. In turn they will repeat the story in Cree to the Indians. Then an Indian hunter will tell a story about the last bear he killed. Marie Antoinette and the Bear-Killer: stories, books and people from other ages and places mingled strangely yet intimately with now and here, all one by the glistening river. The Dwarf sitting, invisible, on the cook stones whispers his interpretative wisdom; and the gust of his magic breath blows upon the embers and the fire rekindles.

TWELVE O'CLOCK—NOON

She has delved deep among the Factor's books during the last year. What treasure she has found! Milton and

Shakespeare, Isaiah and Job, the Ancient Mariner and Kubla Khan! Lines that sound like a sustained flute-call above the vast rhythm of river and forest. She draws a portrait of Lady Macbeth. It is unsatisfying. She succeeds no better with the Albatross. She reads the Mariner aloud to her dolls, under the glistening tree, and she still loves Alice and Grimm (and always will). And there are the Adventurers of Arminius Vambéry and Nordenskiöld's Last Voyage, and Rider Haggard. A year later there will be Thackeray and "Treasure Island" and "Ivanhoe."

The bells of the pack train cut through the hot summer day like a silver knife. Seventy mules with their packs head into the corral and the muleteers begin unloading. She goes in search of Spanish Don, who seems to have no other name. Spanish Don is tall and has small feet. He is very dark. There is gray in his inky hair. He wears a black shirt and gay kerchief round his neck. No one else has such long, long spurs. By and by Spanish Don will dance the *jota* for her. He will sing Spanish songs, accompanying himself on the fiddle. He will tell her tales of Incas, and gold, of strange beasts, and of birds with coats like Joseph's, and of many other wonderful things in South America where he was born. In later years in another world, when she reads Prescott, she seems to see Spanish Don beside her turning the pages—to hear the clink of his spurs and the tinkle of mule bells. Books and people, stories and life, have always been so closely interwoven that there is never to be a way of separating them—any more than she will ever be able to say where literature for children ends and for adults begins or to grade any of it by years of age. As both reader and writer it will always seem to her that characters, people, are the heart of all literature (as well as of life), and where those are true no atmosphere, scene or racial colorings can make them alien. Add a style of writing which is temperamentally adapted to the specific material treated, and there will then be beauty

as well as truth in the book. All her childhood's favorites stand this test, and that must be why they will always hold her. Said the Dwarf: "Something human is dearer to me than the gold of all the world."

GRACE FOR AN ISLAND MEAL

By RACHEL FIELD

*Bless this board and bless this bread.
Bless this skylight over head
Through which any eye may see
Wheeling gull and blowing tree.
Bless this cloth of woven blue.
Bless these chanterelles* that grew
In secret under mossy bough.
Bless the Island pastured cow
For her milk which now we pour.
Bless these berries from the shore.
Bless every fresh laid egg and then
Blessings on each Island hen.
Bless the sweet smelling bowl of bay;
This tea from islands far away.
Bless spoon, and plate and china cup,
The places set for us to sup
In sight of sky, in sound of sea—
Bless old and young, bless You and Me.*

* A variety of mushroom.

MAINE'S ROADS AND ISLANDS

THE POINTED PEOPLE

Verses and silhouettes by RACHEL FIELD

"A road might lead to anywhere—
To harbor towns and quays,
Or to a witch's pointed house
Hidden by bristly trees.
It might lead past the tailor's door,
Where he sews with needle and thread,
Or by Miss Pim the milliner's,
With her hats for every head.
It might be a road to a great, dark cave
With treasure and gold piled high,
Or a road with a mountain tied to its end,
Blue-humped against the sky.
Oh, a road might lead you anywhere—
To Mexico or Maine.
But then, it might just fool you, and—
Lead you back home again!"

TO one born and bred in Maine her roads and islands, the soft speech of her "home folks," the mystery of her pointed firs and pine trees are as unmistakable and as different from other parts of New England as Cornwall is different from the England of which it is a part.

Rachel Field, who is not a native of Maine, has felt this difference and has been giving expression to it in verse and story ever since she first caught sight of the "pointed people" gliding through brush and bracken in woods where the trees

crowd close. "The Pointed People" was first published by the Yale University Press in 1924 and many a lover of the Maine coast has recaptured his summer holiday as he turned the pages of the little book at Christmas time. The new edition contains several new poems which first appeared on this page. We cannot help wishing that Miss Field had made a discriminating selection of the most distinctive of the verses and silhouettes rather than so large a collection as is included in "The Pointed People." A volume of half as many pages would have held the best of both and would not leave the reader wondering whether this verse or that had been repeated with variations in her "Taxis and Toadstools."

Verse written for children or springing from a child's way of seeing and feeling should always leave one wishing for more. Miss Field has so rare a feeling for growing things, for trees and flowers, for islands, hills and country roads; so true a sense of country speech and ways, so lively and fresh a fancy one feels that her capacity for creative work has not yet been measured, even with so admirable a performance as "Hitty" to her credit. Less ambitious in scope but Maine to the life is her story of "Polly Patchwork," a story I have always felt Sarah Orne Jewett would have liked for its simplicity, its truth to life and its delightful fancy. That Miss Field has read and cherished Miss Jewett's stories of the Maine coast one feels confident. "The Country of the Pointed Firs" is no mere book to her but the guide, philosopher and friend on her own exploration of those islands of Maine where legends are still stored for those who know how to find them. These legends she has told for older boys and girls as well as for grown people in "Points East." In "The Shell, the Comb and the Bird" and "The Old Gods Comé to Somsville, Maine," one hears Maine speech and calls vividly to mind familiar scenes and faces from life and books.

POLLY PATCHWORK

Written and illustrated by RACHEL FIELD

A MOST lovable little book is "Polly Patchwork" with a gay cover jacket like an old patchwork quilt and quaint pictures in color of Polly in her patchwork dress and her companions of the spelling match.

The cottage in which Polly lives with her grandmother stands on the edge of Cranberry Common between Tumbledown Mountain and the sea, and at least one lover of the Maine coast feels sure that the story was born and bred on an island not far from North Haven Thoroughfare.

This, to my mind, is one of the most charming and authentic things Miss Field has done. It is for children a little older than those who claim her "Alphabet" and "Book of Days" for children just learning to spell and to sew, and also for grandmothers and all grown-ups who love old times and ways. It is just the book for a summer or early autumn birthday as well as the right size for a Christmas stocking.

For children a little older "Eliza and the Elves" is another of Rachel Field's delightful child characters, while her "Taxis and Toadstools" holds verse both for city streets and islands in New England waters.

FARM-BY-THE-SEA

By MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

MIDNIGHT

*The tree toads talk incessantly
Along the country lane.
They shake from every quiet tree
The tonelessness of rain.*

1 O'CLOCK

*The bullfrogs mutter in the pool
An early morning mass,
While crickets wind as on a spool
Thin music through the grass.*

2 O'CLOCK

*The turtles tootle through the dark
With mild exuberance
And seven glow worms, spark by spark,
Design a formal dance.*

3 O'CLOCK

*The tide is swinging to the north,
Confusion in its voice,
And waves are hurried back and forth
And given little choice.*

4 O'CLOCK

*A robin flings a jet of notes
High in the shadowed tree,
And engines on the fishing boats
Are throbbing out to sea.*



THE CALL OF THE PRAIRIE

THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE

By MARIAN HURD MCNEELY

Illustrated by WILLIAM SIEGEL

HERE is a genuine home story of the Dakota prairies interpenetrated with that love of the land and awareness of its possibilities which is revealed only to one who has staked a claim and proved up.

In an earlier story, "Rusty Ruston," Mrs. McNeely planted a garden in Kansas and made it the background for the story of a seventeen-year-old girl earning her way to college. A living and likable girl was Rusty and her flower garden was very real. The story suffered, however, from too much sprightliness and exaggeration of character. One felt too conscious of the author doing it as one read. In short it seemed a made-up vocational story on an essentially sound base of good ideas.

In "The Jumping-Off Place" Mrs. McNeely has done a more significant and a more permanent piece of work. She has transplanted a family of children, headed by a girl of seventeen and a boy of fifteen, to a homestead in South Dakota to which their uncle had staked a claim. The uncle's death does not deprive them of his counsel, for he has left a notebook of instruction and comment relating to the new life and a sense of his lovable, reliable presence in their midst.

There is more genuine atmosphere and character in this story than we have found in any recent book for girls. The neighboring homesteaders are well characterized and one feels throughout the poignancy of life, death, and unending struggle to conquer the land.

If Mrs. McNeely can write like this she should abandon the practice of introducing irrelevant "light touches" which get in the way of her story. There are a few even in "The Jumping-Off Place" which recall the reader sharply from moments of genuine emotion to the commonplace. But the story itself rings true to prairie and to children. They live there in actuality rather than by hearsay and even one born and bred in the mountains or by the sea comes to feel the call of the prairie and is grateful to Mrs. McNeely for writing a story which will give to New England girls, for example, something truer and more intimately related to their own home life than they are accustomed to find in Western stories. Nor do we stop with New England. This is a book for children of other countries—a true picture of American life.

One feels that girls who have read and liked it will go on of their own accord to "My Antonia" and "The Song of the Lark" of Willa Cather.

Mr. Siegel's pictorial designs for the book are in striking contrast to Beatrice Stevens's for "Betty Leicester" in that they do give an impression of the prairie, while Miss Stevens conveys not a hint of what Maine is like but rather the dress and ways of the '90s, and this we think is unfortunate, since

it is by the quality of Maine in the book and the simplicity and naturalness of Betty Leicester herself that the book survives rather than by the story of what happens. After forty years one would have chosen a more effective format for a new edition, but "Betty Leicester" is doubtless good for many years to come and we may yet welcome her in a pictorial setting more like the Maine of Sarah Orne Jewett's stories, on which we fed with delight as they came from the presses, to which we still turn with a deeper realization that she has given back "the very life" of the Maine we carry about with us.

A MID-CENTURY TALE

SUSANNA AND TRISTRAM

By MARJORIE HILL ALLEE

Illustrated by HATTIE LONGSTREET PRICE

Reviewed by JACQUELINE OVERTON

ON a broad-back old white horse Susanna and Tristram ride into their own story and incidentally into the city of Cincinnati one March morning in the early eighteen fifties.

All the weary way from North Carolina they came, the girl in front, the small boy clinging on behind, to find work with their cousin, Levi Coffin, who kept a free-labor store in the city; Levi Coffin, of Nantucket stock, whose heart and soul were wrapped up, not in selling calico, but in aiding fugitive slaves to escape. So resourceful and clever was he at this mysterious traffic that agitated the country in those days that he was known as the President of the Underground Railway.

Within the next few days Susanna and her little brother found themselves settled not in Levi Coffin's home, but in the household of a thrifty German family named Rammelsberg, and for reasons best known to the President of the Underground Railway they were no longer Susanna and Tristram Coffin, but Susanna and Tristram Rammelsberg, which sadly went against the grain with Tristram and puzzled Susanna. Perhaps Cousin Levi was ashamed of his poor relations; Susanna's chin grew very square at the thought—they'd ask no odds of him.

Susanna soon found herself leading a double life. Most of her time was passed placidly with Mrs. Rammelsberg as Hired Girl! She reminded herself when she wondered, as she continued to do, why Cousin Levi had wished her to drop her own name.

"The other part of her life interested her much more, but it never seemed quite real; when its incidents were past she was never certain that they had really happened. At Mrs. Rammelsberg's order she would go down to the Coffin house with a basket of eggs or butter or young pie-plant; and what she would do next she never knew. She might be asked to sit, for a little while, and then be sent on a walk with a woman dressed in the height of the fashion, whose heavy veil hid a black or brown face. Twice she had done this, losing her companion when, at some distance from the house, a buggy pulled up by the curb and took her in, flashing swiftly away, bound for the nearest Underground Railway station outside the city—once she had escorted a spectacled colored mammy to Mrs. Rammelsberg's to stay over night until she could be started on the road to Canada."

Marjorie Hill Allee has made a fine, vigorous story of Susanna and Tristram, a story written about a period and an episode of our history seldom touched by writers for boys and girls. She has been skillful and sincere in her character drawing. Levi Coffin and his wife, Katy, who was a lady of infinite resource, have all the fearlessness, honesty and caninness of true Quakers. One grows to admire and respect Levi as Susanna did, even though in his zeal for "the cause" he often placed her in situations too difficult for a girl of sixteen. But Susanna was a Nantucket Coffin with a square chin, and danger only set her on her mettle. She thoroughly enjoyed putting her quick wits to work to save herself and her charges in desperate straits. Outwardly she was always the dignified, serene Quaker maiden. Tristram adored her, blundering impulsive little Tristram; her love and patience never failed him no matter what scrape he

might get into. We suspect that reckless, attractive Jack Fairfield adored her, too, though Miss Allee does not turn her story into a romance.

There is a ripeness to this book that shows the author's love for the subject and the people she has created, many of whom actually lived. The book is dedicated to Susanna Coffin, "who lives only in the story." "It seems a pity," she adds, "that Susanna and I were left out of it all; myself because I was born too late."

Hattie Longstreet Price's illustrations add to the spirit of the text.

HELEN FORBES' BOOKS

Reviewed by LAURA BENÉT

MANY a writer, new on the field, thinks dreamily of beginning her literary career with a children's book—"it will be so easy; such a simple, pleasant thing to do!" It is, except for those born to this peculiar art, anything but easy and simple.

Literature for children is in itself an achievement. It takes gifts of a certain order to produce an acceptable writer for the young; and humor is not the least of these. Such gifts are approximately the inheritance of Helen Forbes, for no one can go through her "Mary and Marcia," "Araminta," "Mario's Castle" and "Apple Pie Hill," without realizing that she has something refreshing, wholesome and colorful to say, with a particular eye on the expanding energies of adolescence. Especially in her first book is this a fact.

"Mary and Marcia, Partners," may not intrinsically be the best of the four, nor does it follow a more exciting batch of adventures than the others; but, of them all, it possesses perhaps the most unmistakable authenticity. Mary, thirteen years old, a daughter of comfort and amusement, is spending the summer in a secluded New England village, Hockomocko Pond. Bored with nothing to do, she makes friends with Marcia, also thirteen, a practical child of industry, who means to earn enough money during her vacation to take her brother through his first year at college. Mary, her enthusiasm kindled, starts in to help, and through a series of homely village episodes, the high points of the book,

Kendall's invention of a tag-tyer and its capture by the jealous iceman, are reached. The book ends at the right moment as the long effort of Marcia and Mary concludes triumphantly. Girls of ten to fourteen are left with practical notions of a vacation and its value. Their minds may not have been filled to the brim with Girl Scout lore or camping, but they have received suggestions that are quite as valuable.

"Araminta," the second book, is ostensibly for younger girls, much more nearly in the play and mischief-making stage of their existence. The whole plot is this: Araminta, eleven years old and on her way to a hilarious birthday picnic with her family, hears wails from a deserted cottage by the roadside as the pony cart goes past it. She rescues a baby, thus gratifying the one ambition always lurking in the little girl's heart. The grateful mother of the baby invites her for a summer visit to Bantymick, Maine, where she meets with a comrade in pranks. The tale unrolls as concretely as the life of a happy, healthy child of that age, would unroll, and is told with real charm.

Araminta has a true distinction that the other books lack utterly, a distinction elusive as the scent of wild apple blossoms. The author has pondered more on the manner of its writing and taken the time to portray, delicately, aspects of nature and childhood in which she delights for her own sake; the events are not hurried, nor are the quaintnesses of childhood swamped by adolescent ambition.

In "Mario's Castle," a good story with a poor title, the scene is shifted to Italy and to an especial little corner of Italy, with which Miss Forbes must be familiar, for her descriptions of San Torello and its peasants as well as of Mario and his castle are much the best touches in the book. Elizabeth, the stuttering little girl taken to Italy by her aunt, does not stand out as a heroine so definitely as the girls in the other volumes. Now and again we get a glimpse of her, but she is greatly swallowed up in her background and serves as a pivot for events and the ultimate happy dis-

covery of the famous picture of Dante and Beatrice lost to the townsfolk for generations. Helen Forbes has done this narrative in a distinctly different manner, revealing a separate talent. She could light up some period of European history for children, giving it much vitality and zest; her vivid pictures of a town, a land, a custom are alluring.

However, in her fourth book, "Apple Pie Hill," Miss Forbes returns once again to her New England settings, and in *Dark Aldrich* gives us a fiery little individual worthy of her family and her state. The picture of the relationship between Dark and her grandmother is completely understandable, and a good touch, showing how easily old and young may, if they only choose, bridge the gap between the generations.

"Is this mine? That's not the same yarn I left here the other day," said Dark, peering into the lowest drawer of the tall highboy, where she kept the things that belonged to her at her Grandmother Aldrich's house.

Mrs. Aldrich looked up: "It is the same yarn, but not the same ball," she explained. "I rewound it yesterday. When I was a little girl I read a story about a girl in Germany who was given a ball when she began to learn to knit; the wool was wound around small presents and surprises that she opened as she came to each one, and it dropped out of the ball."

A fascinating beginning! And then, in spite of many things that were begun and never finished, Dark, fourteen years old, sticks resolutely to her task of reclaiming the lost Barnell silver of Revolutionary times, hidden in some nook of Apple Pie House, and retrieving the fortunes of her uncle, aunt and cousins. In spite of a crotchety old lady who has rented the Barnell place, Dark manages to effect an entrance as temporary parlor maid, and the old lady's parrot Ruffy Tufty does the rest, for there appears to be a mutual understanding between Dark and the parrot. The note of the treasure, though plausible enough, does not ring

entirely true. It follows too closely on the heels of the hidden picture in "Mario's Castle," and Miss Forbes might have given her new mystery a more varied turn or twist with corresponding advantage. But "Apple Pie Hill" is naturally and skillfully done, and the reader lays it down with a feeling of genuine friendship for all concerned.

Altogether Miss Forbes' work is exceedingly pleasing, and has such facility that we expect in time from her pen much, much more. As yet her books are stories, excellent for summer reading and for re-reading. But this reviewer thinks that with growing powers she will create a girl character to be remembered with Kate Douglas Wiggin's Rebecca, Miss Coolidge's Katy and Mrs. Burnett's Sara Crewe. The world of her children is this present and actual one. Her fancy is perfectly practical. She is not a fantasist, nor will she ever create the E. Nesbit type of book, with its Treasure Seekers, Psammeads and Would-Be-Goods; but she is all for youth and youth's highhanded adventures, and though youth is not an easy age to write for, she has already touched success.

AMY OF "LITTLE WOMEN"

MAY ALCOTT

By CAROLINE TICKNOR

“ONE sparkling summer’s morning in 1868 a young woman rode into our yard in Concord, Mass., wearing the long skirt and close-fitting bodice which, with plumed hat, made up the picturesque riding habit of that day, setting off her tall and extraordinarily handsome figure to advantage. This was May Alcott. I recall that the impression she made on my mother was one of impatience, for the horse’s hoofs sadly marred the lawn; but upon me the impression was one of abounding life and health and spirit which has stayed by me for more than half a century.”

That it was Amy of “Little Women” who gave Daniel Chester French his first lump of clay and her own modeling tools will come as a genuine bit of news to many devoted readers of the book. With words instead of clay the distinguished sculptor now gives back his youthful impressions of the vivid personality of this youngest of the Alcott girls, who brought so much life and gayety into the household and who showed so keen an interest when told of his whittling and carving things out of wood and gypsum and turnips. Says Mr. French in this same delightful introduction to Caroline Ticknor’s “May Alcott”: “I once asked a distinguished architect what constituted homelikeness in the house. ‘Absence of architecture,’ he replied. The home of the Alcotts had this precious quality for which the period room strives in vain.” Young French was a frequent visitor to this home and gives his own picture of it.

Biographies of women of genuine interest to present day girls in the teens are few and limited in range. Miss Ticknor has added one for which girls will be increasingly grateful as they come to realize how true it is to the living character they first met inside the covers of a popular story book. "Undoubtedly," says Miss Ticknor, "the secret of her (Amy's) strong appeal lies not so much in the fact that her portrayal by her sister was absolutely true to life as that it pictured one who was herself so vividly alive. May Alcott possessed a rare capacity for living and enjoying. She loved life, she loved beauty, she loved people; the world of nature and the world of art gave her the keenest pleasure; she loved to walk, run, row and ride . . . and worked with tireless energy in the pursuit of her objectives. Unhampered by the heritage of that New England conscience which ruled Louisa with a rod of iron, she steered straight for the goal in the art world that from the first had fired her imagination, and her steadfast endeavors were rewarded with no small measure of success."

From letters describing her life as an art student in London and Paris, her travels through Europe with Louisa, her friendship with Mary Cassatt and other artists, the recognition of her work in Paris salons, her romantic marriage and the new home she afterward made in France, Miss Ticknor has selected colorful incidents and lively episodes, illustrating the book with the intimate pen sketches which Miss Alcott made for the family in Concord. Louisa wrote: "May has drawn our Salon (at Dinan) for you with Alice (Bartlett) on the sofa and me reading by the fire. It is very good, only it gives the idea of a larger room than it is. The dark oak panels are very effective, and the bird cage in the window introduces little Dribble, the bird, who is a funny mite and a great pet of ours."

Here, then, is a genuine European travel book, as well as a vivid life story of an American girl and woman. Wherever she went May Alcott entered in rather than

looked on at life, identifying herself naturally with all she found in the Old World, finding to her surprise "so many things are so nearly what I thought to find them." No introspective letters are these which tell of gay rides through the Bois on race days and an unconventional solitary row up the Thames from Kew "pulling vigorously with the Harvard stroke." Her account of a tempestuous trip to the pass of St. Bernard and the coming into Italy through the Simplon Pass in war time (1870), ending with its picture of herself and Louisa in their nightgowns hovering in the moonlight about the window of their hotel room at Lugano, listening to the opera, links up so definitely with scenes in "Little Women" as to assure young readers once more that dreams do come true—that the great pleasure of travel lies in discovering whatever one has the capacity to recognize and enjoy in its own setting.

While the book is published as one for the adult reader, it belongs by every natural right to the girls who want to know what really happened to Amy.

MADAME ROLAND
A DAUGHTER OF THE SEINE

By JEANNETTE EATON

Reviewed by RACHEL FIELD

IS there anyone, I wonder, who does not kindle to the memory of a first reading of Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," provided he or she was lucky enough to find it young? I shall not soon forget mine. That was a night! I must have been thirteen or thereabouts, and an elderly cousin, nearly blind and with three side curls by either cheek in the manner of Harriet Beecher Stowe, listened while I read aloud. It was late August in a little Massachusetts town, crickets were going it under the window and the air that blew in past the ball-fringed muslin curtains was sweet with country smells. But the French Revolution was all around us. The clock on the brick church a mile away struck 10 and then 11; the oil lamp spluttered and its light dwindled. The Bastille fell; the guillotine blade glittered and descended; drums beat, wooden shoes clattered over blood-stained cobblestones, the needles of the knitting women clicked out their sinister count of human heads; the tumbril bore Sydney Carton away to the Place de la Concorde—and there was nothing to be done. One must simply read on and on, growing hot and shivery by turns. It was midnight when we closed the book and I slipped away to bed. So real it was, so much more real than the house next door or Cousin Aurelia's marigolds, and lemon verbena in the garden below, that I remember feeling cautiously for my

own neck under the bedclothes and experiencing a half sheepish sense of security at finding it still warm and whole.

Jeannette Eaton's fine book, "*A Daughter of the Seine*," is for just such a night, or better still for the morning after. It is the perfect and steadying postscript to such an orgy of youthful emotions. Here we have the French Revolution handled in simple, clear-headed fashion, presented through the pen and personality of Madame Roland, the valiant, vivid little French woman, who played so strange and tragic a rôle in it. Here, at last is biography that has not been so pruned and curtailed (because it was intended to be put into the hands of young people) that all spirit and vigor has been removed from it. The author has not said to herself—"Will this be above their heads? Is such and such a thing fitted for youthful readers? Perhaps I had better hurry over this political part lest they grow restless." She has paid her readers the compliment of supposing that they have brains and are interested in the actual happenings and people of the period. She knows her subject in every smallest detail and she has not spared anything of significance. It would have been easy to glorify this figure of the wife of Monsieur Roland, the Girondist Minister, his superior in intellect and ability, to make her romantically perfect. Her biographer has not fallen into any such pitfall. In true twentieth century fashion she has not glossed over her heroine's faults and indiscretions. This seems to me a very long step in the right direction for in this field of juvenile biography, there has been too much sentimentalizing, too little use made of the critical faculties.

The very first sentence in the book is curiously moving in its directness and simplicity. "The wind was lively that March day in Paris." An appropriate beginning for that child whose life was to be caught up and swept along by a wind stronger and more ruthless than any that blew over the Seine.

Danton, Robespierre, Marat, Brissot, Buzot—the pages

bristle with these stirring names, but it takes more than names to recreate a period. Here, again, the author shows her skill in selection, her extraordinary sense of proportion and her knowledge of the whole epoch. Even adult heads reel often under the difficulty of keeping political issues and parties straight, so it is no small accomplishment to give younger readers a straightforward account of what really happened, of the strange twists of chance and the schemings of statesmen that went into the passionate strategy of those days. I found things growing less hazy in my own mind, ideas clarifying as I read. Perhaps it might not have been so at thirteen. I wondered how much of it all I should have skipped then in my impatience to get to the rattling cart and the valiant figure leaping so lightly up the scaffold steps. But what are a few pages hurried over compared to spirit? I liked especially the handling of Madame Roland's love affair with Buzot. Here is no glossing over of historical facts, no hiding the truth, no undue sentimentalizing. Madame Roland had married an elderly politician, she was loyal to him and devoted to her only child but it was to the young and fiery Buzot that she gave her heart. It was his miniature that she carried through her trial and the despairing prison days. There is veracity and restraint and human sympathy in the telling, and this is as it should be.

I believe that this well-rounded study of a great figure out of the past is a genuine contribution to literature for the older girl; the girl just beginning to read Scott and Dickens and very probably Kathleen Norris and the latest murder mystery book she can lay hands on as well. May it be the forerunner of others just as sincere, historically truthful portraits for young minds to ponder and absorb.

HISTORICAL NOVELS BY ISABEL PATERSON

Reviewed by MABEL WILLIAMS

IN the foreword to her latest book, "The Road of the Gods," Isabel Paterson writes: "Any reader of this book who happens to be familiar with its precursors, 'The Fourth Queen' and 'The Singing Season,' may recognize a likeness in the young lovers—Greda and Hoath, Isabella and Roderigo, Jack and Kate. Because they are the same."

Here Mrs. Paterson has perhaps unwittingly pointed out a distinguishing characteristic of her three novels. Against three distinct racial backgrounds set in pagan, medieval, and Elizabethan times, she has created men and women who seem ageless.

In each story she gives us delightful historical backgrounds, but she never forgets that the great human emotions do not change through the ages. Hoath, the comely son of the High Priest of a pagan Thuringian tribe, loves Greda with as unswerving devotion as does Roderigo his Spanish Isabella, and "Fighting Jack" his Kate, maid-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth.

All these high-hearted young people work against odds for their happiness, deterred by the superstition, hypocrisy and evil of the times in which they live.

In "The Road of the Gods," Hoath, for love of Greda, betrays a secret of the gods, only to find that the magic in which he believed is a lie, that his gods are in truth powerless stones. Destruction comes to "The Holy People of the Wood," and Hoath and Greda alone escape. We leave

them, buoyed up by their great love and the strength of their vigorous youth, with their faces set toward Gaul.

In "The Singing Season," Roderigo, a young priest of medieval Spain, finds strange happiness in the household of Sigismund, a wealthy Spanish merchant. That this happiness is because of his deep love for Isabella, the merchant's daughter, is not revealed to him until certain death confronts them. Their enemies leave them defenseless, yet these two welcome death with as great serenity as the pagan lovers faced life in Gaul, confident in the belief that love like theirs cannot die.

In still another time and country, Jack Montague and Kate More fight for their right to marry against court intrigue and the displeasure of the great Queen Elizabeth herself. They never falter; evil, deceit and treachery go down before the power of an unconquerable love.

The fastidious may object to parts of "The Fourth Queen," but if they will take time to reflect upon Elizabethan England, they will realize that Mrs. Paterson has gone back into another age as completely as did the hero of "Berkeley Square." She finds crudeness, vulgarity, and stupidity, but along with them, beauty and love so compelling that the offending social customs take their proper place, causing neither shock nor misunderstanding.

Queen Elizabeth has been the subject of much modern writing. I fancy this vivid description from "The Fourth Queen" will hold its own among its contemporaries. "Impossible to miss her or mistake her; she reigned in her own right, if ever sovereign did. Her height helped her to majesty; the high red heels of her diamond-buckled shoes helped that again; but her spirit overtopped all, enthroned in her wonderful eyes. They were coloured like a cat's, amber upon agate, diamond-bright; in her ravaged countenance their strange beauty was disquieting; through them the will of an imperial enchantress spoke defiance to time and change. You could fancy them fronting the sun un-

winking, and death unafraid. Only in her mirror she met her match. She never would look in the glass.

"Against her fifty-five years she employed every artifice in the armoury of woman-kind. A flaring collar of delicate lace framed her bold, sharp-cut, wrinkled features, beneath a towering auburn wig, curled and pearled. Bodily suffering and the cares of state had worn her thin as famine; but she dissembled with a plentitude of rose velvet, spread abroad upon a truly royal farthingale. Her puffed sleeves were netted with pearls. Looped strands of jewels hid her lean throat and barren bosom. Under the mask of paint her complexion could only be guessed at; she showed her teeth as little as possible, because they were black with decay. But she had a dainty foot, and was famed for the grace of her hands, at once delicate and strong. Those fine taper fingers were made to hold what they grasped."

A direct, realistic Anglo-Saxon quality characterizes Mrs. Paterson's style in "The Fourth Queen," while in "The Singing Season" the sentences flow with the rhythm of the medieval troubadours and are filled with the color and romance of the Latin countries. She has steeped herself so fully in the traditions of each country and age that she gives us distinctive stories in spite of a marked similarity in the characters and framework of the plots.

"The Road of the Gods" is outside the strictly historical field and deals with primitive peoples. But through her ability in realistic writing and the vivid, lovable characters she creates, Mrs. Paterson will give many readers their first realization of a kinship with the more primitive and half mythical peoples.

Some may try to read into the humanizing of a pagan tribe an effort to present history in modern dress. I feel that this accusation can not be brought against Mrs. Paterson. She enters into the life of her chosen period too completely. She never attempts to destroy the dignity of one age by surveying it critically through the eyes of a more

sophisticated generation. She writes from the inspiration of the period itself.

I believe modern young people will like these stories. They cannot fail to find reflected in the courageous self-reliant lovers their own zest for the great adventures of life and their hopes of attaining the best. It is not likely that they will class these books among the old-fashioned, although they are set in historic times. In each there are bits of spicy humor and realistic scenes with pictures of less steadfast and heroic men and women than our young heroes. This, too, will recommend the books to modern young people who know that the world is made up of good and evil, and who have little interest in virtue untried or little patience with novels picturing a world that their own imagination denies.

DEEP-SEA SAILERS

FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS

By A. J. VILLIERS

Reviewed by DUDLEY CAMMETT LUNT

THE liner slides smoothly and quietly through the mist. It is the last half hour of the morning watch. There is but a handful of passengers on deck. Lands End is nearly abeam and soon she will be plowing through the north Atlantic, with Sandy Hook her next sight of land. Suddenly sounds a shout from the lookout. Then starts the hoarse boom of the liner's fog horn.

Off the port bow appears an apparition not often seen on the high seas in these modern days of steam—a deep-sea sailer with all sails set. Slowly she comes on, and as she emerges from the mist her sails show their square cut belied out by the wind, the lines of her rigging stand out and the black of crossyard and mast becomes clear. On deck a sailor stands motionless at the wheel, two hands are busy stowing gear forward, a cook comes to the side, gazes for a moment at the liner, heaves a pan full of peelings overside and disappears.

Abeam the liner dips her bag. The sailer's ensign dips in slow response. Then her spars and sails merge with the mist and she has gone as quietly and as suddenly as she had come. A deck-hand volunteers the information that she carries wool and wheat from Australia and that last year all the windjammers had a grand race.

Of such a ship and of such a race A. J. Villiers has written in "Falmouth for Orders," a grand book of the sea

and a grand book for boys. It makes a place for itself in the literature of the sea as an able contemporary account of a venture and a trade that have all but disappeared from the Seven Seas. As a book for boys it qualifies superlatively in several particulars.

In the first place, it opens with the start of the race, is hardly more than underway when a stowaway is discovered, and closes with the finish. The *Herzogin Cecilie* and the *Beatrice* leave Port Lincoln in Australia on their 14,000-mile run to the Channel within a few hours of each other. For a short space these two four-masted barques are in sight of each other, and thereafter neither knows aught of the other nor whether she rounded the Horn or Good Hope until the waters of the Channel are reached. And then the—but that would be a clear theft from the yarn.

The author's account is of the *Herzogin Cecilie*, in which he shipped as an able-bodied seaman. At the time he was twenty-four years of age. The average age of his twenty-five shipmates, exclusive of the master, was just twenty. There you have it. When a boy takes hold of this book he reads of adventure of to-day experienced by boys scarce older than himself.

In relating this adventure the author has accomplished an unusual feat. His reader goes with him on the ninety-six-day run through "fog, headwind, calm, rain" and gale. He ships as a landlubber and he goes ashore at least a "book-larned" sailor. In most nautical literature the writer leaves his reader to make the best he can of those magical words of art which decorate the dialect of the deep-sea sailor. Not so in "Falmouth for Orders." In the midst of a wild gale Mr. Villiers makes one of the most successful digressions on record and explains in intelligent English just what skipper and crew are trying to accomplish and just how they go about it. His reader follows on with interest quickened because of his understanding, instead of becoming en-

meshed in a mass of bowlines, buntlines and gantlines. The author apologizes for the disjointed character of his account. I think he is to be congratulated on this score.

So, when he lays aloft, you lay aloft with him and you sense something of the terror and the thrill of taking in sail in heavy weather. You experience that curious quality of duty and leisure that characterizes a watch at sea. You come to know the diverse individuality of master, mate, carpenter, sailmaker and cook, and the collective individuality of port and starboard watch. You realize the heart and back breaking work and the cruel exposure to the elements that fills the daily round of the deep-sea sailor brimful of life.

It is true that there are certain portions of this book that will hold little interest for boys. For instance, there is an able account of the present situation on the seas of sails and sailors, and a thoroughly seagoing argument for the training of future masters in sail. But these are like the calms and doldrums that any worthwhile run always brings to test the patience of the sailor.

The book is well illustrated by interesting photographs taken during the run. These are especially helpful in following the careful description of the mysteries of the rigging of a square-rigger. One wishes there were more of them. Nor are pictures of another sort wanting.

"One day a perfect rainbow formed around the ship, and for hours the old white four-master came quietly on with the softly colored halo around her. It was so close and it fitted the ship so perfectly that it looked as if we could go up and grasp handfuls of that halo from the royal-yards."

There is one book which every student of things nautical should know and which every lover of the sea knows full well—"Two Years Before the Mast." A critical comparison is not in order. These two books are as diverse as a decade short of a century would inevitably make them. The point is, how does "Falmouth for Orders" tie up with the

older book? I think if one has already read Dana's masterpiece he will be intensely inclined to revisit it after going to Falmouth for orders. If he has not he will be just as intensely inclined to seek it out.

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

By A. J. VILLIERS

Reviewed by DUDLEY CAMMETT LUNT

"YOU get a pretty clear view of who is a man and who isn't in a sailing ship."

A little more than a year has passed since the appearance of "Falmouth for Orders." At that very moment Allen J. Villiers, its author and—one would prefer to write—skipper, was standing watches and doing his trick at the wheel somewhere on the same trackless road from Australia to the Channel "by way of Cape Horn." This volume reveals clearly that though boys in years, he and his shipmates were the men of iron familiarly associated with wooden ships. On this score his account of the wild voyage of the *Grace Harwar* will be none the less popular with boys.

Comparisons between the first and second books of a writer is a path of least resistance for the reviewer. Yet it is the distinctive diversity between these two volumes, in which one follows precisely the same course, that stamps Mr. Villiers's authorship with an unmistakable hallmark of quality and vitality. It is proof sufficient of a high order of ability to create an authentic rendition of the changing moods of the changeless sea. He has deeply enriched the ancient tradition of deep sea sailors and their sailing.

Moreover during the four and a half months that she carried a bone in her teeth there were things, pretty terrible



Illustration by Rockwell Kent for Moby Dick

things, that happened aboard the *Grace Harwar*. The kick of the wheel and the lone star to steer by that evoke romance in a boy's heart likewise follow a course that runs often through despair. Villiers was accompanied by a young friend—Ronald Walker. The book is dedicated to him. They had planned to take motion pictures during this run of one of the last of the square-riggers. The photographs which are used as illustrations are evidence of what they might have done. During a watch on the road to the Horn a yard fell. Walker was crushed beneath it. The accident, that spot of red on the sail, the funeral at sea and the days that followed still on the road to Cape Horn, are things that were etched in the soul of the man who wrote of them so simply. If you read of them you will find that they eat as deeply into your memory.

They were blown around the Horn by a gale. Then they lost a man overboard:

“The boy went so easily that at first we had not realized he was gone. The sea came—a great brute, green and grey, glittering and glinting right through—he was clinging to the life-line on the weather side, just abaft the main rigging, in the narrow open space on the fore part of the skids. We thought he was safe, hanging to the life-line. We were thunder-struck when we looked afterwards and he was not there.”

As she came up with the Trades she had an easier time of it with long, lazy, rolling days. When she crossed the line there was re-enacted the “old wind ship service in honor of King Neptune and his court with the hilarious initiation of those novitiates who had never before sailed over the Equator.” Thereafter followed the celebration known in nautical annals as “splicing the main brace.” It will be worth your while to come “By Way of Cape Horn” to learn the meaning of this.

In spelling out the phrases by which one would seek

to evaluate "By Way of Cape Horn" an earmarked passage comes to mind. Villiers was writing of his dead friend's purpose in making the run when he said:

. . . "it was his wish that we should try, together in this Cape Horn ship, to catch some wisp of the spirit of these lovely sailing ships, some semblance of the romance of their voyagings, the beauty and the courage of their long, lonely contests with grim oceans and bitter winds."

Their intended film will never be run off. Instead there remains the written record of a voyage that with "Falmouth for Orders" bids fair to be a magnificent finale to that magnificent annal of the sea—the deep-sea sailor.

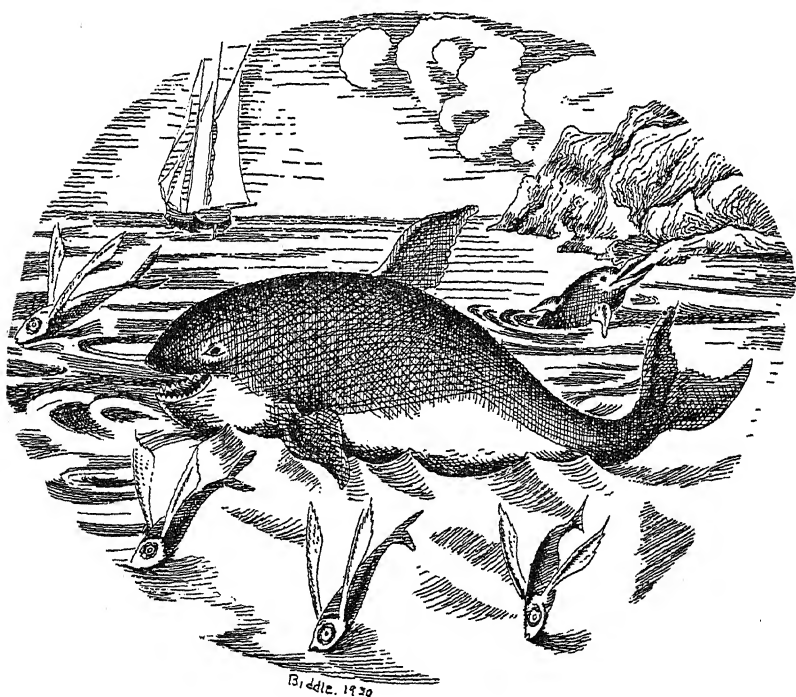


Illustration by George Biddle for his Green Island

THE SEA GHOSTS

By WALTER DE LA MARE

*'Tis years fourscore
Since Rory O'More—
He and his brothers three,
Patrick, Seumas and Timothy Tim,
With the Pole Star shining free,
Sailed with a sail, and an oar for rudder,
Bound for the Unknown Sea.*

*Bound for that Unknown Sea forlore
Mariners many have sailed before;
Into the evening mist they swing,
Daring whatever the dark may bring;
And so went Timothy, Seumas and Pat,
Each with a sprig of yew in his hat,
And so sailed Rory O'More.*

*Sailed . . . but a wind came out of the cloud,
Piping shrill and long and loud,
Smote on the boat as they did float,
Stretched their cloaks on the stoop of the wave,
Violet, azure, and emerald green,
And Rory's of scarlet brave,
Tossed them adrift on the foam of the main,
Bowed on them, fawned on them, bowed again;
Roared them to slumber, deep serene,
Made of their sail their shroud.*

*Yet still 'tis whispered, and still 'tis said,
That fishermen, weary and sore bestead,
Hauling their nets on the watery deep,
Numb with cold and half asleep,*

*Will lift their eyes from the spray and spy
Ghosts in the glint of the moon pass by—
Phantoms four, of the name of O'More,
Lifting their heads they see—
Patrick, Seumas, and Timothy Tim,
And Rory walking free,
Arm in arm, where the petrels skim
Over the billow's hissing rim,
Swinging their feet through the surges they go—
Four jolly ghosts in a glimmering row,
Four abreast, and nodding their heads.
Walking the waves these ghostly lads,
Haunting the wind with their voices four,
Timothy, Patrick, Seumas and Ror—
Rory O'More,*

*Striding the sea-drifts leagues from shore,
Ghosts of his brothers and Rory O'More
Fishermen white
In the still moonlight,
Dazed with her radiance see;
And sigh in a breath,
Their beards beneath,
"There walks the O'-M-O-R-E!
We have seen the O'-M-O-R-E!"*

DEEP-SEA DIVERS

ON THE BOTTOM

By COMMANDER EDWARD ELLSBERG

I LIKE DIVING

By TOM EADIE

Reviewed by DUDLEY CAMMETT LUNT

FOR the layman going down in a submarine is both an unusual and a weird experience. This under-slung craft of cylindrical steel is quite beyond his ken. When she is cruising on the surface his sensation is akin to that of a man swimming far from shore, for even then the greater part of the submarine is submerged. Below deck, amid the maze of valves, gadgets and machinery, he is constantly conscious of the aperture that opens up through the conning tower to the familiar expanse of sea and sky.

At the order to submerge things happen in quick succession. Sailors stand by valves and gauges. Three or four descend the ladder from the conning tower and go silently to different stations. A succession of dull clangs resounds as the hatch is dogged tight. An officer, distinguishable by his cap, seats himself before a strange instrument which disappears in the conning tower. This is the periscope. Here the ship is conned.

It is strangely quiet and the steady hum of the motors adds intensity to the silence. An occasional order from an officer, the voice of an enlisted man giving the reading of a

gauge, the metallic ring of the seating of an unseen valve—these sounds break the monotonous stillness. The layman has an intense sensation of hermetically sealed isolation. His companions have become automatons intent on burying him beneath the sea.

A motion from the commanding officer brings him to the periscope. He looks into it. There is a glimpse of bright light and blue sky beneath which all is opaque. As he watches, the water mounts, the light is cut off and he peers into the depths of the sea. The submarine is completely submerged. Gradually he becomes accustomed to his new condition. His curiosity rises and soon he is demanding of his unperturbed companions the reason for this and the hang of that. The time passes quickly and the run is over before he realizes it. The order to come to the surface gives rise to further activity. The manipulations of the sailors at their complicated instruments seem more intelligent.

There sounds a muffled roar. The tanks are being blown to achieve buoyancy. The submarine has been resting on the bottom. Slowly the stern rises. Amidships a sailor makes a wheel hum in an attempt to keep an even keel. The stern rises further. The deck is now at a considerable angle. The word is passed that the valves in the forward tanks are stuck. The layman's sense of sealed isolation returns suddenly and vividly. Orders are given quietly and dispatched quickly. But the submarine remains tilted. If this state of affairs is permanent, this is where the deep-sea diver comes into the picture.

The lay conception of the diver is extremely vague. One pictures a curious looking figure cumbered with a clumsy and ill-fitting suit and topped with a helmet that resembles an upturned copper kettle with an eye in it. The layman knows that this figure descends to the bottom of the sea and is sustained in some fashion by air fed him through a hose. Apart from this few know what a diver does or how he does it.

Within a few years the Navy has lost and salvaged two submarines, first the S-51, off Block Island, in 132 feet of water, and later the S-4, off Provincetown, at a depth of 100 feet. Both losses were the result of collision, and in the case of the latter some of the entrapped men survived for more than a day. The salvage in each case lasted months under supremely difficult conditions and was ultimately successful. On each of these jobs Commander Edward Ellsberg served as an officer in charge of salvage and Tom Eadie worked as a diver. "On the Bottom" and "I Like Diving" are their accounts of their ventures. So far as is known to this reviewer these books are unique of their kind. They cast a beam of light on two fascinating subjects—salvage and diving. Each of them is well illustrated from good photographs.

"On the Bottom" is an excellent piece of writing. It has the attributes of terse simplicity and a realism sympathetically related to the daily round. The technicalities should trouble no one. Indeed much of the work was the blazing of a new path in the ancient work of salvage. In this aspect it was as new to the author as is his account to his reader. Familiarity increases imperceptibly, but surely with progress. The short glossary is of much assistance. Apace with the readers growing familiarly with the work of salvage, there grows a sense of being there on that job, suffering the disappointments and sharing in the elations of slow progress on an incredibly difficult achievement. At the close of one day's work Commander Ellsberg writes:

Looking around, we saw the old familiar scene—the sea restlessly tumbling by, our little fleet heaving at their anchors, a few gulls circling around, the whistling buoy sending out its doleful note as it rose to each passing wave, a glimpse of low-lying land on the distant horizon; far below us the S-51 lying quietly in the calm peace of the ocean floor, firmly gripped with her cargo of dead by the cold sea.

A page is turned. Then:

Our first endeavor was to lower pontoons once more to the stern.

The reader feels his own muscles heave as these men pitch into their job again. The tale is told from the surface. You are with Commander Ellsberg as he plans, directs and shares in the work of his men, and you listen to the reports of the divers of what goes on twenty-two fathoms below. If you want to follow down the lines to the source of the stream of bubbles that moves here and there on the surface of the sea, you should read "I Like Diving."

Besides his wide experience as a diver, Tom Eadie has other excellent qualifications as your guide. In the first place he is an instructor of diving of many years standing, and in the second place, since the raising of the S-4 he has probably had to attempt an answer to all the ridiculous questions about his job that can be asked. Lastly, he has an excellent sense of humor. His is a more homely account than is Commander Ellsberg's. He takes you with him and tells you all about it as he goes. He has the gift of investing his yarns with a rich quality of experience. This, I take it, arises out of a fundamental characteristic in a diver—presence of mind. He has to be on the job every precious minute of his time below. While reading would hardly qualify one to dive, nevertheless, a familiarity with Eadie's experiences would certainly add to one's assurance on the first dip. It is a pity that he was unable to write his own citations for bravery, which appear in an appendix and concern the award of the Navy Cross and the Congressional Medal of Honor. His own account is a vast deal more convincing than the stilted language of officialdom.

At the outset Eadie gives his reason for writing of his experiences. He says:

I like to see boys who have an interest in doing something. I get tired of people who don't think of anything

but getting something. That is really why I have written down my story—the hope that in this way I can talk to many more persons—especially boys—that I can manage to meet face to face.

His hope should be realized.

These two books are tangible proof of a theory of the writer's that if a first-class man does a first-class job he should be able to write a first-class account of his endeavor. The books are as diverse as are the character and abilities of their authors. In the one you get the point of view of the wardroom; in the other, that of the enlisted man. Moreover, the subject matter of each is quite different. "On the Bottom" is concerned with the problem of salvaging the S-51, whereas, "I Like Diving" gives Eadie's experiences as a diver on both the S-51 and the S-4 and a lot of other interesting yarns besides. Indeed, as good as Commander Ellsberg's title is, if it were given to Tom Eadie's book and the former called "On the Top," a more accurate concept of each would be the result.

If any boy does not like these two books he is not worth his salt. They have every element that should appeal to him strongly. The work was difficult. The raising of the S-51 was a pioneer performance. The conditions were at all times arduous and often called for the qualities of great endurance and high courage. More than any of these is the spirit with which the work was done. These two overwhelming tasks were tackled by all hands with fortitude, foresight and a hearty desire to give the best that was in them. It was an exhibition of the very best of American endeavor.

TO THE SPICERIES

SWORDS ON THE SEA

By AGNES DANFORTH HEWES

Illustrated by LOU BLOCK

THE ROAD TO CATHAY

By MERRIAM SHERWOOD *and* ELMER MANTZ

Illustrated by WILLIAM SIEGEL

Reviewed by HARRIET SABRA WRIGHT

A GOLDEN age of travelers' tales began when listening Europeans first scented the aroma of the mysterious East on the very breath of returning crusaders who told of their amazing adventures in the holy wars. As the curiosity of young and old was stirred, the appetite for spice increased. Those travelers' real experiences were startling enough and, helped out, as they were, by skillful narrative inventions, we wonder not that the children were influenced to start forth on their own crusade, but that any stay-at-homes remained. In time the crusades, one after another, failed, but enthusiasm for adventure continued unabated and was not to be bounded by the River Jordan. Sturdy young men and eager traders found they could easily take the Holy Land in their stride and then press on through that gateway to the Far East.

The most interesting by-product of the crusades was trade with the Orient, and that historical fact is vividly presented by Agnes Danforth Hewes in her "Swords on the Sea." Of the natural course of events she writes: "The Venetian transports, having safely landed the crusaders at their desination, did a little trading in the Levantine ports and came home with cargoes that demanded pretty prices. . . . Give the crusaders their due! . . . they've done more than a little to drum up trade. Not that they meant to, of course, but there's no denying that their stories have set Europe itching for the Orient's luxuries and made good business for us."

So spoke Andrea Pisani like a true Venetian youth of the fourteenth century who had resolved to follow trade because from earliest childhood he had been captivated by gay, beautiful things displayed in shops of the Piazza in Europe's richest capital: silks, stiff brocades, gleaming gauzes, lustrous rugs, dainties to eat, sparkling jewels all brought out of the East by long trains of camels. He was setting out on his first venture to Damascus in search of some novelty which might please the luxury-loving Venetians and make his own fortune. On that mysterious something which Andrea later found hangs the thrilling human interest of a story set in the historical background of the rivalry between Venice and Genoa.

There is throughout the book a keen flavor of realism. We are fully aware of sights, sounds and above all of the spicy tastes and smells of the Orient. Our own nostrils tingle when a dash of pepper is added to swords on the sea. Andrea's resourcefulness had turned a consignment of pepper in the hold into munitions of war, disastrous as poison gas to the Genoese sailors.

The boy's ability to make friends marked him as a promising trader as he went along the Caravan route and he learned readily to adapt himself to strange desert ways—"like Colonel Lawrence," readers of his modern Arabian

exploits will say. Once "Andrea fell asleep wondering how people on the same earth could be so different from each other. What unthinkable contrasts separated his Venice and the Bedouin desert." He deferred to custom as old as the Bedouins themselves. "You might as well make up your mind to humor the Bedouins if you're going to travel much in this part of the world."

The story's swift moving action will please those who like a historical novel to recover the past without recourse to archaic language, involved fancy, or too studied historical atmosphere. Unless modern boys and girls take their own luxuries too much for granted they will relate Venice's struggle for control of sea and caravan routes to a present-day concern for trade and commercial supremacy. There is a modern business touch, too, in this observation: "The Doge is a fine figure-head, but it's trade that's king in Venice."

In "The Road to Cathay" Merriam Sherwood and Elmer Mantz have written of discoveries made along that road by five travelers during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Invading Tartars opened up the region when they broke through the barriers of the Caucasus Mountains and devastated the eastern parts of Europe, passing over Saracen lands as they had previously moved on from their northern steppes to conquer and control all Asia and the Spice Islands. Thenceforth travelers sought to find out the mysteries of Tartary. Friar John, Friar William and Friar Odoric went thither, so did Ibn Batuto the Moor, likewise the elder Polos and young Marco. "The Road to Cathay" gives routes and careful observations of these travelers, and includes diverting items that are in the book of Sir John Mandeville—a first-rate literary hoax which must have come about easily enough in a time when marvels abounded. For the more authentic Eastern wonder tales, children can be everlastingly grateful to fierce Tartars who were at least kind enough to allow travelers to penetrate to

the region where marvelous legends grew and to pluck them freely from their gorgeous fairy tale settings.

This book is a practical guide to and from Cathay with interesting pictures and maps, but lacking an index for ready reference to such treasure as "singing sands," "spirit voices," "the gorge of devils," Gog and Magog, the Golden Horde and the discovery of Trade Winds.

Marco Polo's narrative is given as children already know it is Noah Brooks's "Story of Marco Polo" and they will be glad to have with it the other travelers' graphic accounts of the glories of the Tartar régime. Plain prose is a good beginning merely and cannot exhaust the romance and drama of Marco Polo's adventure nor give full value to "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind." It has taken many kinds of travelers to carry on the discovery of the land of mystery which Marco Polo christened "Cathay." Some of them keep their eyes wide open and cleverly put two and two together, while others shut their eyes to get the brightest visions—like those of the poets who have told their dreams of Araby, of Xanadu and Tartary. Such was Donn Byrne's fanciful view of Messer Marco Polo and Golden Bells and Hans Christian Andersen's glimpse of the Nightingale in a region of magic where we await the coming of more dreams.

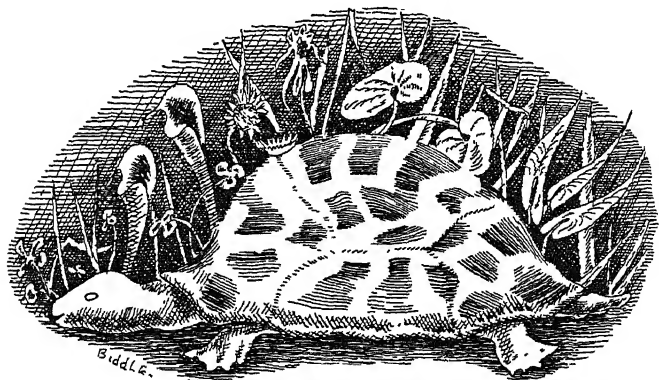


Illustration by George Biddle for his Green Island

THE YOUNG MAGELLAN
SPICE AND THE DEVIL'S CAVE

By AGNES DANFORTH HEWES

Decorated by LYND WARD

Reviewed by JOSEPHINE H. THOMAS

FIRST Arthur Hildebrand's "Magellan," then "Courageous Companions," by Charles Finger, and now we have another tale of the great navigating days for boys and girls. This time Magellan is a young page, restive and exasperated by the irksome duties of the Portuguese court, picking up the ladies' handkerchiefs, pulling on the royal hose and standing by as the king drives out. How he loves to escape from it all, to climb up the stairs to Zakuto's house, where the talk runs on and on about the Way to the Spices.

Bartholomew Diaz had been around the Great Cape, or the Devil's Cave. But what lay beyond the Cape and Sofala, two-thirds of the way down the east coast of Africa, which uncertain report credited Covilham with reaching on a land expedition from Cairo? Possibly a great continent reached on as far as the Antarctic ice to cut them off from India. But if not, then the sea way to the Spices was open to them. If that golden possibility turned into reality, then it would be, "not Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, but Lisbon, the emporium of Europe."

Nothing to do about it but go and find out. But the king played politics and the king dallied. As they sat around the workshop table, Zakuto, Jewish banker and

maker of nautical instruments; Bartholomew Diaz, Vasco da Gama and Magellan, their eyes blazed with the shame of it. "Here's the merchantmen of Venice and Genoa bringing back the goods of the Orient, and trading with everybody all up and down both sides of the Mediterranean, their flags flying as complacently as you please, here in Lisbon harbor, as if they owned the place, while our ships sometimes—only sometimes, mind you—get left over cargoes that no one else is keen about. Think of it—Portugal taking the leavings of Venice, by heaven! Why shouldn't we be bringing back the cargoes from the Orient? I don't mean by way of the Mediterranean, either!"

Then one day there were rumors that an expedition to India was afoot. At every corner men "were eagerly discussing the new excitement. Little boys importantly beating their drums . . . were shouting, 'Enlist in the Expedition to the Spices.' Carpenters planed their timbers, coopers bent the hoops and 'billowed about with seas of canvas, tailors cut and sewed new sails. Caulkers' mallets beat a steady tattoo to the scream of saws; pulleys groaned, windlasses shrieked.'" In the midst of it all burst the news that Cabot was sailing from England in search of a northwest passage to India. And it was no secret that Columbus was moving heaven and earth to get off ahead of the Portuguese. Labors were redoubled and a night shift took up the work of speeding the expedition.

What a thrilling day when the three caravels set sail with Vasco da Gama in command on the flagship with craft "jammed together thicker than crows in a wheat field. Lord! Where had they all come from? And all in honor of the three caravels that rode so soberly opposite the great sea wall! . . . Lucky they were to have Diaz with them as far as the Verde Islands." The flags and the cheering and the cannon! "The main thing was to keep straight ahead—and overboard with any man who talked of turning back!"

In "Swords on the Sea" Mrs. Hewes takes us on the pre-

carious adventure of two young Venetians who were trying to corner wheat in the Levant. In this story the reader remains in Lisbon waiting for news of da Gama's return, knowing the Arab world to be against him and the Western World to be on jealous watch. Anxiety grows intense as two years lengthen out and news comes of a bit of "dirty work" on the part of Venice, whose trade sovereignty is in jeopardy. At last the great day comes when da Gama returns, the all-sea route to the Indies found and the face of the world changed when everyone in his great relief pretends he has never doubted, and Lisbon, mad with joy, paints herself red.

It takes careful research and the instinct for selection of the significant to tell of the part played by the Jews in these discoveries with their brains and money; and of Portugal's little known overland expeditions to solve the vital question of Africa's eastern coast line. And it takes an excellent writer like Mrs. Hewes to give to those old days the briskness of modernity. She has done well to avoid archaic forms and use modern conversational modes.

And so, all aglow with the pleasure of reading "Spice and the Devil's Cave," we hesitate to mention what seems to us a flaw—and that is the lack of humor. We do not have to have our little joke, like our morning cup of coffee, but we feel a little protest against some of the heroics. When a fourteen-year-old reader also notices that not only a kind heart beats in the rough sailor breast of Scander but also a heart of the most delicate and gentlemanly sensibilities, one wonders if he really did get that way.

This book is for boys and girls who have a zest for exciting adventure stories.

ADVENTURE IN THE SOUTH SEAS

THE DERELICT

By CHARLES NORDHOFF

Reviewed by DUDLEY CAMMETT LUNT

THERE is something about the South Seas that makes incessant demand on the creative imagination of man. At the mention of the phrase images engendered by the genius of Melville leap alive. There is the spell of "Moby Dick" and the intimate color of "Typee" and "Omoo." Back of these lies the forgotten lore buried in the quaint eighteenth century accounts of the voyages of the celebrated Captain Cook. Each successive generation has had its interpreter of the South Seas.

It was on an island in the South Seas that Robert Louis Stevenson found solace, created much, and died. The exotic canvases of the Frenchman Gauguin have given to Western eyes the tropical color and savage beauty of South Sea Island life. In our own time white shadows in those seas created such a voyage for those faraway islands that to-day Fords rattle incessantly on the roads of Tahiti. Atop of this came the inimitable burlesque in the recorded exploits of that renowned explorer Walter Traprock.

Into this field where immortals have trod comes one Charles Nordhoff. And he brings with him a new angle. His books are for boys. In "The Derelict," according to the sub-title, are recounted "Further Adventures of Charles



Illustration by George Biddle for his Green Island

Selden and His Native Friends in the South Seas." This is important. It recalls to those who read "The Pearl Lagoon" a pleasurable experience and whets keen their anticipation for what is to come. And further, it will incline new readers to seek out the earlier adventures.

It is a distinct pleasure to encounter this tale of real adventure. "The Derelict" is no second-hand rejuvenation of first-hand accounts. Moreover it is vividly related to our own times. Book and boat are scarce underway when there ensues capture and scuttling at the hands of the German sea raider Seeadler. Thereafter follow in swift succession marooning on a coral island; a tropical hurricane; a vivid account of a man running amok; and the escape to Tahiti in a hand fashioned canoe. Finally occurs the salvage of sunken treasure.

Successfully interspersed with these adventures there is some exceedingly interesting information as to how the very many practical problems of living are accomplished in primitive fashion. There is just enough about fishing to make one want to drop the book and take to rod and line and the South Seas. Any boy whose mind is alert and inquisitive will relish this information about sailing in canoes with outriggers, pearl diving and primitive life on a desert island. Once only does it intrude. A dissertation on the varied uses of the cocoanut interrupts the swift course of the narrative of the death of Hochbootsmann Staub and the end of his running amok.

Quite naturally a query arises as to the accuracy of Mr. Nordhoff's information and his manner of presenting it. The story of "The Derelict" starts on the coast of California. Of the life there on the mesa the author writes convincingly, sympathetically and with entire accuracy. It is safe to say that his South Sea background is quite as familiar to him. One leaves the book with the feeling that much of what Mr. Nordhoff writes he has lived.

Four years have elapsed between "The Pearl Lagoon" and "The Derelict." This is a creditable amount of time in these days of quantity production. The quality of Mr. Nordhoff's writing bespeaks the desirable attributes of patience and care.

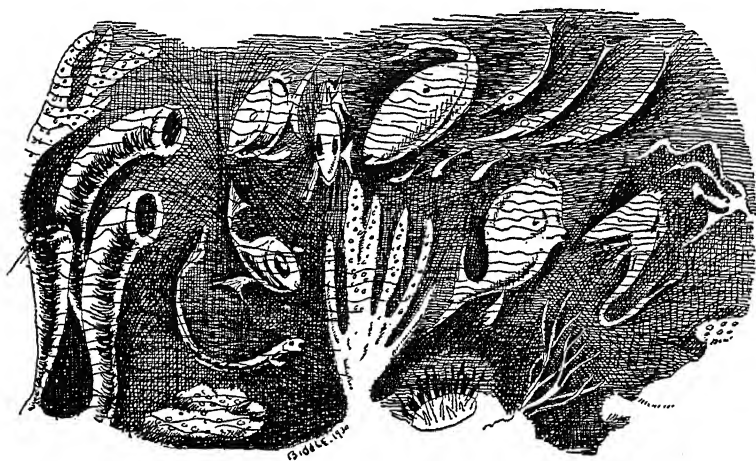


Illustration by George Biddle for his Green Island

AVIATION AND THE EXPLORER

CONQUERING THE AIR

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS

SKYWARD

By RICHARD E. BYRD

Reviewed by DUDLEY CAMMETT LUNT

COINCIDENT with the epoch-marking flight of the Spirit of Saint Louis, there appeared in the Owls a review of the books on flying then available for boys. The paucity and poor quality of this material were its outstanding points. The past year has seen a series of aeronautical achievements that have time and again stirred the public imagination to an intense degree of interest. These events have given a much needed impetus to books about flying. An investigation at public libraries and bookshops has disclosed two facts. One, that flyers of outstanding ability and achievement have set about in earnest describing their field of endeavor, and the second is that those books are sought with avid interest by youth.

"Conquering the Air," by Archibald Williams, is an admirable book with which to begin. Here is to be found outlined in interesting contrast the historical development of both lighter and heavier than air craft. To comprehend properly the speed with which aeronautical activity progresses, a knowledge of its history is of great value. More

than that, it is intensely interesting. The gap between Icarus and the Wright Whirlwind motor is filled with some very dramatic events which are recounted by Mr. Williams in a fashion that is to be highly commended. The culmination of the development of his subject in the chapters on Airways, Uses for Aircraft and the Future of Flying makes of his work an admirable commentary on the development of aviation from the days of the Mongolfiers to those of Lindbergh and Byrd.

In "We" Colonel Lindbergh describes more than the tracing of his arc from the Statue of Liberty to the Arc de Triomphe. Indeed, the greater part, and to this reviewer the most interesting and instructive part, of his book is contained in those early chapters in which he tells how he grew up with aviation. If any boy is concerned about the attitude of his parents toward his aeronautical ambitions let him read to them the record of Lindbergh's conversion of his own parents.

The laconic language in which Lindbergh expresses himself is characteristic of a pilot. Flying is too full of action for a man to be otherwise than laconic.

In one of the squares of London there are placed in obvious juxtaposition two statues. One of these is to Sir John Franklin, the lost and never to be found Arctic explorer. It was his explorations in the middle of the past century that paved the way for Greely, Peary, and Amundsen. Opposite rises the statue of Captain Robert Falcon Scott, the tragic hero of the Antarctic. In immutable bronze these two seekers of the uttermost reaches of the terrestrial globe face each other in public memory.

Each of these men devoted a lifetime and ultimately his life to the mystery of Arctic and Antarctic exploration. Within our own time there exists a man who, through the agency of aviation, has encompassed the North Pole and is at this moment planning his flight across the South Pole. The contrast between his voyages both Arctic and Antarctic

to be completed within the space of three years with the arduous and life-long efforts of those earlier explorers brings into the clear light of uncompromising contrast the extraordinary development of aviation.

"Skyward," by Commander Richard Byrd, is quite the most interesting and instructive book on aviation that has been published. It is well written, well rounded and filled with authoritative information which is spiced and developed by the quick succession of fascinating events in the life of the man.

The reader is carried through the process of becoming a flyer by the narrative of Byrd's own experience. He will catch something of the sustained enthusiasm for constructive work that exists among airmen, both pilots and those who perform the less spectacular but no less interesting and valuable work on the ground. He will feel the suspense of the days of early training in under-powered machines when one crash usually meant three because of over-wrought nerves. He will share that dogged determination to carry on which possesses an airman when one of his messmates lies twisted and dead amid a mass of splintered wood, torn fabric, and bent iron—and perhaps in flames. He will comprehend the desire of an injured pilot to take a hop instantly after his crash. This is more than nerve. It is the desperate resolve of the airman in his self-preservation as a flyer. He will sense something of the difficulties of navigation and control in bad weather and in fog.

And more than this he will come to discriminate between different kinds of flying. He will begin to realize how aeronautics dovetails into the demands of the times. He will learn to appreciate the many sides of aviation as a business. He will become convinced of the stupidity of the popular shibboleth that flying is first, last, and alway dangerous. And finally he will speed through mist, fog, darkness and flashing sunlight over the frozen wastes of the Arctic and the broad expanse of the Atlantic on flights which are in the realm of imagination and fascination.

Byrd's style is as laconic as was Lindbergh's. Somewhere in "Skyward" he remarks that "one's processes seem to quicken when flying," and this is reflected in his writing. It is simple, factual and to the point. And yet at times there are moments when the corrosive effect on the human soul of strange experiences and marvelous sights is hinted. For instance in writing of his earlier Arctic flights he says:

About a half hour before midnight there was the effect of twilight among the fiords. I wondered if any human being had ever before witnessed such a weird, mysterious, desolate scene. There was a sense of great loneliness, and the plane seemed very small indeed.

Again:

I became conscious of that extraordinary exhilaration which comes from looking into virgin territory.

Later, after they had run into bad weather, he says:

From time to time during the night we fought our way above the clouds. It was a weird sight to look down from the pinnacle of black masses we were skimming. Around us were ominous, towering peaks, some of which reached far above us. As we could not afford to go around those that lay in our path, we would dash through them in a darkness so intense that we could not see the wing tips.

It is writing such as this that holds promise for the future. It is perhaps too early to conceive or even conjecture an epic of the air. In time this profound experience of mankind will be productive of creative effort that will rival those great works of that other element which will never cease to hold the fascination and terror of mankind, the sea.



Illustration by Maud and Miska Petersham for their Miki

MODERN PICTURE BOOKS

Reviewed by LYND WARD

IF one is to believe the theories of our best known and most decidedly superior fine-book men, the function of the illustrator is set definitely within certain limits. In the conventional illustrated book he must lead a kind of subservient existence, never approaching the essential seriousness of his author, never attempting to tell his story. These theorists would have us believe that the illustrations should be a flute-like obbligato to the solo of the author's big bass horn, a few light and witty or decorous notes offered with all the reservation of the orchestral flutist.

Just how many illustrators will ever accept this delimita-

tion of their purpose in life is undeterminable. But it is interesting to note that more and more the book artist is turning to the picture book as the most satisfactory outlet for his creative energies.

For as yet the picture book has not been restricted by a formulated theory. Its one distinguishing characteristic, of course, is that the tables are turned, and instead of a few pictures with a lot of text there is a little text with a great number of pictures. The burden of proof is placed on the shoulders of the artist, and the essential success or failure of the book must be written down against his name.

The outstanding picture books of this year indicate that a most refreshing variety of ideas is to be found among artists working in this field; a range of result has been attained that will, fortunately, make most difficult the task of the critic who attempts to promulgate a doctrine.

"Spin Top Spin" is indicative of the quality that a picture book can attain. This, first of all, is a child's world; here is an artist whose work is subtle and delicate, whose feeling for the world she creates is at once delightful and serious; here is craftsmanship in the making of the book that is definitely first class.

Elsa Eisgruber's drawings are so intrinsically impressive that one remembers the verses about top spinning, kite flying and flower growing only in terms of the gayly sober little folk who do those things on her pages. Is not that the triumph of the picture book?

Some may question whether work of so subtle and sensitive a nature is as appealing to children as things of a cruder hue. The answer, to my mind, lies in this: Elsa Eisgruber's world is more completely and significantly the world of a small child than any other book world that I have seen. That of a sensitive child, to be sure, but why not? And any child will be the richer for meeting these carefully braided and intensely active young persons; any child will be closer to the physical world who discovers the little bright-colored insects that act as spectators to the games, the flowers that

have their place there along with the long-eared rabbits. And one can imagine that the parents will be the richer, too.

In "Miki," the book of Maud and Miska Petersham, the small son of the Petershams journeys across the sea to encounter and enjoy the people and customs of his father's homeland, Hungary. It is a gay book, and for better or worse Hungary will seem an incredibly gay and romantic place to those who meet it first with Miki.

This book has, above all, the quality of exuberant childhood. The bright color for which the Petershams are known is there too and, though one may wish for a hint of something beyond what is on the surface, there is undeniable attraction in their pages. It is indicative of the way your artist is going to note that the Petershams wrote the text for their book. Innumerable advantages are inherent in this way of working, and one hopes that in later books these artists will solve more successfully the relation of words to pictures; a drawing can have a greater share in recording the story in addition to delineating background detail and stating color.

Simultaneously with Miki's discovery of Hungary comes the discovery of America by Czechoslovakia. Of a trio of books with pictures by the same man, Rudolph Mates, "The Magic Flutes" is as impressive as any.

In appearance and first flavor this seems quite characteristically a picture book. When one has read it, however, the impression remains that here the text, the work of Josef Kozisek, is of greater significance. It is a story of the eight sons of the Mouse family and is essentially a fable. Mr. Mates has put a great deal of color and an occasional glint of humor into his end of it, dressing his animals in man's clothing and carrying personification about as far as it will comfortably go. But in the final analysis his pictures are only a workmanlike job and not distinguished by any great passion. This and his other books seem to me to be done in a rather routine fashion; the touch of enthusiasm is lacking.

In his other two books the same qualities are present. "A Forest Story," also the work of Mr. Kozisek, is a group

of stories about the smaller animals of the forest. "Nursery Rhymes From Bohemia" is a collection of short verses that are surprisingly dull (in English, at any rate), and Mr. Mates has been hard put to it to do anything with them.

In "Karoo, the Kangaroo" Kurt Wiese, illustrator of "Bambi," has been shrewd enough to do what he is so well able to do—make a picture book concerning an animal. The story, significantly again, is of his own writing and, though it is not difficult to deduce that he is not as much at home with words as with crayon strokes, the text is by no means unsatisfactory.



Illustration by Kurt Wiese for his Karoo the Kangaroo

When Mr. Wiese is drawing animals with a simple and facile crayon and adding color in wash he is really delightful. He has a genuine feeling for furry bodies and muscled legs that makes his work unique. But one wishes he could carry more of that over into his delineation of landscape, which is in many cases uninspired and uninspiring.

"The Funny Thing" bears witness to the great talents of Wanda Gág, creator of "Millions of Cats." If the history of the art of the picture book is ever written the name of this artist will undoubtedly be graven there in large letters, for she, writing her story as well as drawing it, has discovered the richest potentialities of each factor, and to the process of integration has brought a wealth of originality. No other books have quite that feeling of the artistic whole. And though one regrets that this story is, inevitably perhaps, lacking in the quality of proximity that made "Millions of Cats" a classic, yet there is here a charm that is more real after the fifth reading than after the first. And that fact is significant.

To my mind the most enchanting and perfectly made of picture books of many years is "The Fairy Shoemaker." This is the work of Boris Artzybasheff, book artist and book craftsman. The distinguishing quality of the book is its masterful simplicity. Where others have had recourse to color, either delicate or garish, have developed relatively complex techniques, Mr. Artzybasheff has used only black on white, and with extreme ingenuity invented a black-and-white technique that allows him a greater range of expression than pen or brush work would, with greater clarity.

But the medium is, as it should be, only a means to an end. And how excellent an end! From the droll little shoemaker who hammers furiously on a boot to the end, the pages are a succession of pure enchantments. When one reflects that this book is entrusted to a world that spends incredibly large sums on giving its children comic strips, one is profoundly grateful that there is the possibility at least of unusual taste in the child, as with adults there is the possibility that Robinson and Jeffers will be preferred to Eddie Guest.



A MEXICAN PICTURE BOOK

THE PAINTED PIG

A MEXICAN PICTURE BOOK

Text by ELIZABETH MORROW

Pictures by RENE D'HARNONCOURT

SOMETHING of the joy of the adventurer into the unknown is in store for child or grown-up who opens this unique picture book for the first time, and preferably opens it out of doors.

Whether one has ever been in Mexico or not, one feels certain that the artist has lived there in actuality and in imagination, and that he has made a pictorial record of en-

during character. He has set down what he has seen and felt and enjoyed as a participant, rather than an onlooker, in the life of a country which no longer seems alien when seen through his eyes. The careful attention given to every detail of costume and decorative accompaniment is always subordinated to a characterization of children and toys which is implicit. René D'Harnoncourt is not merely showing us types of Mexican children and Mexican toys. He is individualizing Pedro and Pita and he is sharing his own fresh discovery of what toys mean in the life of a country where every toy is an original—a sculpture, a painting or a drawing.

Everything that comes in touch with the Indian's life he takes and reproduces in his toys—saints, angels, horses, donkeys, birds, rabbits, pigs with roses. "If something moves him, he creates something," says the artist. "But he always realizes that his own work is *his* representation. Some one else might make quite a different thing of it."

Having been strongly moved by seeing the original drawings for this book several months ago, they have haunted my imagination ever since, and on hearing that René D'Harnoncourt had come to New York to assist in assembling an exhibition of Mexican art to be shown at the Metropolitan Museum and later in other cities, I felt a strong desire to thank him personally for his rare and timely gift to children's books and to know more of his famous collection of toys. Had he brought any of them along for the exhibition, I wondered.

With keen regret that he could not include more toys, he said that he had made a choice of 290 from a fascinating collection of 850 pieces—a collection which he has made personally during the five years he has lived in Mexico. René D'Harnoncourt has not merely collected toys, he has loved them and lived with them. He has perfectly understood their significance, as he traveled from village to village in the interior, collecting all manner of objects for this representative exhibition of Mexican art in relation to everyday

life. He went alone on his travels, for so only is it possible to make a real connection with the life. One can readily picture this very tall and agile young man who can double himself up like a jackknife on occasion and fit himself into a very small space, as adapting himself physically, mentally and spiritually to any situation, whether in city or village.

Descended from generations of potential artists and musicians in Europe, René D'Harnoncourt studied art, "but not too much," he says, in Vienna, and carried with him to Mexico a seeing eye, a ready wit and sensitive response to rhythm in any aspect of life. The drawings for "I Ride On My Pig," and "Pita and Pedro Danced for Joy" are instinct with the rhythmical quality which is so distinguishing a characteristic of the artist himself. Color, rhythm and true understanding of children living an unsophisticated childhood set this book apart among picture books. It is in no way derivative, nor can it be fairly compared with any other book.

Mrs. Morrow is to be congratulated on having made a genuine picture-book discovery in Mexico City—a discovery which her own intimate knowledge of children and books must have assured her would be open sesame to Mexico for the children of other countries. Out of a personal experience of buying a painted pig in the market at Cuernavaca, Mrs. Morrow has told a circumstantial story for children a little older than those of picture book age, thus giving to the book a very wide range of appeal in American schools and libraries, extending from the youngest children to those who are actually studying geography and history.

For both children and grown-ups, Susan Smith's "Made in Mexico" with its informing and readable story of life in Mexico, its illustrations by Julio Castellanos, and its carefully selected plates representing the best in Mexican art is a delightful and valuable accompaniment to "The Painted Pig."

The color printing, press work and general format of "The Painted Pig" deserve special mention. The printing

of the fifteen originals in colors presented a peculiarly difficult problem. It was interesting to learn from the artist himself that he considers the reproduction of his drawings in flat colors very satisfactory, although the colors of necessity vary somewhat from the original.





Illustration by Edy-Legrand for L'Ile Rose

THE CHILD IN FRANCE

"L'ILE ROSE"

By CHARLES VILDRAC

Illustrated by EDY-LEGRAND

"PETITES VOIX"

By MADELEINE LEY

Illustrated by EDY-LEGRAND

Reviewed by ESTHER HOLDEN AVERILL

IN France the child holds a unique place in the new aesthetics. For that matter, throughout the past century, during which Baudelaire had the keenness to observe that "genius is only childhood rediscovered at will, childhood bet-

ter equipped to express itself," throughout those years of theorizing and revolution in art may be seen a recurring, conscious attempt, now culminating in a contemporary group, to recapture the pure sensibility of the child for the starting point of the creative process. In no other country, for in no other country has sophistication so needed this counterbalance, is the child so adored. In art and literature, the deification of his state of mind in feeling and seeing comes to a climax with the young school of Surrealists, whose experimental theoretician, André Breton, in his "*Manifeste du Surrealisme*," indicates the following escape for the present-day man: "If he retains any lucidity, he can only return to his childhood which, butchered though it may be by his trainers, seems none the less full of charm for him. There the absence of all known severity leaves him the perspective of several lives led at the same time; he takes root in this illusion. He wishes henceforth to know only the momentary, extreme easiness of all things. Every morning children start out without anxiety. Everything is near at hand, the worst material conditions are excellent. The woods are white or black, you will never fall asleep." For the Surrealiste, the possible approaches to childhood are through the dream state and the realm of the subconscious, where feeling and seeing still have the primitive glamour and awe, unscarred by education and experience and the chemical changes which they seem to work in a man's nature.

The corollary of all this is a marked preference for child subjects in literature and art. Thus Jean Cocteau writes of the "*Enfants Terribles*," those adorable perverted Parisian youngsters, innocent even in their perversions because they are only prolonging the imaginative ecstasy of their early childhood.

But these books of the child are not always for the child. Fine-spun moods slip through his grasp. He needs something more objective and tangible than the subjective states which the sophisticated author creates for himself rather than

for the child. There results a kind of *mélange* of the inner imaginative and outward actual adventure, a duality which is evident both in "L'Ile Rose," by Charles Vildrac, and "Petites Voix," a volume of verse by Madeleine Ley.

The introductory portion of "L'Ile Rose" is "of the child," an exquisite interpretation of the rich, spiritual imagination of the son of a Paris workingman. If the theme had been continued in this mood, there would have resulted a book for the mature person. But this writer checks himself, plunges into a rather banal outward adventure, shifts his



Illustration by Edy-Legrand for L'Ile Rose

scene from the playground streets of the poor quarters of the city to a tinted island in the Mediterranean, "L'Île Rose," reached by palatial airship, connected with home by radio, while mechanical inventions such as phonograph records and diminutive motorboats play a too obvious rôle in a southern fairyland.

The verses of Madeleine Ley lie also in a no man's land, belonging neither to us nor our children. They are moods, depending for their effect often upon the mere mention of objects and the associations which they bring to the older person's mind. But all in all they are too fragile, too subjective, too symbolic, for a child.

In both books the illustrations by Edy-Legrand fuse the diverse moods into a perfect whole. He has recreated admirably from the author's own creation.

These illustrations (images might be a more significant word) are worth considering historically, for, eminently "modern," they link up with the old art of story-telling, and are suggestive of a new genre which might well be tried, the story without words.

The Middle Ages knew the secret of telling a story. So did all the ages before the invention of printing, which vulgarized the conveying of images through the written word and reduced, unfortunately, the older more authentic method of telling a story with pictures to secondary illustration. Giotto knew how to tell a story . . . painted tremendous dramas on the walls of churches. So did the makers of stained glass windows in the old cathedrals of France. In none of the great illustrations of the past are we hampered by too great a concern for practical realism. The imagination of the artist made concessions only to his innate decorative sense, which achieved harmonies in form and color which should move us as do the rhythms of built-up words. And in his forms and colors he took all the liberties of an imaginative creator, using natural forms merely as a bridge of intelligibility which would make accessible to the people

of this earth those higher imaginative states through which he continually passed.

The illustrations of Edy-Legrand for "L'Ile Rose" and "Petites Voix" are conceived in the same way and are evidence of the united effort on the part of contemporary French artists to refresh themselves with the art tradition which antedates the Renaissance and the invention of printing.

Art, as we know, has reacted against the imposed academic way of story-telling. Now, all pictures must tell some story, speak in some way to the imagination, however abstract may be their outward appearance; so it was not against the painting of the daisy that the modernist revolted, but the painting of all the petals of the daisy. In the simplification of picture-making he is trying to satisfy the demands of his own childlike imagination.

Children will accept the new approach more spontaneously than ourselves. They are not yet tainted with the practical way of seeing things, nor dulled by a culture which teaches us to find a complicated delight (purely academic) in discovering details in pictures which, by the correct law of creating, should be a heightened, simplified statement.

It is curious that more has not yet been done in presenting the story without words, which could be a kind of imaginative picture book with a minimum of text. The experiment was recently made here in America with a book for older people in which a drama is told in woodcuts. The roto sections of the Sunday papers prove to what an extent even newspapers may be without words, with only a short caption to give the data. Edy-Legrand has introduced the caption system on the pages where he draws the faces of some of the groups of his characters, writing the name over each one, permitting the child to visualize and pigeon-hole simultaneously. The artist does not bother with unnecessary details. Unless it be a giant or a dwarf or a small boy in his first pair of trousers such as Tifernand wore on the Ile Rose, or those superb striped trousers and watch chain of

M. Vincent, the Enchanter (in which instance the body from the waist up is suppressed as of minor interest), what child cares about the illustration of hands and feet and other cumbersome facts about people? Now if it be a giraffe with waxed hoofs, such as Madeleine Ley writes of, that is another matter, and Edy-Legrand is equally wise about these things. He knows how a giraffe feels about such hoofs, and how a child feels about it, and he has made us feel too (a thing which we had forgotten) that such illustration is instinctively and artistically correct.

LITTLE GOOD FORTUNE

THE CAT WHO WENT TO HEAVEN

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

Pictures by LYND WARD

WHEN I first read in galley proofs this delightful story of the little spotted cat who brought good luck to the house of a lonely young artist in Japan it seemed to me that nothing short of a series of the most perfect Japanese drawings would interpret the story pictorially.

There is a subtle humor, a piquancy of contrast between the high seriousness of what goes on in the mind of the painter and in that of the little white cat who sits listening and watching as the story of each animal is told and painted into the great picture which is to hang on the wall of the temple. That Mr. Lynd Ward, whose two novels in woodcuts and illustrations for a number of children's books are well known, would bring both an intellectual and a spiritual interpretation of his own to the story I had no doubt, but would he be able to give it expression in terms of the technique hitherto associated with his name?

Mr. Ward has fairly met the challenge to his versatility and technical skill by presenting a series of individual portraits of the animals who appear in the double-spread drawing of the painting which is reproduced on this page. These illustrations are done in the spirit of the Japanese brush drawings with great dignity and large sweep of line. They are as different as possible from those of any other book Mr. Ward has illustrated, and they have been so exceptionally well reproduced as to warrant special mention of the

lithographic process with its difficult values. The publishers would have done well to have given corresponding care to a typography and a binding more in keeping with the distinction of the text and the drawings.

It is a book that will give perennial joy to girls and boys on the road to the teens, to artists, poets and "housekeepers," for the eight songs of the housekeeper who serves the painter, marking interludes of time in the progress of the painting, amidst the daily round of cooking, sweeping and scrubbing, have the value of so many pictures while preserving the rhythm of the story throughout:

Hush, Broom! Be silent as a spider at your tasks.
Pot! Boil softly, a poor old woman asks.
Birds, sing softly! Winds, go slowly! Noises of the street,
Halt in awe and be ashamed to near my master's feet!
Holy thoughts are in his mind, heavenly desire,
While I boil his chestnuts, on my little fire.

It is as a poet that Elizabeth Coatsworth is best known—a clear-sighted American poet who has been a joyous and a leisurely traveler in many lands and a close observer of the natural ways of the birds, animals and humans of the world she lives in. "The Cat and the Captain," her first story for children, revealed uncommon intimacy with an everyday kind of cat and delighted older readers with its humor and penetration. "Toutou in Bondage," the story of a small dog's adventures in Morocco, accompanied by Thomas Handforth's drawings, so characteristic of that country, has proved less appealing to children than to grown people. "The Boy With a Parrot," on the other hand, is a story more definitely written and illustrated for children. Sebastian, who sets forth from his mountain home in Guatemala with a peddler's pack on his back, buys a parrot to share his adventures and interests the reader in himself as well as in Guatemala. The humanization of the story is greatly helped by the pictures of Wilfrid S. Bronson, whose "Finger-fins" of the Sargasso Sea is his own contribution to the books of the year.

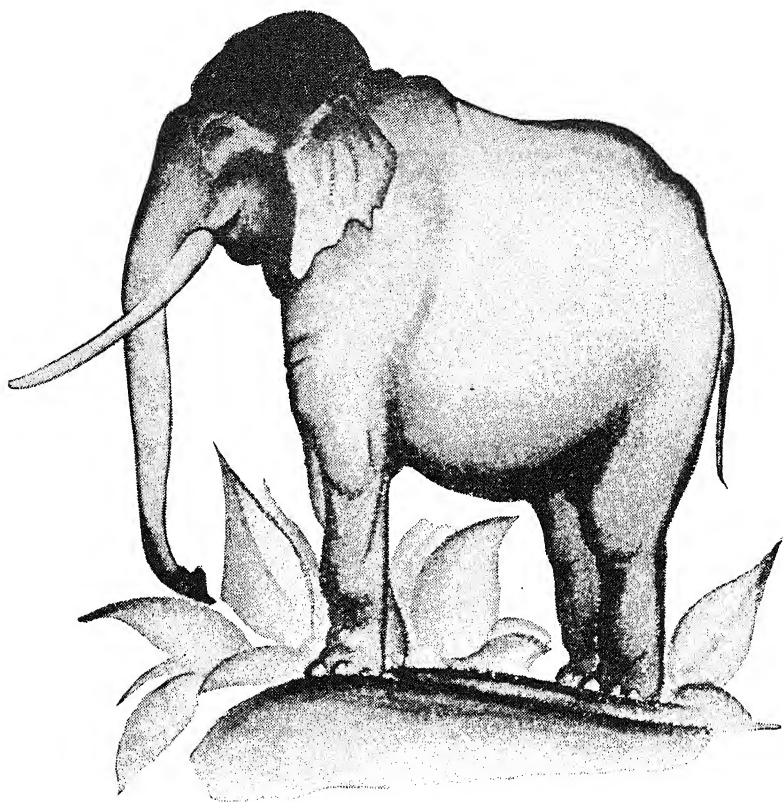


Illustration by Lynd Ward for The Cat Who Went to Heaven

In "The Cat Who Went to Heaven" Miss Coatsworth has done something far more complete and satisfying as literature than in these earlier books growing out of her travels. She has drawn from the oldest and richest of all stores of legends of animals and from her own meditation on impressions received while staying in the Orient. She was deeply impressed by the knowledge that the Japanese painter has always lived imaginatively the life of the person or animal he was portraying, and she tells of one of the greatest of the artists, famous for his paintings of tigers, who is said to have gone crazy in the days of his meditation before painting this beast.

In making her choice from the animal legends incorporated into her own story Miss Coatsworth says that she selected from those which live in Japan as distinguished from many which are native or commonly told in India or China. There are many stories of painters in Japanese literature, and the miracle that carries little Good Fortune to Heaven is quite in the tradition of these stories. There was, for example, an artist who painted so perfect a horse that it leaped out of the picture and the painter had to paint a halter to hold him to the canvas—there are also many tales of sprinkling grain for the birds to keep them on the wall of those paintings from which they were said to fly away. That the Buddha did not bless the cat when he died, every good Buddhist knows, Miss Coatsworth assures us. Reliving imaginatively the life of the little spotted cat in the painter's studio, she came inevitably to the verge of the miracle celebrated in the eighth and last of the housekeeper's songs:

This is too great a mystery
For me to comprehend:
The mercy of the Buddha
Has no end.
This is too beautiful a thing
To understand:
His garments touch the furthest
Grain of sand,

It is the gift of Miss Coatsworth's story, as it is of Mr. Ward's noble representations of the elephant, the horse, the bull and the deer, to stir the spirit of beauty and tenderness toward all living things. Instinctively I turned from "The Cat Who Went To Heaven" to reread from the stories of the Buddha-Rebirths, as Marie Shedlock tells them in "Eastern Stories and Legends," "The Bull That Demanded Fair Treatment," "The Horse That Held Out to the End," "The Well Trained Elephant" and "The Banyan Deer." Here are stories which give to child or grown-up, as Miss Shedlock well says, "a sense of calm and permanence difficult to maintain among the disturbing outward conditions of the time."

ARTZYBASHEFF'S FAIRY PICTURES

THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER AND OTHER FAIRY POEMS

Illustrated by BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

NOW and then a book of true distinction and beauty apparently "just happens." "The Fairy Shoemaker" is such a book according to Boris Artzybasheff. Looking through many books he selected five poems that he liked and began to make pictures to accompany rather than to illustrate them.

Soon after he had chosen the poems, Mr. Artzybasheff set sail for France and while still on shipboard made his first pictures in the new technique he was later to develop in Paris and apply so successfully to the illustration of this unusual book. Even to the uninitiated it is interesting to know how the thing is done. On a surface of chalk and glue, spread upon paper and blackened by ink, the artist, using wood engraver's tools, is able to cut his design exactly as it will appear. "The technique has every advantage of the wood block," says this artist, "with distinct points in its favor, since it does not mean cutting in reverse but exactly as it will stand when reproduced."

In the hands of Boris Artzybasheff it is a superb technique and the book yields evidence of a fresh, imaginative grip and an increased virility on the part of an artist whose decorative drawings have been lending distinction to children's books since 1925. Concentrated in a smaller surface, the artist says far more imaginatively. Here, for the first time, as I think, he reveals authentic flashes of delightful humor and



Illustrations by Boris Artzybasheff for Three and the Moon and The Fairy Shoemaker







folk quality, as well as qualities of mystery and magic not to be found in his other work.

Lovers of Allingham's "Fairies" and "The Fairy Shoemaker" will find none of the "Little People" here. Mr. Artzybasheff reveals neither elves nor fairy folk. What he does do I feel as certain would call forth a laugh from William Allingham, if he were living to-day, as it must from James Stephens and Padraic Colum when they behold that self-same absurd little "Cowboy," who lies under the tree listening to the plaintive yellow bird, lolling back in a kingly chariot looking for "a duchess's daughter in marriage," as he rolls along. The drawings for "The Fairy Shoemaker" and "Fairies" came out of universal Nonsense Land and so did Towser and Jill for Walter de la Mare's "Berries."

But the kneeling figure down under the sea, and the hoarse wind blowing over it, of Matthew Arnold's "The Forsaken Merman," and the waking child in the white moonlight of de la Mare's "Sleepyhead" come from that country which none may explore save him who feels that mystery that lies beyond the day in the heavens above and in the world under the sea.

The book seems to me at once prophetic of a deeper insight and a lighter touch on the part of an artist who is still young enough to achieve a variety of new forms in his art. For "The Fairy Shoemaker," as for "The White Cat," illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry, the artist and all the rest of us are indebted to the publishers of the two books for a quality of book production in which no pains has been spared. The paper, printing, spacing of cuts—involving in the production of "The White Cat" peculiarly difficult typesetting—binding, cover jackets—all the details are carried out in so exceptional a manner as to reflect great credit on American children's books abroad as well as at home. Such books as these are living contributions to the appreciation of good art.

A BIRD OF PARADISE

THREE AND THE MOON

LEGENDARY STORIES OF OLD BRITTANY, NORMANDY
AND PROVENCE

By JACQUES DOREY

Illustrated by BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

Reviewed by FRANK ERNEST HILL

THERE are various kinds of delightful books. Some are plain-looking but have glory inside of them. Some are friendly and companionable and healthy to read and handle on a good day out of doors. Some demand feats of leaping and thrusting and climbing if one is to get through, but there is a thrill in pushing on to the end. And some give delight merely by being gorgeous to look at and touch, like "Three and the Moon," by Jacques Dorey.

In fact, I think that having "Three and the Moon" is very like having a bird of paradise. It is not the words of the book that make me feel this, though the words do their part. Here are legends of Brittany, Normandy and Provence, all supposed to be told at night to the boy Jacques by the Spinning-wheel, the Armour, and the Mandora, emblems of these provinces. Romance and faery are in the story of Ivan Tortik, who began life twisted, but by a series of adventures became both straight of back and rich of pocket. There is a dash of realism but still mostly romance in Michael Martin's case, for he started as a poor peasant and ended Sir Michael de Vaufort. The legend of St. Tri-

phine is a mixture of bluebeard and miracle-making. Renard the fox and his incredible tricks make an interlude of laughter, and the tale of Geoffrey of the Round Table, who passes through seven adventures and kills the wicked enchanter-knight at last by puncturing him in the one red square inch that the devil had touched and thus made vulnerable, rounds out the book with something reminiscent of Malory. These are tales of imagination and spirit which the young French poet Jacques Dorey has made, translated into the rhythmic and colorful English.

Yet, as I say, the words do not make "Three and the Moon" a gorgeous book. It is the pictures which do that. These are Boris Artzybasheff's and from the silver, purple, salmon and black of the cover jacket to the black and white of the last tailpiece (which is a cock crowing), they are all color and imagination, and Mr. Knopf has as usual set them in a frame of tasteful type, paper and binding. I have read better legends than M. Dorey's. They are far from Chaucer or Mallory, or even from the writers of to-day like Padraic Colum or Charles Finger or Ella Young. They are just good romance that nobody has to read or avoid reading. However, if Mr. Artzybasheff will make the pictures for them, I shall have to read all of the books M. Dorey writes. For if there is anything wanting in the stories of this book (which, as I say, are good and even colorful stories) it is more than supplied by the drawings of charging knights, blazing heraldry, monstrous devils and genii, lavender towers and unicorns, and winged dwarfs.

I myself am particularly fascinated by a page on which Ivan Tortik is shown being tossed in purple smoke by ten red devils (it is hard to count these because they are so engagingly interwoven, but there are ten, counting the two little ones at the top), and by the headpiece which shows the peasant boy after he had become Sir Michael. It is just a bit snickering, this headpiece, even though Sir Michael is riding over three dead men; and I suspect that the artist thought

it didn't matter so much after all that Michael had become a knight instead of using a scythe in his father's field.

But I must not forget the double page showing the tree, the green fishes, the purple birds, the lady-butterfly and the red blossoms. And that fellow who is half man and half serpent. (And by the way, is the tree a tree, or is it a serpent too?)

In the end I come to this: it is no fair thing to ask me to write about pictures. Pictures are to be seen. And "Three and the Moon" is pictures. Yet it gains by being a book—something you can hold in your hand and carry with you. Or contemplate as a bird of paradise. It is indeed the most convenient bird of paradise I have ever encountered, and since I have never had a chance to look half long enough at one of these fowls, I am simply delighted to have it on my shelf.



THE FINISHED BOOK

THERE is food for reflection in the letters which passed between Lewis Carroll and Harry Furniss during a seven-year period of collaboration in the illustration of "Sylvie and Bruno."

Lewis Carroll was not easy to work with. Sir John Tenniel had refused to illustrate another book after completing "Through the Looking Glass," and after trying various other illustrators Lewis Carroll went to Furniss. The letters now released tell the story of this association from the first discussion of works and terms to the author's final expression of gratitude for the completed work. The significant revelation of the letters is not only what was going on in the mind of the originator of the story, but the evidence of how completely he visualized the whole appearance of the finished book:

Is it possible, do you think, to find any kind of card-board which would give as good a surface as wood? If you could . . . you would save me many pounds in boxwood blocks, but if you can't, never mind. The one important thing is to turn out as good an article as we can . . .

More than a year after undertaking the writing of the book, Lewis Carroll writes his artist, outlining twenty-five pictures he will require, and adds:

I cannot ask you as yet to forbear of accepting any of the many offers of work which no doubt crowd in on you, but if I fulfill my hopes and get my whole book into sufficient form for illustration by the end of this year I hope you won't think it an unreasonable suggestion that you should decline any new work for next year and give to this

book whatever time you can spare from *Punch*. This would not be so much with a view to expedition as getting the work done when eye and hand are at their best . . . Delay is a mere trifle compared with the importance of giving as good an article as I possibly can.

But a few months later he writes in less temperate vein:

I have a very important request to make of you in view of the following considerations: (1) It is now just a year and eight months since you undertook the illustrating of my new book and only four pictures are as yet delivered; at which rate it would take more than thirty years to finish the book. (2) It is most desirable to get the pictures drawn and the book published. Life is uncertain . . . I notice that you are at present drawing for *The Illustrated London News* as well as *Punch*. This must not only use up all your time, but all your brain and hand power.

Not having acquired the technique of drawing, Lewis Carroll, like many an author, editor and publisher of our own day, seems to have lacked understanding of how an artist may turn from the making of one set of drawings to another for relief and refreshment, seeking, in fact, not merely to increase his substance, although that is frequently a necessity, or the glory of a new commission, but for the power to finish work to which he is already committed by contract. And yet we find Lewis Carroll saying at the end:

I find it difficult to express how much I admire this last picture of yours. It's the greatest success of all your "Sylvie" and "Bruno" sketches. What I most marvel at is that you have realized three of my ideals in one picture. That is exactly my conception of Arthur, of the Earl and of Lady Muriel . . . I must once more thank you for all you are doing for me. I feel you are not working in the spirit of "so much work is paid for; I will give so much and be done with it," but that you are giving to this affair thought and pains far beyond what any legal contract could exact. Believe me I am grateful.

Furniss has said in his autobiography that for him to follow Tenniel was as difficult and unsatisfactory a task as for Lewis Carroll to follow himself:

The worst of it was I was conscious of this and Carroll was not. Fortunately for me, Sylvie was not like her prototype Alice; the illustrations for Sylvie would not have suited Tenniel as Alice did. I therefore did not fear comparison, but what I did fear was that Carroll would not be Carroll, and Carroll wasn't—he was Dodgson.

It is good to have this additional assurance of Lewis Carroll's visualization of the finished book. After inspecting two hundred or more of the finished books of 1930, one could wish that a considerable number of them had been more clearly visualized, first by artist and author, and then by their publishers.

Carefully designed and well made books for children are a sound investment from every point of view. The Owls have seen a marked advance in American publications during a six-year period but they look confidently for still greater progress in the 1930's to come.

DISTINCTIVE CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF A DECADE

A LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED 1920-1930

ORIGINALITY OF CONCEPTION

THE STORY OF DOCTOR DOOLITTLE.—Told and illustrated by Hugh Lofting. c. 1920. Stokes.

Unique creation of character, both human and animal, with drawings, which enforce the humor of the text.

POEMS BY A LITTLE GIRL.—By Hilda Conkling. c. 1920. Stokes.

An American child's feeling for Nature embodied in pure poetry.

THE OLD TOBACCO SHOP.—By William Bowen. c. 1921. Macmillan.

An imaginative small boy's American background with Dickensian flavor.

THE VELVETEEN RABBIT.—By Margery Williams Bianco. With illustrations by William Nicholson. c. 1922. Doubleday.

The reality of a toy to a child. *The Little Wooden Doll* and *Poor Cecco* represent other distinctive work in this field.

THE ROOTABAGA STORIES.—By Carl Sandburg. Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham. c. 1922. Harcourt.

Imaginative stories which are indigenous to the American soil.

CROSSINGS.—By Walter de la Mare. Music by C. Armstrong Gibbs. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop. c. 1923. Knopf.

A fairy play which is both readable and actable.

BILLY BARNICOAT.—By Greville MacDonald. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford. c. 1923. Dutton.

A fairy romance of Cornwall touched with humor, philosophy and genuine Cornish folk-talk.

THE STARLIGHT WONDER BOOK.—By Henry Beston. Illustrated by Maurice E. Day. c. 1923. Little.

Modern fairy tales, distinguished for beauty of language, humor and adventure. *The Firelight Fairy Book* is for younger children.

Distinctive Children's Books of a Decade 427

THE TALE OF MR. TOOTLEOO.—By Bernard and Elinor Darwin. c. 1926. Harper.

Genuine nonsense in both pictures and verse. *Mr. Tootleoo Tavo* is equally well done.

LITTLE MACHINERY.—Story and pictures by Mary Liddell. c. 1926. Doubleday.

A character which embodies all the ingenuity of modern invention for little children.

WINNIE-THE-POOH.—By A. A. Milne. With decorations by E. H. Shepard. c. 1926. Dutton.

Pooh, the Bear of Little Brain, is Mr. Milne's most original achievement.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS.—By Barbara Follett c. 1927. Knopf.

An American child's own story of adventure and escapes in "living wild." Exquisite in conception.

MILLIONS OF CATS.—Written and illustrated by Wanda Gág. c. 1928. Coward.

The originality and strength of the drawings and the living folk quality of the text give this book a place of its own.

MR. HERMIT CRAB.—By Mimpsey Rhys. Illustrated by Helen Sewell. c. 1929. Macmillan.

A story written by a young English girl, distinctive for its creation of character, amusing incident and interpretative illustrations.

THE MIDNIGHT FOLK.—By John Masefield. c. 1929. Macmillan.

An adventurous fantasy that is full of reality.

HITTY.—By Rachel Field. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop. c. 1929. Macmillan.

A story in which the artist collaborates with the author in preserving the identity of a wooden doll. Distinctive for its American social history and unusual quality as a story.

TAL.—By Paul Fenimore Cooper. c. 1929. Morrow.

An exceptionally well written and highly imaginative story of the adventures of a small boy, a talking donkey and a magic crystal.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Written and Illustrated by Anne Parrish. c. 1930. Harper.

High-spirited child play with a shipwrecked dolls' house. Beauty, humor and adventure combine to make a very unusual book for young children.

ORIGINALITY OF TREATMENT

THE STORY OF JESUS.—By Ethel Nathalie Dana. c. 1920. Marshall Jones.

A selection of reproductions in color from the early Italian painters, first arranged in association with Bible text for the enjoyment and education of Mrs. Dana's own children.

IRISH FAIRY TALES—By James Stephens. c. 1920. Macmillan.

A poet's retelling of ancient Irish literature for a modern world in which humor and beauty still prevail.

THE STORY OF MANKIND.—By Hendrik Willem van Loon. c. 1921. Liveright.

Universal history made of living interest by the drawings and animated maps as well as the text of this book.

TWENTY-FOUR UNUSUAL STORIES.—Selected and told by Anna Cogswell Tyler. c. 1921. Harcourt.

A story-teller's selection of stories from a wide range of literary sources. These stories have been tested by boys and girls.

UNDER THE TREE.—By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. c. 1922. Enlarged edition with decorations by F. D. Bedford. c. 1930. Viking.

Poems which are true pictures of the American life the author knew in childhood.

KARI THE ELEPHANT.—By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. c. 1922. Dutton.

With *Kari* appeared a new writer of tales of the Indian jungle whose work is distinguished for its color, atmosphere and authenticity.

WISP, A GIRL OF DUBLIN. By Katharine Adams. c. 1922. Macmillan.

A romantic story of an Irish girl, who lives in a world of makebelieve. *Midsummer*, for younger girls, has a background of Sweden. Miss Adams lived as a girl in the countries her characters live in.

MIGHTY MIKKO.—By Parker Filmore. Illustrated by Jay van Everen. c. 1922. Harcourt.

Fairy and folk tales from the Finnish admirably retold from the Kalevala.

THE MUTINEERS.—By C. B. Hawes. c. 1920. Little.

Mr Hawes combined knowledge of the sea and seamen with the skill to write a stirring tale.

THIS SINGING WORLD.—Edited by Louis Untermeyer. Illustrated by Florence Wyman Ivins. c. 1922. Harcourt.

An anthology in which modern poetry and nonsense verse hold a large place.

Distinctive Children's Books of a Decade 429

COME HITHER.—A Collection of Rhymes and Poems made by Walter de la Mare and embellished by Alec Buckels. c. 1923. Knopf.

A poet's anthology containing an introductory story and personal notes of great value to any reader of poetry.

MARTIN PIPPIN IN THE APPLE ORCHARD.—By Eleanor Farjeon. c. 1923. Stokes.

Stories set in a Sussex background and told with imagination and charm. Miss Farjeon's *Italian Peep Show* is for younger children.

TALES FROM SILVER LANDS.—By Charles J. Finger. c. 1924. Illustrated by Paul Honoré. Doubleday.

Stories and legends heard in South America by the author and retold with vigor and beauty. Wood-cuts in color add distinction to the book.

THE PEARL LAGOON.—By C. B. Nordhoff. c. 1924. Little.

Adventure in the South Seas with a background the author knows at first hand.

YOUR WASHINGTON AND MINE.—By Louise Payson Latimer. c. 1924. Scribner.

Authentic and pictorial treatment of the City of Washington with distinctive chapters on the Potomac River.

IN THE ENDLESS SANDS.—By Evelyn and C. K. Scott. c. 1925. Holt.

Sahara desert life as seen by a little American boy and as felt by a novelist at play.

THE FORGE IN THE FOREST.—By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. c. 1925. Macmillan.

Fresh treatment of the old myths of Earth, Air and Water to which the artist contributed drawings of originality and beauty.

SILENT SCOT.—By Constance Lindsay Skinner. c. 1925. Macmillan.

An American history story distinctive for its authenticity and dramatic quality.

CHI-WEÉ.—By Grace Moon. Illustrated by Carl Moon. c. 1925. Doubleday.

A realistic story with pictures of life in a Pueblo village of today. Mr. and Mrs. Moon have lived on intimate terms with the children they put into their books.

CALIFORNIA FAIRY TALES.—By Monica Shannon. c. 1926. Doubleday.

Modern fairy tales derived from the author's imaginative outlook upon the characteristic fruits and trees and flowers of California.

THE WONDER SMITH AND HIS SON.—By Ella Young. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. c. 1927. Longmans.

Old Irish tales collected from the people and re-told by an Irish poet and student of folk lore who spent years in doing it beautifully.

MRS. CHATTERBOX.—By Louise Connolly. Illustrated by Decie Merwin. c. 1927. Macmillan.

Distinctive for its characterization, conversation and the authenticity of its background—Washington, D. C., in the Civil War time.

ARAMINTA.—By Helen Forbes. c. 1927. Macmillan.

The quality of writing and the reality of New England background make this an exceptional story for little girls.

ONCE IN FRANCE.—By Marguerite Clément. Illustrated by Germaine Denonain. c. 1927. Doubleday.

A French woman retells historical and legendary tales in English with refreshing humor and charm of style.

DOWNRIGHT DENCEY.—By Caroline Dale Snedeker. c. 1927. Doubleday.

The story of a Quaker girl told with thorough assimilation of Nantucket background of a hundred years ago.

TRADE WIND.—By Cornelia Meigs. c. 1928. Little.

The author combines a fine knowledge of American history and American ships with the ability to write for both older and younger children. *The Wonderful Locomotive* (Macmillan) is a railroad story much enjoyed by little children.

NEW SONGS FOR NEW VOICES.—Edited by Louis Untermeyer. Illustrated by Peggy Bacon. c. 1928. Harcourt.

A unique song book to which several modern composers have contributed.

THE PIGTAIL OF AH LEE BEN LOO.—By John Bennett. With 200 silhouettes by the author. c. 1928. Longmans.

A re-creation of the atmosphere of ancient tales and times, with a strong sense of nonsense.

BOY OF THE DESERT.—By Eunice Tietjens. Illustrated by Will Hollingsworth. c. 1928. Coward.

Authentic picture of native life in the Sahara.

THE SWORDS OF THE VIKINGS.—By Julia Davis Adams. Illustrated by Suzanne Lassen. c. 1928. Dutton.

A vigorous re-telling of old tales from Saxo Grammaticus.

JOHNNY APPLESEED AND OTHER POEMS.—By Vachel Lindsay. c. 1928. Macmillan.

Poems whose rhythm is filled with intimations of American history and biography.

Distinctive Children's Books of a Decade 431

THE TRUMPETER OF KRAKOW.—By Eric P. Kelley. Illustrated by Angela Pruzynska. c. 1928. Macmillan.

A mystery story distinguished for its feeling for Poland and vivid pictorial presentation of an historical period in a city's life.

THE GOLDSMITH OF FLORENCE.—By Katharine Gibson. Decorated by Kalhran Kubris. c. 1929. Macmillan.

The first attempt to give children a picture of the rise and development of craftsmanship through the ages. Distinctive for the selection and organization of illustrative material.

LONG ISLAND'S STORY.—By Jacqueline Overton. c. 1929. Doubleday.

Localized information which is a contribution to American history by reason of the discriminating treatment given it.

KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK.—By Washington Irving. Edited by A. C. Moore. With pictorial pleasures by James Daugherty. c. 1928. Doubleday.

The artist has recaptured the spirit of this comic history in a series of pictorial impressions characterized by overflowing fun. Mr. Daugherty has done an equally competent piece of pictorial interpretation in *The Bold Dragoon and other Ghostly Tales* (Knopf).

THE JUMPING OFF PLACE.—By Marian Hurd McNeely. c. 1929. Longmans.

The story of a family of children who take up a claim in Dakota, distinguished for its atmosphere and American background.

MADE IN MEXICO.—By Susan Smith. Illustrated by Julio Castellanos. c. 1930. Knopf.

An informing and very readable story of life in Mexico. The plates are fine examples of the best in Mexican art.

SPARKY-FOR-SHORT.—Words and pictures by Martha Bensley Bruère. c. 1930. Coward.

Original and very well written story of the adventures of an electric spark released from the radio

MEGGY McINTOSH.—By Elizabeth Janet Gray. c. 1930. Doubleday.

An exceptional story of North Carolina prior to the Revolution. Distinctive for creation of character and excellence of background.

THE CAT WHO WENT TO HEAVEN.—By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Pictures by Lynd Ward. c. 1930. Macmillan.

A creative story from Japanese legendary sources, with illustrations in complete harmony with the text. *The Boy with the Parrot* is another successful children's book by this American poet and traveler.

DISTINCTIVE FOR ILLUSTRATION

NURSERY RHYMES.—With pictures by Claud Lovat Fraser. c. 1922. Knopf.

Color and life characterize these drawings for Mother Goose.

EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON.—By P. C. Asbjørnsen. Translated by G. W. Dasent. Illustrated by Kay Nielsen. c. 1922. Doubleday.

Imaginative and sophisticated interpretations of old tales from the North.

THE MAGIC FISHBONE—By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford. c. 1922. Warne.

The liveliest pictures Mr Bedford has ever done

DOWN-A-DOWN DERRY.—By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop. c. 1922. Holt.

Miss Lathrop's fairies, witches and mermaids are her very own.

A B C BOOK.—By C. B. Falls. c. 1923. Doubleday.

The best modern alphabet in strong color.

INJUN BABIES.—Written and illustrated by Maynard Dixon. c. 1923. Putnam.

Mr. Dixon's illustrations are those of a painter thoroughly familiar with American Indian life.

THE BLACK CATS AND THE TINKER'S WIFE.—By Margaret Baker. With silhouettes by Mary Baker. c. 1923. Duffield.

Silhouettes which interpret rather than decorate the story. The two sisters have collaborated in several books.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG. By A. A. Milne. Illustrated by E. H. Shepard. c. 1924. Dutton.

Mr. Shepard's pictures are as memorable as the verses.

NICHOLAS.—By A. C. Moore. Illustrated by J. Van Everen. c. 1924. Putnam.

The distinctive pictorial map of New York and the interpretative drawings are indispensable to this Christmas story.

THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO. By Carlo Lorenzini. Illustrated by Attilio Mussino. Translated by Carol Della Chiesa. c. 1925. Macmillan.

The illustrations of Mussino reproduced from the Italian edition impart a vivid sense of Italian life.

WILBUR THE HAT.—By Hendrik van Loon. c. 1925. Liveright.

A picture book of ideas distinguished for the originality of its conception and its color printing.

DANIEL BOONE.—By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated by James Daugherty. c. 1926. Doubleday.

American pioneer life is dramatically portrayed in these drawings.

Distinctive Children's Books of a Decade 433

SKAZKI: Tales and Legends of Old Russia—Told by Ida Zeitlin. Illustrated by T. Nadejen. c. 1926. Doubleday

The artist supplied the impetus to the re-telling of these stories for which he made unusual drawings and decorations.

THE EPIC OF KINGS.—Retold from Firdusi by Helen Zimmern. Illustrated by Wilfred Jones. c. 1926. Macmillan.

Strength of line and excellence of design characterize Mr. Jones's re-creation of these Persian tales.

CLEVER BILL.—By William Nicholson. c. 1927. Doubleday.

An original and admirably executed picture book in color by an English painter, whose *Pirate Twins* (Coward) is equally delightful.

JACK HORNER'S PIE.—Illustrated by Lois Lenski. c. 1927. Harper. Nursery Rhymes which have been given an effective composite pictorial treatment.

THE GOOD NATURED BEAR.—By Richard Henry Horne. Illustrated by Lisl Hummel. c. 1927. Macmillan.

Miss Hummel's silhouettes of animals as well as of children are characterized by delicacy and charm of setting.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE.—By William Blake. Illustrated by Jacynth Parsons. c. 1928. Medici.

These illustrations by a young English girl are notable for their vitality and color.

THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER AND OTHER FAIRY POEMS.—Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. c. 1928. Macmillan.

Play of imagination and a different technique distinguish this picture book from other work of this artist.

ANIMALS IN BLACK AND WHITE.—By Eric Fitch Daglish. c. 1928. Morrow.

Wood-cuts of birds, fishes and animals which are unusual.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.—By Washington Irving. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. c. 1928. McKay.

Supernatural quality in the drawings and a technique which is Rackham's own distinguish this edition.

HEROES FROM HAKLUYT.—By Charles J. Finger. With wood-cuts by Paul Honoré. c. 1928. Holt.

Imaginative wood-cuts in color which suggest the Middle Ages.

LITTLE BEAR CUB.—By Louis Moe. c. 1929. Coward.

Lively animal stories told entirely by the clever drawings of a Danish artist who has made many delightful picture books for children.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA.—By Oscar Wilde. Illustrated by Pamela Bianco. c. 1929. Macmillan.

These sophisticated fairy tales have been exquisitely interpreted and decorated by the child artist of *Flora*.

MIKI.—By Maud and Miska Petersham. c. 1929. Doubleday.

A childlike picture book of Hungary in vivid colors.

SALLY'S A B C.—Interpreted by Dugald Stewart Walker. c. 1929. Harcourt.

An exceptional piece of decoration and design, derived from an old sampler.

THE WHITE CAT AND OTHER OLD FRENCH FAIRY TALES.

—By Madame La Comtesse d'Aulnoy. Illustrated by E. MacKinsty c. 1929. Macmillan.

The artist gives Eighteenth Century French costumes and background to these interpretative drawings, in color, and in black and white for a very distinguished book.

A FAIRY GARLAND—Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. c. 1929. Scribner.

These illustrations for old French fairy tales are unique in pictorial conception and color values

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.—Translated by George Herbert Palmer. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. c. 1929. Houghton.

Mr. Wyeth's illustrations in color are significant in arousing younger readers of this classic text who have enjoyed his vigorous drawings for Stevenson and Jules Verne's tales.

THE RUNAWAY SARDINE.—By Emma L. Brock. c. 1929. Knopf.

A lively picture story book of Brittany for which the artist made sketches in that country *To Market, To Market* has Holland for its background.

A ROUNDABOUT TURN.—By Robert Charles. Illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke. c. 1930. Warne.

Mr. Brooke's drawing for the Toad who wanted to see the world are characterized by irresistible humor and a sure sense of anatomy.

LIANG AND LO.—By Kurt Wiese. c. 1930. Doubleday.

A picture book in color by an artist who has lived in China and who excels in the drawing of animals. *Karoo the Kangaroo* (Coward) is derived from his life in Australia.

THE PAINTED PIG.—Text by Elizabeth Morrow. c. 1930. Pictures by Rene D'Harnoncourt. c. 1930. Knopf.

A Mexican picture book in which the children and toys of that country are drawn with imagination and skill.

STOP TIM!—By May McNeer and Lynd Ward. c. 1930. Farrar.

Lynd Ward reveals fresh imaginative talent in this picture story book of an adventurous automobile.

JUST HORSES.—By "K. O. S." (Baroness Dombrowski). c. 1930. Macmillan.

Spirited drawings of characteristic horses of different countries, by a painter of animals.

Distinctive Children's Books of a Decade 435

WEE MEN OF BALLYWOODEN.—By Arthur Mason. Illustrated by Robert Lawson. c. 1930. Doubleday.

Mr. Lawson's fairies give special distinction to these original Irish fairy tales springing out of Mr. Mason's boyhood in Ireland.

MOBY DICK.—By Herman Melville. Illustrated by Rockwell Kent. c. 1930. Random.

The strong black and white drawings of this artist have great interest for boys and girls, as well as for grown people.

GREEN ISLAND.—By George Biddle. With drawings by the author. c. 1930. Coward.

Authentic and unusual impressions of Tahiti and Tahitian children by an artist who lived there long enough to know the life intimately.

TRANSLATIONS

BEYOND THE GIANT MOUNTAINS—By Adolph Wenig. Translated by Lillian P. Mokrejs c. 1923. Houghton.

A small collection of Czecho-Slovakian tales known as "devil stories" which Mrs. Mokrejs worked upon for many years.

INGER JOHANNE'S LIVELY DOINGS.—By Dikken Zwilgmeyer. Translated by Emilie Poulson. c. 1926. Lothrop.

The translator, who is Norwegian, has full command of idiomatic English, and has given a fine rendering of an earlier book by the same author.

THE FAT OF THE CAT.—By Albert Salak. Freely translated and adapted by Louis Untermeyer. c. 1925. Harcourt.

The old world flavor of the original has been kept in these legends and folk tales of Switzerland.

AUNT GREEN, AUNT BROWN AND AUNT LAVENDER.—Written and illustrated by Elsa Beskow. Translated by Siri Andrews. c. 1928. Harper.

A simple rendering of very popular picture story books. Miss Andrews has also translated from the Swedish *The Children of the Moor*.

LITTLE BLACK STORIES.—By Blaise Cendrars. Illustrated by Pierre Pinsard. Translated by Margery Bianco. c. 1929. Brewer.

An exceptional translation of primitive African tales of rare literary quality and dramatic interest.

EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES.—By Erich Kästner. Illustrated by Walter Trier. Translated by May Massee. c. 1930. Doubleday.

A translation which amounts to a re-creation of this fascinating story of a small boy in Berlin.

NOTES ON CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS

By HELEN HAMMETT OWEN

* Boris Artzybasheff—A Russian artist whose work has brought distinction to children's books published in America. His first drawings were made for *Verotchka's Tales*, 1922. His collaboration with Padraic Colum in *The Forge in the Forest* and *Creatures* revealed his imaginative power and furnish an instance of rare collaboration between artist and author. Artzybasheff's work is distinguished by the bold patterns of his flat designs, unusual color schemes, his fresh invention and mastery of technique in black and white and his strong feeling for the design of the book as a whole. The variety of his creative talent is also shown in *Three and the Moon* and *The Fairy Shoemaker* and in the interpretative drawing which appears as the end papers of *The Three Owls*.

* George Biddle—An American artist and traveler whose paintings, sculpture and prints are to be found in American and European Museums of Art. *Green Island*, published in 1930, is his first book and embodies in its text and pictures vivid and amusing impressions of two years of daily life lived on terms of intimacy with natives in a village of Tahiti. The three children who form the characters of the factual story hour were adopted by the artist for a period of six months. His pictures of tropical scenes are full of life and action yet preserve a decorative quality—reminiscent of Gauguin's block prints.

Francis D. Bedford—An English artist who has been illustrating children's books since the late 1880's. Mr. Bedford's training as an architect evidences itself in decorative aspects of his work and in the authenticity of his designs. The illustrations for *Peter and Wendy*, *Billy Barnicoat* and *At the Back of the North Wind* indicate his power of conveying atmosphere as well as scene in the realm of the imaginative. The *Magic Fishbone* contains the gayest of his drawings and is regarded by children as a favorite picture book. *Under the Tree*, published in 1930, is an excellent example of the decorative quality of his work.

* Artists whose work is reproduced or described in this volume are thus distinguished from those to be found in the *Three Owls' Second Book*.

Since the process of illustration is limited to black and white it has seemed fairer to rely upon the descriptive notes to be found in the reviews and list of books for the work of artists whose use of color is distinctive. These notes are designed to stimulate further study and comparison from the books themselves.

Mary Baker—English silhouettist who, in collaboration with her sister Margaret Baker, has made picture story books distinguished for their freshness, humor and direct appeal to children. Her silhouettes of animals are especially good. Representative are *The Black Cats* and *the Tinker's Wife*, her first book, published in 1923, *The Lost Merbaby*, *Noddy Goes a-Plowing*.

* Pamela Bianco—American artist born in Italy whose original talent displayed itself when she was a very small child and while still a child was recognized internationally. Her first pictures were shown in a London exhibition in 1919 and subsequently were reproduced in "Flora" with accompanying poems by Walter de la Mare. As an illustrator her work shows an exquisite delicacy of line, a Florentine feeling for design and use of color and poetic imagination. Representative are *The Little Wooden Doll* and *The Birthday of the Infanta*.

* Emma L. Brock—An American illustrator who just made drawings in color for *Memoirs of a London Doll* in 1922 and who has since written and illustrated two lively picture story books *The Runaway Sardine* which brought the flavor of Brittany to American children and *To Market, To Market* which is straight from Holland. Miss Brock's humor, her easy line and sturdy characteristic drawing and her use of hand-lettered text give these two books freshness and unity.

* Erick Berry—An American artist and author whose most interesting work has been her studies of natives and jungle animals drawn from life in Africa. Representative are *The Country of the Dwarfs*, 1928, *Girls in Africa* and *Black Folk Tales*.

* L. Leslie Brooke—English portrait painter and artist who has made many picture books since the appearance of his drawings for Andrew Lang's *Nursery Rhyme Book* in 1897. Mr. Brooke's humor, his use of clear colors, the excellence of his drawings of birds and animals, his suggestive use of English backgrounds and the kind of detail children love to find in a picture are inimitable. The *Golden Goose Book* containing *The Story of the Three Bears*, and *The Three Little Pigs*, and *Johnny Crow's Garden* are perennial favorites. For Robert Charles's clever verses *A Roundabout Turn*, 1930, picturing the adventures of an English toad, Mr Brooke has done characteristic drawings which make this book one for children of all ages.

* Elsa Beskow—A Swedish artist whose first picture book appeared in 1897. Her simple, narrative pictures in soft colors are much liked by little children and the text has been translated into many languages. Representative are *Pelle's New Suit*, *Aunt Green*, *Aunt Brown* and *Aunt Lavendar* in English, and with Swedish text *Lillebror's Segelfard* and *Tomtebobarnen*.

* Eric Fitch Daglish—An English naturalist and engraver on wood whose interest in art was roused by his failure to find satisfactory illustrations for his books on nature. His first books for children were *Animals in Black and White* and *Birds in Black and White* published in 1928, followed by

The Life Story of Birds in 1930. Daglish has a strong feeling for the decorative beauty of animal forms and his wood engravings with their unusual masses of black are highly prized for their art value.

* **James Daugherty**—An American artist who began his career as a mural painter. His first illustrations were for *King Penguin*. In 1926 the publication of a new edition of Stewart E. White's *Daniel Boone* with pictures in color and black and white signalized the appearance of a new force in American book illustration. More than any other, Mr Daugherty has been able to interpret the American historical scene in terms of modern art—dramatically as in *Daniel Boone*, tenderly as in *Abe Lincoln Grows Up* and with robust humor in the *Knickerbocker's History of New York* and *The Bold Dragon*.

* **René D'Harnoncourt**—A European artist (of French descent) who made a famous collection of Mexican toys during the five years he spent in Mexico. Count D'Harnoncourt was chosen to assemble and set forth the exhibition of Mexican Art organized and circulated by the American Federation of Arts in 1930. *The Painted Pig*, 1930, his first picture book for children is distinguished by color, rhythm and true understanding of children.

* **Baroness Dombrowski**—Austrian illustrator and animal painter whose first pictures for children in this country were the amusing line drawings for *A Jackal in Persia*, 1928. Next came the very striking pictures for *Boga the Elephant* and in 1930 *Just Horses*—a beautifully reproduced book of drawings of horses of different countries and periods.

* **Wanda Gág**—An American artist and lithographer whose prints are well known and whose first book for children, *Millions of Cats*, published in 1928, was an instantaneous success. Her work is distinguished by excellence of drawing, delightful humor, modern technique and an old world quality that is an inheritance from her Czech ancestors.

* **Ray Garnett**—An English artist, the wife of David Garnett, who in 1917 made a charming picture book in delicate colors *A Ride on a Rocking Horse*. With her gift for interpretation and her distinctive pen and ink drawings of horses she has made a charming book of *Pax*.

* **Andre Hellé**—A French artist, designer of toys and children's furniture, who has made several books in bright colors with pictures of wooden toys and animals that descend from Noah's Ark rather than from the jungle. Representative titles are *L'Arche de Noé*, *La Boîte à Jou-joux* and *Le Petit Elfe Ferme l'Oeil*.

Rowland Hilder—An English artist noted for his pictures of the sea and ships. His first work to be published in America was *The Adventures of a Trafalgar Lad* published in 1927. He has done pictures for *Treasure Island* and illustrated a new edition of *Kidnapped*.

* **Paul Honoré**—A mural painter who is also known for his distinctive

woodcuts in color, His woodcuts, virile, alive and warm in color are well suited to Charles Finger's books of adventure which Paul Honoré has illustrated, beginning with *Bushrangers* in 1924, continuing with *Highwaymen*, *Tales from Silver Lands* and *Heroes from Hakluyt*. Mr Honoré has also made pen and ink decorations for *The Winged Horse*.

Lisl Hummel—An Austrian artist whose scissor-cut silhouettes show unusual qualities of draughtsmanship and imagination. Her pictures of small children and her Christmas silhouettes are especially appealing. In *The Good-Natured Bear*, 1927, her first book for American children, she showed her ability to depict animals in silhouette. Other representative books are *Sally in Her Fur Coat* and *The Green Door*.

Wilfred Jones—American artist who has done advertising art and interpretations of industrial America. The first book he illustrated for children was Padraic Colum's *The Voyagers*, published in 1925. This was followed by his distinctive pictures for *The Epic of Kings*. In 1930 he made a picture book, *How the Derrick Works*, which illustrated modern construction. His work is distinguished by strong line and by his interest in typography and book design.

* Rockwell Kent—American painter, illustrator and author, known for his woodcuts, who has written and illustrated the story of his adventures in Newfoundland, Tierra del Fuego and Alaska in *Wilderness*, *Voyaging* and *N by E*. His pictures have a special quality, the rhythm of simple line and often a building up of dramatic tension. In 1930 he illustrated a notable edition of *Moby Dick*.

* Ernst Kriedolf—Swiss artist who studied lithography in Munich and lived in the Bavarian Alps—devoting himself to the study of peasant types and to making fanciful picture books of Alpine flowers with human faces. His first work was *Blumenmarchen* published in 1899. His liveliest and most original book is *Das Hundefest*, 1928.

* Dorothy Lathrop—American illustrator distinguished for the delicacy and imaginative quality of her pictures, and for her drawings of animals and children. Her first were made for de la Mare's *The Three Mulla Mulgars*, 1919. Representative of her work are the illustrations for *The Grateful Elephant*, *Mopsa the Fairy*, *The Light Princess* and *The Snow Image*. In *Hitty* Miss Lathrop revealed her power as collaborator with the author and her pictures are as essential to the story as the text by Rachel Field. It is one of the most successful pieces of illustrating in recent years.

* Robert Lawson—American artist who has done magazine work and whose first illustrated book for children was *The Wee Men of Ballywooden* published in 1930. These pictures in black and white truly interpret Irish fairy lore.

* Edy-Legrand—A French painter who has done many beautiful books in color lithography for children. His work is high spirited and dramatic

and ranges from the vigorously decorative *Voyages* and *Bolívar* and the tropical humor of *Macao et Cosmage* to the tender interpretations of Parisian street children in *L'Île Rose* and the delicate drawings of animals in *Petites Voix*.

* **Elizabeth MacKinsty**—American artist who first studied music, the violin, and sculpture and whose first drawings were for her own book of poems *Puck in Pasture* in 1925. Her work is characterized by the quality of its robust and rollicking humor shown in *Tales of Laughter*, *Eliza and the Elves* and *A Little Book of Necessary Nonsense*, and by its charm of rendering the tradition of a period, such as the 18th century French prints in her pictures for *The White Cat and Other French Fairy Tales*.

Theodore Nadejen—A Russian artist now working in America whose art derives from the Byzantine color and patterned painting of Russian ikons. His first book for American children was *Skazki* published in 1926 with many pictures, some in full color and some printed in black on gold. *Gessar Khan* in 1927 was illustrated in woodcut style.

* **William Nicholson**—English portrait painter and artist who has made some of the most perfect of recent picture books for children. His first woodcuts were for an *Alphabet* published in 1898. *The Velveteen Rabbit*, a picture book reproduced by color lithography, showed his rare ability to make toys become real and *Clever Bill*, which he wrote as well as drew, is a classic among picture books for its characterization, its humor and its suspense. *The Pirate Twins*, a companion picture book, reveals his love of pure fun and fantasy. The bold dramatic drawings for Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*, from which the frontispiece for this book is reproduced, shows another side of his genius.

Kay Nielsen—Danish artist of great importance, whose first illustrations for the *Book of Death*, exhibited in London in 1912, showed the influence of Aubrey Beardsley. He has done stage and costume designing and his pictures have caught the grace and unearthliness of beautiful ballet scenes. His delicate and transparent color derives from the Chinese colorists. Representative are *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, *Twelve Dancing Princesses*, Andersen's *Fairy Tales*.

Wyndham Payne—English artist whose first work to appear in America was the quaint, gay colored *Meddlesome Matty* in 1926. He has also made humorous, original pictures for *The Wind in the Willows* and drawings of ships and pirates for *Sea Magic*. His pictures are spirited in line and show an unusual use of bright color.

* **Hermann Post**—A German artist now working in America who in *The Jawbreaker's Alphabet* in 1930 created a world of amiable prehistoric monsters—a thoroughly original book in design and execution.

* **Maud and Miska Petersham**—A Hungarian artist and his American wife who have collaborated in making books for American children. Their

early illustrations and line drawings were for school readers but in *Poppo Seed Cakes*, 1924, and even more in *Miki*, the story of a boy's visit to Hungary, they have succeeded in bringing the gorgeous color, the bold design and all the brightness of everyday life in a picture book country to American children. *The Ark of Father and Mother Noah*, an original Noah's ark, was inspired by seeing a performance of *Green Pastures*.

* Henry C. Pitz—American artist who has made colorful and popular pictures for many children's books, among them *Master Skylark*, *A Prairie Rose*, *The Trade Wind*. His latest work *The Tale of the Warrior Lord* is a book of distinguished design.

* Beatrix Potter—English author and artist, creator of Peter Rabbit and Benjamin Bunny. Beatrix Potter's animals are drawn from life in the English Lake Country and her little books are much loved by small children. Her first book was *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*, 1901. Other representative titles are *The Tale of Benjamin Bunny*, *The Tale of Jemima Puddleduck*, *The Tailor of Gloucester*, *The Roly Poly Pudding*, *The Fairy Caravan*.

* Arthur Rackham—English artist whose work is noted for the excellence of his drawing, his inventiveness and his subdued and delicate range of color. Every figure, every tree that he draws is endowed with character. His fairy people are always plausible. His love of the grotesque and his intricate rendering of trees are characteristic. His first illustrated book was *Rip Van Winkle*, published in 1905, but his pictures for *Peter Pan* and Grimm's *Fairy Tales* made his work generally known. Representative are *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Mother Goose*, *Undine*, *The Tempest* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, 1930.

* Helen Sewell—American artist whose first illustrated book was *The Cruise of the Little Dipper*. Her drawings in color of animals and flower forms in *Menagerie*, 1928, show an excellent decorative sense. Representative are *Mr. Hermit Crab* with its amusing drawings in Mid-Victorian mood and an *A. B. C. for Everyday*.

* E. H. Shepard—English illustrator and artist on the staff of "Punch" who won tremendous popularity with his figure drawings for *When We Were Very Young* in 1924. His work in very light lines in black and white shows a whimsical humor and a real feeling for childhood. Representative are *When We Were Very Young*, *Winnie the Pooh* and *Jeremy*.

* Dugald Stewart Walker—American artist and stage designer whose first illustrations were for his own book of stories *Dream Boats*, published in 1918. Representative are *The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said*, *The Golden Porch*, *Rainbow Gold*. The delicate and elaborate drawings for *Sally's A. B. C.* were color printed under his supervision in 1930.

* Lynd Ward—A young American artist (creator of two novels in woodcuts), whose illustrations for children's books show original talent and marked versatility in technique. His first pictures were pen and ink drawings for

The Begging Deer in 1928 and for *Prince Bantam* in 1929—two books with a Japanese background. His next illustrations were the delightful pictures of engines for *Little Blacknose*. There is an element of strangeness in his work whether it is the very modern pictures of automobiles in *Stop Tim*, the delicate wash drawings for *The Cat Who Went to Heaven* or the bold woodcuts for *Waif Maid*.

* Kurt Wiese—German artist now working in America, whose first work in this country was the illustration of *Bambi* in 1928. He is noted for his realistic pictures of many different kinds of animals and for his picture books of which he is the author as well as the artist. Representative of his work are *Karoo the Kangaroo*, *Liang and Lo*, *The Adventures of Mario*.

* N. C. Wyeth—American mural painter, a pupil of Howard Pyle, who set a new fashion in the illustrating of children's books with his colorful and dramatic pictures for *Treasure Island* in 1911. Representative are *Robin Hood*, *The Black Arrow* and *Drums*. His illustrations for Homer's *Odyssey* in 1929 show the maturity of his talent and impart a life-giving quality to the text for many readers by departing from the traditional Greek conception.

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To Longmans, Green and Company for John Bennett's silhouettes for *The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo*, Henry Pitz's drawings for *The Tale of the Warrior Lord*, and William Siegel's illustration for *The Jumping-off Place*.

To Random House for an illustration by Rockwell Kent for *Moby Dick*.

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To Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. for Boris Artzybasheff's drawings for *Three and the Moon*, James Daugherty's illustrations for *The Bold Dragoon*, René D'Harnoncourt's pictures for *The Painted Pig*, and Emma Brock's drawings for *To Market, to Market*.

To William Morrow and Company for Eric Fitch Daglish's drawings for *The Life Story of Birds and Fishes and Sea Animals*.

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To Doubleday, Doran and Company for William Nicholson's pictures for *Clever Bill*, James Daugherty's drawings for *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, Harold von Schmidt's illustration for *Queer Person*, Erick Berry's drawing for *Garram the Hunter*, Miska Petersham's picture for *Miki*, and Walter Trier's drawing for *Emil and the Detectives*.

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To Coward-McCann, Inc. for William Nicholson's drawings for *The Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* and his pictures for *The Pirate Twins*, for Wanda Gág's pictures for *Millions of Cats*, George Biddle's drawings for *Green Island*, Elizabeth MacKinstry's illustrations for *Andersen's Fairy Tales*, Kurt Wiese's drawing for *Karoo the Kangaroo*, and Martha Bensley Bruère's silhouette for *Sparky-for-Short*.

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